Engraved by W. Ridley, from an Original Painting by S. G. Kneller.

ADDISON.

Printed for C. Cooke, 17, Paternoster Row, Feb.y 13th 1798

11613. h. 1/27

ADDISON's WORKS,

forming part of

Cookes Pocket Edition

of the Original & Complete Works of

SELECT BRITISH POETS,

or Entertaining Poetical Library,

containing the Poetic Productions of the most

Esteemed British Bards.

Superbly Embellished.

1796.

APR

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

JOSEPH ADDISON.

WITH

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Cooke's Edition.

No charms are wanting to thy artful ſong,
Soft as Corelli, but as Virgil ſtrong:
From words ſo ſweet new grace the notes receive,
And Muſic borrows helps ſhe us'd to give.
Thy ſtyle hath match'd what ancient Romans knew,
Thy flowing numbers far excel the new,
Their cadence in ſuch eaſy ſound convey'd,
That height of thought may ſeem ſuperfluous aid;
Yet in ſuch charms the noble thoughts abound,
That needleſs ſeem the ſweets of eaſy ſound.
Accept, great Monarch of the Britiſh lays!
The tribute-ſong an humble ſubject pays:
So tries the artleſs lark her early flight,
And ſoars to hail the God of Verſe and Light.
Unrival'd as thy merit be thy fame,
And thy own laurels ſhade thy envy'd name. TICKELL.

EMBELLISHED WITH SUPERB ENGRAVINGS.

London:
Printed for C. COOKE, No. 17, Paternoſter-Row:
And ſold by all the Booksellers in
Great-Britain and
Ireland.

BRITISH MUSEUM
27
APR
83

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

JOSEPH ADDISON.

CONTAINING HIS

EPISTLES,	TRANSLATIONS,
CAMPAIGN,	IMITATIONS,
PROLOGUES,	ODES,
POEMATA,	HYMNS,

&c. &c. &c.

If buſineſs calls, or crowded courts invite,
Th' unblemiſh'd Stateſman ſeems to ſtrike my ſight;
If in the ſtage I ſeek to ſooth my care,
I meet his ſoul, which breath'd in Cato there;
If, penſive, to the rural ſhades I rove,
His ſhape o'ertakes me in the lonely grove;
'Twas there of good and juſt he reaſon'd ſtrong,
Clear'd ſome great truth, or rais'd some ſerious ſong;
There patient ſhew'd us the wiſe courſe to ſteer,
A candid cenſor, and a friend ſevere;
There taught us how to live; and, oh! too high
The price of knowledge, taught us how to die.

TICKELL.

London:
PRINTED AND EMBELLISHED
Under the Direction of
C. COOKE.

LIFE OF ADDISON.

JOSEPH ADDISON, one of the moſt ſhining literary characters that ever graced the Britiſh nation, was the ſon of the Rev. Lancelot Addiſon, rector of Milſton, in the county of Wilts, where he was born on the firſt of May, 1672. When he arrived at a proper age he was put under the care of a neighbouring clergyman, and thence removed to the grammar ſchool at Saliſbury.

In 1683 his father was promoted to the deanery of Litchfield, where he of courſe took up his reſidence, and ſoon after put his ſon under the maſter of the ſchool in that city.

From Litchfield he was removed to the Charterhouſe, where he purſued his ſtudies under Dr. Ellis, and contracted a friendſhip with Steele, which continued during life, and has been tranſmitted to poſterity by their joint literary productions.

In 1687, the fifteenth year of his age, he left the Charterhouſe, and became a ſtudent of Queen's College Oxford, where he applied himſelf ſo aſſiduouſly to claſſical learning, that, in 1689, he produced ſome Latin verſes on the inauguration of King William and Queen Mary, written with ſuch elegance and accuracy as not only entitled him to a claim of diſtinction, but gained him the patronage of Dr. Lancaſter, then fellow, afterwards provoſt, of Queen's College, by whoſe recommendation he was elected a ſtudent in Magdalen College.

Here he took the degree of Maſter of Arts in 1693, and continued the purſuit of his ſtudies in poetry and criticiſm. Dr. Johnſon obſerves, that in his Latin compoſitions he has not confined himſelf to the imitation of any ancient authors, but he has formed his ſtyle from the general language, ſuch as a diligent peruſal

of

of the productions of different ages happened to ſupply.

He ſeems to have been much attached to Latin poetry, as he collected a volume called the *Muſæ Anglicanæ*, in which all his Latin pieces are inſerted, and where his poem on the peace has the firſt place.—Tickell relates, that Boileau, an eminent French author and critic, to whom Addiſon preſented this collection, from that time conceived "an opinion of the Engliſh genius for poetry;" upon which Johnſon with his uſual aſperity remarks, that "nothing is better known of Boileau than that he had an injudicious and peeviſh contempt of modern Latin, and therefore his profeſſion of regard was probably the effect of his civility rather than approbation."

This rigid critic further indulges his ſatiric vein, and follows the former remark with obſerving, that "three of Addiſon's Latin poems are upon ſubjects on which perhaps he would not have ventured to have written in his own language." Theſe are, "The Battle of the Pigmies and Cranes," "The Barometer," and "A Bowling Green." "When the matter is low," he ſays, "a ſcanty dead language, in which nothing is mean becauſe nothing is familiar, affords great conveniences; and, by the ſonorous magnificence of Roman ſyllables, the writer conceals penury of thought and want of novelty, often from the reader, and often from himſelf."

When he was in the twenty-ſecond year of his age, he gave a ſpecimen of his genius for Engliſh poetry, in a copy of verſes addreſſed to Dryden, which procured him the approbation of the poetical judges of that age. Soon after he publiſhed a tranſlation of the Fourth Georgic of Virgil upon Bees; after which, ſays Dryden, "my latter ſwarm is hardly worth hiving." He alſo wrote the arguments prefixed to the ſeveral books of Dryden's Virgil, and produced an Eſſay on the Georgics, by way of preface to the tranſlation,

lation, but choſe to conceal his name; in conſequence of which Dryden acknowledges the Eſſay on the Georgics to have come from a friend, whoſe name is not mentioned becauſe he deſired to have it concealed.

In 1694 Mr. Addiſon wrote "An account of the greateſt Engliſh Poets," addreſſed to Henry Sacheverell, who, Johnſon ſays, was then, if not a poet, a writer of verſes. Sacheverell at that time profeſſed revolution principles, and it is worthy of obſervation, that his conduct afterwards, which brought on his trial for reviling the revolution, and the meaſures reſulting from principles of freedom, is the moſt remarkable incident in his life. A ſtrict intimacy ſubſiſted between Sacheverell and Addiſon, though few characters could be more different; for Sacheverell, whoſe talents did not exceed mediocrity, was confident and aſſuming; Addiſon, with the richeſt fund of merit, was diffident and modeſt. The former was the violent bigotted votary of arbitrary power; the latter was the moderate friend of rational liberty. Sacheverell was drawn into notice by party prejudice; Addiſon attained eminence by genius, learning, and virtue. The verſes exhibit all the fondneſs of friendſhip, and it redounds to the honour of our author, that when he afterwards differed with his friend, he did not differ from himſelf, but ſtrictly adhered to thoſe principles which Sacheverell had deſerted.

At the cloſe of this poem he intimates a deſign he had formed of entering into holy orders, at the ſolicitation of his father and ſeveral members of the univerſity; but through the influence of Mr. Montague, chancellor of the exchequer, to whom about this time he was introduced by Congreve, he was diverted from his purpoſe. Johnſon ſarcaſtically obſerves, that "Addiſon, who was then learning the trade of a courtier, had ſubjoined Montague as a poetical name to thoſe of Cowley and Dryden, in order to conciliate the eſteem of that eminent ſtateſman, who remonſtrated with the

head of the college againſt his taking orders, and declared that however he might be repreſented as an enemy to the church, he would never do it any other injury than by keeping Mr. Addiſon out of it."

In 1695 he addreſſed a poem to King William, with an introduction to Lord Keeper Somers. Johnſon obſerves, upon this occaſion, that "it was a kind of rhyming introduction, and that King William had no regard to elegance or literature; his ſtudy was only war; yet, at the ſame time, this monarch, by a choice of miniſters, whoſe diſpoſition was very different from his own, procured, without intention, a liberal patronage to poetry," and Addiſon obtained the ſanction of the two illuſtrious ſtateſmen of that day, Somers and Montague.

In 1697 he publiſhed his Latin poem on the peace of Ryſwick, to which was prefixed a dedication to his patron Montague. This production was generally admitted by the literati as the beſt Latin poem ſince the Æneid, and Johnſon, who was never a ſanguine euloguiſt, ſays, that "the performance cannot be denied to be vigorous and elegant."

As Addiſon had not yet made his appearance in the political world, in order that he might fill up his vacant time, and cultivate a mind ſo evidently comprehenſive, his patrons, Somers and Montague, obtained from the king (in 1699) a penſion of three hundred pounds a year, to enable him to travel. During the courſe of his peregrinations through France and Italy, he could not waſte his time in frivolous purſuits; ſo that he not only collected a number of remarks and obſervations on the reſpective places through which he paſſed, but alſo compoſed his Dialogues on Medals, and, according to Tickell, wrote four acts of his Tragedy of Cato.

In 1701, he wrote an epiſtolary poem from Italy to his patron Montague, now created Lord Halifax, which Johnſon acknowledges to have been juſtly conſidered

ſidered as the moſt elegant, if not the moſt ſublime of his poetical productions. It was tranſlated by the Greek profeſſor at Florence into Italian verſe.

In 1702 he returned home, when the death of King William and the conſequent change in adminiſtration put a period to his penſion and his hopes. Swift informs us, that "he found it neceſſary to haſten home, being diſtreſſed by indigence, and compelled to become the tutor of a travelling ſquire." But this ſarcaſm may be imputed to the difference of political opinion between theſe two great men, as well as that ſingular petulance which marks the character of the Dean.

Soon after his return, he publiſhed an account of his travels, which he dedicated to Lord Somers. In this work are many pertinent obſervations on foreign countries, and ingenious compariſons of the cuſtoms and manners of different ſtates. Dr. Johnſon remarks that the moſt amuſing paſſage in this book is the account of the minute republic of San Marino. The elegance of the language and variation of the proſe and verſe, gain upon the reader; and the book became in time ſo much the favourite of the public, that, before it was reprinted, it roſe to five times its original price.

For upwards of two years he remained at home, and as his friends were out of adminiſtration, he had no opportunity of exerting his abilities, or obtaining any reward for what he had done: however, as he had full leiſure for the cultivation of his mind, it may be inferred, that ſuch a genius would not ſuffer much time to be loſt. But an opportunity ſoon offered for the revival of his literary fame. In the year 1740 Lord Treaſurer Godolphin expreſſed his concern to Lord Halifax, that the Duke of Marlborough's victory at Blenheim, which had ſpread triumph over the nation, had not been celebrated in verſe in the manner it deſerved; and deſired his Lordſhip to propoſe it to ſome poet more adequate to the theme. Lord Halifax replied that he knew a perſon fully competent to the

taſk, but would not name him, becauſe he had ſeen, with indignation, that there was no encouragement for genius, and that worthleſs men lived in pomp and luxury at the expence of the public, while perſons of too much modeſty, with great abilities, languiſhed in obſcurity. The treaſurer informed his Lordſhip that whoever undertook the taſk ſhould meet with ample recompence. Lord Halifax thereupon named Addiſon, but required that the treaſurer ſhould ſend to him himſelf. Accordingly Lord Godolphin ſent the meſſage by Mr. Boyle, afterwards Lord Carlton, who communicated the buſineſs, and prevailed upon Addiſon to undertake the taſk. He ſhowed the work to the Lord Treaſurer when it was no farther advanced than the famous ſimile of the Angel; and ſuch was his Lordſhip's approbation, that he immediately appointed the author to ſucceed Mr. Locke in the place of Commiſſioner of Appeals.*

In the following year our author attended Lord Halifax to Hanover, and the year after was made under Secretary of State to Sir Charles Hodges. The Earl of Sunderland, who ſucceeded Sir Charles in the ſame year, continued him in that office, from the great regard he entertained for his perſonal and literary character.

At this time there prevailed a general taſte for Italian operas, which induced many perſons of diſtiction to importune Addiſon to try the effect of a muſical drama in the Engliſh language, formed upon ſuch a plan as to combine intellect with harmony. Accordingly, he undertook the taſk, and produced the opera of Roſamond, which was exhibited in 1707, but met with no ſucceſs on the ſtage. Sir John Hawkins obſerves that the villany of Clayton's muſic preponderated againſt the elegance and humour of the poetry. The author, however, conſcious that the piece merited a better fate,

* This poem, which he entitled "The Campaign," was addreſſed to the Duke of Marlborough. It contains a conciſe deſcription of the military tranſactions in the year 1704, and a very minute account of the two great actions under the command of his Grace at Schellemberg and Blenheim, and was executed with ſuch conſummate ability as commanded univerſal applauſe.

and

and truſting that the readers would do him more juſtice than the ſpectators had done, publiſhed it, with a dedication to the Ducheſs of Marlborough; a woman, as Dr. Johnſon pronounces, and probably with ſome truth, without ſkill, or pretenſions to ſkill, in poetry or literature; from which that rigid cenſor infers that Addiſon's dedication was an inſtance of ſervile abſurdity, to be exceeded only by Joſhua Barnes's dedication of a Greek Anacreon to the Duke.

Soon after his failure in his firſt dramatic attempt, our author aſſiſted his friend Steele in a comedy called the "Tender Huſband," to which he wrote a humourous prologue. Steele, with a liberality of mind equal to his wit and pleaſantry, complimented him with a dedication, which may be conſidered as a juſt tribute of praiſe to the merit of the character to whom it was addreſſed.

In 1709, Addiſon went to Ireland as ſecretary to the Marquis of Wharton, appointed Lord Lieutenant of that kingdom. Her Majeſty, Queen Anne, as a mark of peculiar favour, augmented his ſalary, as Keeper of the Records in that nation, to three hundred pounds a year.*

While Addiſon was in Ireland, Steele began to publiſh the Tatler, the firſt number of which appeared on the twelfth of April, 1709. He had not communicated his deſign to any of his friends; but Addiſon, (ſays Tickell) diſcovered the author from a remark on Virgil which he had communicated to him. Dr. Johnſon very pertinently obſerves, upon the occaſion, that "it is not eaſy for any man to write upon literature or com-

* Swift has recorded that when he was in office he made a law to himſelf never to remit his regular fees in civility to his friends. "For," ſaid he, "I may have an hundred friends, and if my fee be two guineas, I ſhall, by relinquiſhing my right, loſe two hundred guineas, and no friend gain more than two; there is therefore no proportion between the good imparted and the evil ſuffered." He alſo eſtabliſhed a rule to himſelf, never to take, on any pretence whatever, more than the ſtated and cuſtomary fees of his office. A remarkable inſtance of this integrity was his refuſal of a bank note of three hundred pounds, and afterwards of a diamond ring, from a major Dunbar, whom he had endeavoured to ſerve by his intereſt with Lord Sunderland, as appears in a letter from himſelf, preſerved by Mr. Maty, in the Review for 1783, for which the public were originally indebted to Curle.

mon life, ſo as not to make himſelf known to thoſe with whom he familiarly converſes, and who are acquainted with his track of ſtudy, his favourite topics, his peculiar notions, and his habitual phraſes." The diſcovery, however, led him to afford his friend further aſſiſtance, inſomuch that, as the author of the Tatler liberally and gratefully expreſſes it, he fared by this means, like a diſtreſſed prince, who calls in a powerful neighbour to his aid, and is undone by his auxiliary. On the change of the miniſtry he loſt his employment, and found leiſure to engage in the Tatler more frequently, which contributed conſiderably to advance its reputation. He did not diſtinguiſh his pieces by any ſignature, and it is thought that his name was kept ſecret, till the papers were collected into volumes.

Soon after the Tatler was laid down, Sir Richard Steele, in concert with Mr. Addiſon, formed the plan of the Spectator. The firſt number of this much eſteemed work appeared March the firſt, 1711; and it was continued daily to December the eighth, 1712. Addiſon furniſhed a great part of the papers both gay and ſerious. His papers are diſtinguiſhed by one of the letters in the name of the Muſe CLIO. Dr. Johnſon gives the following account of the nature and progreſs of this valuable work, which employed the pens of ſome of the firſt literary characters of that Auguſtan age.

He obſerves that "the Spectator compriſes a ſeries of eſſays, of the ſame kind, but written with leſs levity, upon a more regular plan than thoſe of the Tatler, and publiſhed daily. Such an undertaking ſhewed the writers not to diſtruſt their own copiouſneſs of materials or facility of compoſition, and their performance juſtified their confidence. They found in their progreſs many auxiliaries. To attempt a ſingle paper was no terrifying labour: many pieces were offered, and many were received.

"Addiſon," the Dr. ſays, "had enough of the zeal of party

party, but Steele had, at that time, almoſt nothing elſe! The Spectator, in one of the firſt papers, ſhewed the political tenets of its authors; but a reſolution was ſoon taken of courting general approbation, by general topics, and ſubjects on which faction had produced no diverſity of ſentiments; ſuch as literature, morality, and familiar life. To this practice they adhered with very few deviations.

"To teach" ſays our critic, "the minuter decencies and inferior duties of life; to regulate the practice of daily converſation; to correct thoſe depravities which are rather ridiculous than criminal, and remove thoſe grievances which, if they produce no laſting calamities, impoſe hourly vexation, is an undertaking worthy of the ſublimeſt genius, and entitled to the approbation of every member of civilized ſociety.*

"Before the Tatlers and Spectators,† if the writers for the theatre are excepted, England had no maſters of common life. No writers had yet undertaken to reform either the ſavageneſs of neglect, or the impertinence of civility; to teach when to ſpeak, or when to be ſilent; how to refuſe, or how to comply. We wanted not books to teach us our more important duties, and to ſettle opinions in philoſophy or politics; but a judge of propriety was yet wanting, who ſhould ſurvey the track of daily converſation, and free it from thorns and prickles which teaze the poſſeſſor though they do not wound him. For this purpoſe nothing is ſo proper as the frequent publication of ſhort papers which we read not as ſtudy, but amuſement. If the ſubject be ſlight, the trea-

* This ſpecies of inſtruction was firſt attempted in Italy by *Caſa* in his book of *Manners*, and *Caſtiglione* in his *Courtier*, two books yet celebrated in Italy for purity and elegance; and their uſefulneſs to the age in which they were written, is ſufficiently atteſted by the tranſlations, which almoſt all the nations of Europe were in haſte to obtain.

The ſame mode of conveying inſtruction was continued, if not advanced, by the French; among whom, *La Bruyer's* "Manners of the Age," though, as Boileau remarks, it is written without connection, certainly deſerves great praiſe for livelineſs of deſcription and juſtneſs of obſervation.

† The Tatler and Spectator will be publiſhed in the British Claſſics which form tracts of our Pocket Library.

tiſe likewiſe is ſhort. The buſy may find time, and the idle may find patience.*

"The Tatler and Spectator reduced, like *Caſa* the Italian author, the unſettled practice of daily intercourſe to propriety and politeneſs; and, like *La Bruyere*, the French author, exhibited the characters and manners of the age. But to ſay that they united the plans of two or three eminent writers, is to give them but a ſmall part of their due praiſe; for they ſuper-added literature and criticiſm; and ſometimes towered far above their predeceſſors, and taught, with great juſtneſs of argument and dignity of language, the moſt important duties, and the moſt ſublime truths. All theſe topics were happily varied with elegant fictions and refined allegories, as well as illuminated with different changes of ſtyle and felicities of invention."

It is recorded by Budgell, one of Addiſon's moſt intimate companions, that of all the characters, feigned or exhibited, in the Spectator, the favourite of our author was Sir Roger de Coverly; and therefore, when Steele had introduced him innocently picking up a girl in the temple, and taking her to a tavern, he drew upon himſelf ſo much of his friend's indignation, that he was forced to appeaſe him by a promiſe of forbearing Sir Roger for the time to come. Addiſon deſcribes his knight, as having his imagination ſomewhat warped. The irregularities in Sir Roger's conduct ſeem not much the effects of a mind deviating from the beaten track of life, by the perpetual preſſure of ſome overwhelming idea, as of habitual ruſticity, and that negligence which ſolitary grandeur naturally generates.

* It has been ſuggeſted that the Royal Society was inſtituted ſoon after the reſtoration to divert the attention of the people from public diſcontent. The Tatler and Spectator had the ſame tendency; they were publiſhed at a time when two parties, loud, reſtleſs, and violent, were agitating the nation. To minds heated with political conteſt, they ſupplied cooler and more inoffenſive reflections: and it is ſaid by Addiſon, in a ſubſequent work, that they had a perceptible influence upon the converſation of that time, and taught the frolic and the gay to unite merriment with decency; an effect which they can never wholly loſe, while they continue to be among the firſt works by which both ſexes are initiated in the elegancies of language.

To

To Sir Roger, who, as a country gentleman, appears to be a tory, is oppoſed Sir Andrew Freeport, a wealthy merchant and a whig. Of this contrarity of opinions, it is probable more conſequences were at firſt intended than could be produced, when the reſolution was taken to exclude party from the paper. Sir Andrew does but little, and that little ſeems not to have pleaſed Addiſon, who, when he diſmiſſed him from the club, changed his opinion.

Poſterity muſt have a high idea of the taſte and good ſenſe of the Britiſh nation, when they are informed, that if the ſale may be calculated by the product of the tax related in the laſt number to produce more than twenty pounds a week, and therefore ſtated at twenty-one pounds, or three pounds ten ſhillings a day: this, at an halfpenny a paper, will give ſixteen hundred and eighty for the daily number.

The next year, 1713, was, as Johnſon expreſſes it, the grand climateric of Addiſon's reputation; as, in that year his tragedy of *Cato*, which he had planned and partly written during his travels, was finiſhed and exhibited at Drury-Lane theatre with unparalleled ſucceſs.*

As the whole nation was at that time violently agitated by faction, the favourable reception of this tragedy may, in ſome meaſure, be attributed to that cauſe: for the whigs, apprehenſive that liberty was in danger from the machinations of the tories, applauded every line in which liberty was mentioned; and the tories echoed every peal of applauſe to ſhew that the ſatire was either unfelt or diſregarded.†

Through the emulation of contending factions, Cato was performed thirty-five nights without intermiſſion.

* Such were the doubts of the author, and ſuch the agitations of his mind between hope and fear, that while he remained in the green room, he kept a perſon continually going backwards and forwards from the ſtage to the place where he was, to inform him how it ſucceeded; and till the whole was over, and the ſucceſs confirmed, he never ventured to move.

† The ſtory of Lord Bolingbroke, one of the champions of the tory party, is well known. He called Booth, who performed Cato, into his box, and preſented him with fifty guineas for ſo ably defending the cauſe of liberty againſt a perpetual dictator.

The

The prologue was written by Pope, and the epilogue by Garth.

When the tragedy was printed, Queen Anne ſignified an inclination of having it dedicated to her; but as the author had deſigned that compliment to another, [it was ſuppoſed the Ducheſs of Marlborough] he found himſelf obliged, (ſays Tickell) to ſend it into the world without any dedication. It was recommended by eight copies of verſes, amongſt which thoſe of Steele, Hughes, Young, Jefferies, and Euſden deſerve commendation. But as a compoſition, in which faction, rank, and literature, concurred in praiſing, could not poſſibly be ſuppoſed to be exempt from cenſure; it was attacked by an Oxonian as a party play, in a pamphlet entitled "Mr. Addiſon turned Tory." Dr. Sewell defended it in a pamphlet entitled "Obſervations on Cato."

But the moſt ſtrenuous opponent of Addiſon in this undertaking was Dennis, who wrote a pamphlet and ſeven letters to ſhew that all the world were wrong in beſtowing on it applauſe, or even approbation.—Many of his remarks were nugatory, and more of them captious; though ſome of his ſtrictures have conſiderable weight. It is plain, however, that he was agitated by envy; for, as the intent of that play was to promote the whig intereſt of which Dennis was a zealous abettor, he could not therefore object to it from party principle. But the world was too ſtubborn for inſtruction; ſo that the animadverſions of Dennis ſhewed his anger without effect, and Cato continued to be praiſed.*

In juſtice to the author, we obſerve, that neighbouring nations† beſtowed no leſs applauſe upon this play

* Pope who at this time had an opportunity of courting the friendſhip of Addiſon, wrote a very ſevere, but humourous piece, entitled "A Narrative of the Madneſs of John Dennis," a performance which tended more to ridicule the critic than refute the criticiſm, as it left the objections to the play in their full force; ſo that Addiſon, who ſaw in this inſtance the ſelfiſhneſs of Pope's friendſhip, declined anſwering Dennis's pamphlet.

† Voltaire has commended and cenſured the writings of Addiſon by turns, and with reſpect to Cato, he admires and cenſures it extravagantly. The principal characters he allows ſuperior to any before brought upon the ſtage, but ſays that all the love ſcenes are abſolutely inſipid. The only reaſon that can be aſſigned for the poet's introducing them, was the prevalence of cuſtom,

In

than our own. It was tranſlated by Salvini, into Italian, and acted at Florence; and by the Jeſuits of St. Omers, into Latin, and played by their pupils. A tragedy was written on the ſame ſubject by Des Champs, a French poet, with a criticiſm on the Engliſh play; but, according to Johnſon, the tranſlator and critic are now forgotten.

Soon after the appearance of Cato, another daily paper called "The Guardian" was publiſhed by Steele. To this Addiſon contributed his aid, but not ſo regularly as he had done to the Spectator. His papers in the Guardian are marked by a *hand*.—Johnſon thinks the character of Guardian was too narrow and too ſerious; he ſays "it might probably admit both the duties and the decencies of life, but ſeemed not to include literary ſpeculations, and was in ſome degree violated by merriment, and burleſque." He admits however, upon the whole, that it abounds with elegance and variety, and that the papers were in general pleaſing and inſtructive, till Steele, fired with politics, rendered them ſubſervient to the purpoſes of faction, and thereby perverted their main deſign.

About this time our author wrote a few papers called "The Whig Examiner," in anſwer to ſome eſſays in a tory paper, entitled "The Examiner," in which Swift had a principal concern. Of the Whig Examiner, which juſt appeared and then expired, Swift remarks with exultation that "it is now down among the dead men." Upon this Johnſon very ſhrewedly obſerves, that the Dean might well rejoice at the death of that which he could not kill; and acknowledges that, in the Whig Examiner, is exhibited all the force of humorous ſatire, and gives it as his decided opinion that every reader of every party, when perſonal malice is paſt, and thoſe papers which once inflamed the nation are read only as effuſions of wit, they muſt wiſh for more of them to read; for

and it muſt be acknowledged that his lovers are the moſt ſenſible, and addreſs each other in the beſt language that is to be found in any love dialogue of the Britiſh ſtage.

on

on no occaſion, the Doctor declares, was the genius of Addiſon more vigorouſly exerted, and in none did the ſuperiority of his wit more evidently appear.

The year after the Guardian was publiſhed, the Spectator was revived. It paſſed through eighty numbers, which were afterwards collected into an eighth volume. Addiſon produced more than a fourth part, and the other contributors are by no means unworthy of appearing as his aſſociates. The time that had paſſed during the ſuſpenſion of the Spectator, though it had not leſſened his power of humour, ſeems to have increaſed his diſpoſition to ſerioufneſs, as the proportion of his religious to his comic papers is greater than in the former ſeries.*

When the Houſe of Hanover came to the throne it was reaſonable to expect that the zeal of Addiſon, in the promotion of the whig intereſt, would be ſuitably rewarded. On the death of Queen Anne, before the arrival of King George I. he was made Secretary to the Regency, and required by his office to ſend notice to Hanover of that event, and that the throne was vacant. On the arrival of the King it was propoſed to make him Secretary of State, which he declined, and a ſecond time accepted the office of Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, Lord Sunderland. That nobleman was ſoon removed, and Addiſon was appointed one of the Lords of Trade. During the rebellion in 1715 he publiſhed a periodical work in ſupport of the eſtabliſhed government, entitled "The Freeholder." The work in argument had many equals, but in humour was ſingular and matchleſs. Dr. Johnſon ſays, "that bigotry itſelf muſt be delighted with the character drawn of the Tory Foxhunter, introduced in one of the papers." The Freeholder was publiſhed twice a week, from December 1715, to June the ſixteenth in 1716.

* The Spectator, from its recommencement, was publiſhed only three times a week, and no diſcriminative marks were added to the papers. To Addiſon Tickell has aſcribed twenty-three numbers; amongſt theſe were introduced the *Eſſays* on *Wit*, thoſe on the *Pleaſures* of the *Imagination*, and the *Criticiſm* on *Milton*.

This

This year our author eſpouſed the Counteſs Dowager of Warwick, whom he had ſolicited by a very long and anxious courtſhip. He is ſaid to have firſt known her Ladyſhip by becoming tutor to her ſon. "He formed," ſaid Johnſon, "the deſign of obtaining that lady from the time when he was firſt recommended into the family."*—If report can be credited, he derived little happineſs from his marriage, as in the eſtimation of his wife, the native luſtre of exalted genius was inferior to the adventitious glare of a long line of dignified anceſtry.

In 1717 Addiſon attained to the ſummit of his elevation, being appointed one of the principal Secretaries of State. From the offices he had previouſly filled, he might have been juſtly ſuppoſed fully competent to this employment; but it is univerſally confeſſed that he found himſelf unequal to the duties of his place. His natural timidity deprived him of the power of ſpeaking in the Houſe of Commons; and finding, at length, that public buſineſs was too much for him, he reſigned his employment, and was gratified with a penſion of fifteen hundred pounds a year.

From politics he returned to literature, and proſecuted a work he had begun, "On the Evidences of the Chriſtian Religion;"† part of which was publiſhed after his death. He had deſigned to have made a new poetical verſion of the Pſalms. He alſo projected the plan of a tragedy on the death of Socrates, but did not live to carry it into execution.

About this time appeared the comedy of "The Drummer," which is aſcribed to Addiſon, on the teſtimony of Steele, who, after his death, declared him to be the author. The affirmation of Steele was doubted by many

* Johnſon obſerves that "at laſt the Counteſs was perſuaded to marry him on terms much like thoſe on which a Turkiſh Princeſs is eſpouſed, to whom the ſultan is reported to pronounce "Daughter, I give thee this man for thy ſlave."

† This much admired production is introduced in the Sacred Claſſics, which alſo form a part of our Pocket Library.

of

of his contemporaries; but that declaration, and the total ſilence of any other claimant, have ſince determined the public to aſſign it to Addiſon, and it was printed with his poetry. Johnſon ſays, "that Steele carried the Drummer to the playhouſe, and afterwards to the preſs, and ſold the copy for fifty guineas; and obſerves, in confirmation of Steele's declaration of Addiſon's being the author, that the characters were ſuch as Addiſon would have delineated, and the tendency ſuch as Addiſon would have promoted.

Our author did not conclude his life in peaceful ſtudies, but relapſed, when he was near his end, into political controverſy, and wrote two pamphlets, entitled, "The Old Whig," in defence of the Peerage Bill.* This Bill gave an univerſal alarm to the nation, and many pamphlets were written againſt it with great ſpirit. Amongſt others appeared a paper called "The Plebeian," written by Steele, and deſigned to expoſe the ariſtocratic tendency of the Bill, as a majority in the Houſe of Lords ſo limited, would have been deſpotic and irreſiſtible. This brought from the pen of Addiſon the "Old Whig," in which it is not diſcovered that Steele was then known to be the advocate for the Commons. Steele replied by a ſecond "Plebeian," and confined himſelf to his queſtion, without any perſonal notice of his opponent. Thus the controverſy was carried on between two friends, at firſt without any knowledge of one another, but before it was ended it appears from ſeveral expreſſions that the "Old Whig" was acquainted with his antagoniſt.†

The departure of this great and uſeful man from this tranſitory ſcene of exiſtence, was now near at hand. In

* The ſcope of this Bill, propoſed by the Earl of Sunderland in 1718-19, was to fix the number of Peers, and reſtrain the Crown from making any new Lords but upon the extinction of families. To this the Lords had no objection; but the Commons were extremely averſe, as it tended to the perpetual excluſion of themſelves and their poſterity from an honour to which they naturally aſpired. The Bill, therefore, was vehemently oppoſed, and particularly by Sir Robert Walpole, whoſe ſpeech was publiſhed.

† The Bill was negatived by a conſiderable majority. The Old Whig is not inſerted in Addiſon's works, nor is it mentioned by Tickell in his life.

addition

addition to an aſthma, under which he had long laboured, he was afflicted with a dropſy, and, finding theſe complicated ſymptons increaſe, he abandoned all hopes of life.*

Dr. Young relates, that, in his laſt moments, he ſent for his ſon-in-law, Lord Warwick; and when the young nobleman deſired, with great tenderneſs, to hear his laſt injunction, told him, "I have ſent for you, that you may ſee how a Chriſtian can die."

In Tickell's excellent elegy on his friend, are theſe lines:

"He taught us how to live, and, Oh! too high,
"The price of knowledge, taught us how to die."

In which he alludes to this moving interview, as he told Dr. Young to whom he related it.

Having given directions to his friend Tickell concerning the publications of his works, and dedicated them to his friend and ſucceſſor, Mr. Secretary Craggs, he departed this life on the ſeventeenth of June, 1719, at Holland Houſe, near Kenſington, in the forty ſeventh year of his age, leaving one only child, a daughter.

The character of Addiſon is beſt known from the concurring teſtimony of his writings, and the eſtimation in which he was held throughout the whole circle of thoſe with whom he converſed and lived in long habits of the moſt intimate friendſhip. Amongſt thoſe were many of the moſt eminent literary characters of his day, who, in general, declared he was the moſt communicative, entertaining, and delightful companion they ever knew.

"Bleſt with each talent, and each art to pleaſe,
"And born to write, converſe, and live with eaſe."

His moral character was free from the imputation of a ſtain, and he was one of the few great men whoſe

* Pope relates that, a ſhort time before his death, he ſent a meſſage to Mr. Gay, deſiring to ſee him. Gay, who had not viſited him for ſome time, obeyed the ſummons, and found himſelf received with great kindneſs. The purpoſe for which the interview was ſolicited was then diſcovered: Addiſon told him that he had injured him; but that, if he recovered, he would recompenſe him. What the injury was, he did not explain, nor did Gay ever know; but ſuppoſed, that ſome preferment deſigned for him, had, by the intervention of Addiſon, been withheld.

good qualities were generally allowed. His attachment to party never rendered him blind to the merits of his opponents. When he was Secretary in Ireland, he refuſed to intermit his acquaintance with Swift, though the moſt formidable anti-miniſterialiſt in that kingdom. Indeed his merit was ſo generally acknowledged, that Swift, having obſerved that his election paſſed without a conteſt, adds, that if he had propoſed himſelf for king, he would hardly have been refuſed.

With reſpect to his habits and external manners, he ſeems to have been reſerved amongſt ſtrangers; for Steele mentions, with great tenderneſs, "that remarkable baſhfulneſs which is a cloak that hides and muffles merit," and tells us, that "his abilities were covered only by modeſty, which doubles the beauties that are ſeen, and gives credit and eſteem to all that are concealed." Lord Cheſterfield affirms, that "Addiſon was the moſt timorous and awkward man he ever ſaw," and Addiſon, ſpeaking of his own occaſional deficiency in converſation, uſed to ſay of himſelf, that, with reſpect to intellectual wealth, "he could draw bills for a thouſand pounds, though he had not a guinea in his pocket."

Dr. Johnſon admits, that he was oppreſſed by an improper and ungraceful timidity, as many teſtimonies concur to prove, but by no means approves of Cheſterfield's repreſentation; remarking, very liberally, that "a man cannot be ſuppoſed very inexpert in the art of converſation, and practice of life, who, without fortune or alliance, by his uſefulneſs and dexterity, became Secretary of State; who died at forty-ſeven, after having not only ſtood long in the higheſt rank of wit and literature, but filled one of the moſt important offices of ſtate."

But though he was timid and reſerved in ſome inſtances, "he was," ſays Steele, "above all men in that talent called humour, and enjoyed it in ſuch perfection, that I have often reflected, after a night ſpent with him, a part from all the world, that I had the pleaſure of converſing with an intimate acquaintance of Terence and Catullus,

Carullus, who had all their wit and nature, heightened with humour more exquiſite and delightful than any other man ever poſſeſſed. This declaration is the effect of a warm attachment on the part of a friend. Johnſon therefore adduces the opinion of a rival. "Addiſon's converſation," ſays Pope, "has ſomething in it more charming than I have found in any other man. But this was only when familiar; before ſtrangers, or perhaps a ſingle ſtranger, he preſerved his dignity by a ſtiff ſilence."

As no human character ever attained to perfection, ſo that of Addiſon was not without its blemiſhes; for it appears, from the teſtimony of ſeveral of his contemporaries, that he was much affected by the prevalence of Pope's poetical reputation, nor is it without ſtrong reaſon ſuſpected that by ſome diſingenuous act, he endeavoured to obſtruct it. It is ſaid that, with his friend Steele to echo him, he uſed to depreciate Dryden, whom Pope and Congreve defended againſt them. Johnſon remarks, on this imputation, with great juſtice, that, "his own powers were ſuch as might have ſatisfied him with conſcious excellence," and adds, that "the abundance of his own mind left him little need of adventitious ſentiments; his wit always could ſuggeſt what the occaſion demanded. He had read with critical eyes the important volume of human life, and knew the heart of man from the depths of ſtratagem, to the ſurface of affectation."

He had a happy faculty of communicating his ſentiments. "This," ſays Steele, "was particular in this writer, that when he had taken his reſolution, or made his plan for what he deſigned to write, he would walk about a room and dictate it into language with as much freedom and eaſe as any one could write it down, and attend to the coherence and grammar of what he dictated."

Pope, who, as a rival, muſt be leſs ſuſpected of favouring his memory, declares "that he wrote very fluently, but was ſlow and ſcrupulous in correcting; that many

of his Spectators were written very fast, and sent immediately to the press; and that it seemed to be for his advantage, not to have time for much revisal.—He would altar," says Pope, "any thing to please his friends before publication; but would not retouch his pieces afterwards."

Before his marriage he passed his leisure hours in familiar converse with his friends. His chief companions were Steele, Budgell, Phillips, Casey, and Davenant. He studied all the morning; then dined at a tavern, and went afterwards to a coffee-house at Covent Garden, where the wits of that time used to assemble. From the coffee-house he went again to a tavern; where he often sat late, and, according to Dr. Johnson's report, drank too much wine; upon which that rigid censor remarks, that, "in the bottle, discontent seeks for comfort, cowardice for courage, and bashfulness for confidence." Among these friends however it was that Addison displayed the elegance of his colloquial accomplishments, which may reasonably be supposed such as Pope represents them.

The character of Addison, both moral and intellectual, cannot be more forcibly displayed than in the words of Dr. Johnson.—"It appears," says that biographer, "from his various pictures of the world, that, with all his bashfulness, he had conversed with many distinct classes of men, had surveyed their ways with very diligent observation, and marked with great acuteness the effects of different modes of life. He was a man in whose presence nothing reprehensible was out of danger; quick in discerning whatever was wrong or ridiculous, and not unwilling to expose it." There are, according to Steele, in his writings many oblique strokes upon some of the wittiest men of the age. His delight was more to excite merriment than detestation, and he detected follies rather than crimes.

If any judgment be made from his books of his moral character, nothing will be found but purity and excellence,

excellence. Knowledge of mankind, indeed, leſs extenſive than that of Addiſon, will ſhew that to write and live are very different. Many who praiſe virtue do no more than praiſe it. Yet it is reaſonable to believe that Addiſon's profeſſion and practice were at no great variance, ſince amidſt the ſtorm of faction in which moſt of his life was paſſed, though his ſtation made him conſpicuous, and his activity made him formidable, the character given him by his friends was never contradicted by his enemies: of thoſe with whom intereſt or opinion united him, he had not only the eſteem, but the kindneſs; and of others, whom the violence of oppoſition drove againſt him, though he might loſe the love, he retained the reverence.

It is juſtly obſerved by Tickell, that he employed wit on the ſide of religion and virtue. He not only made the proper uſe of wit himſelf, but taught it to others; and, in every inſtance, rendered it ſubſervient to the cauſe of reaſon and truth. He has diſſipated the prejudices, that had long connected gaiety with vice, and eaſineſs of manners with laxity of principles. He has reſtored virtue to its dignity, and taught innocence not to be aſhamed. "This," ſays Dr. Johnſon, with peculiar emphaſis, "is an elevation of literary character, above all Greek, above all Roman fame"—and concludes a very elegant deſcription of the character of our author, both moral and intellectual, with the following excellent remark. "No greater felicity can genius attain than that of having purified intellectual pleaſure, ſeparated mirth from indecency, and wit from licentiouſneſs; of having taught a ſucceſſion of writers to bring elegance and gaiety to the aid of goodneſs; and, if I may uſe expreſſions yet more awful, of having *turned many to righteouſneſs.*"

The writings of Addiſon are chiefly poetical, critical, and moral. According to the account of Dr. Johnſon, he was conſidered in his life, and for ſome time afterwards, by the greater part of his readers, as ſupremely

excelling in poetry and criticiſm. But this is not admitted by the literati in general; for many conceived that part of his reputation may be probably aſcribed to the advancement of his rank and fortune, and that, as Swift obſerves, when he became a ſtateſman, and ſaw poets waiting at his levee, it is no wonder that praiſe was accumulated upon him. Much likewiſe may be more honourably aſcribed to his perſonal character. He who, if he had claimed it, might have obtained the diadem, was not likely to be denied the laurel. But time quickly puts an end to artificial and accidental fame, and Addiſon is to paſs through futurity protected only by his genius. Every name which kindneſs or intereſt once raiſed too high, is in danger, leſt the next age ſhould, by the vengeance of criticiſm, ſink it in the ſame proportion.

Dr. Johnſon's opinion is, "that his poetry has not often thoſe felicities of diction which give luſtre to ſentiment, or that vigour of ſentiment which animates diction: there is very little of ardour, vehemence, or tranſport: there is very rarely the awfulneſs of grandeur, and not very often the ſplendour of elegance. But he thinks juſtly; this is his general character, and if he ſeldom reaches a ſupreme excellence, he rarely ſinks into inſipidity, and is more rarely entangled in abſurdity. He did not truſt his own powers ſo as to be negligent. There is in moſt of his compoſitions a calmneſs and equability, deliberate and cautious, ſome times with little that delights, but ſeldom with any thing that offends."—Thus ſpeaks this great critic, who is ſeldom very laviſh, in his encomiums on literary productions; others, more candid and liberal, entertain a higher opinion of the poetical genius of our author, and it is generally agreed that his verſes convey ſound philoſophy and juſt morality, and that, if they are not in general very picturesque, animated, and impaſſioned, yet there are many paſſages which evince real poetical genius.

The Tragedy of Cato is confeſſedly the nobleſt production

duction of Addiſon's genius. Johnſon very juſtly obſerves, "that of a work ſo much read, it is difficult to ſay any thing new. About things in which the public thinks long, it commonly attains to think right; and of Cato it has not been unjuſtly determined, that it is rather a poem in dialogue, than a drama; rather a ſucceſſion of juſt ſentiments in elegant language, than a repreſentation of natural affections, or of any ſtate probable or poſſible in human life. The events are expected without ſolicitude, and are remembered without joy or ſorrow. Of the agents we have no care: we conſider not what they are doing, or what they are ſuffering, we wiſh only to know what they have to ſay. Cato is a being above our ſolicitude; a man of whom the gods take care, and whom we leave to their care with heedleſs confidence. To the reſt neither gods nor men can have much attention, for there is not one amongſt them, that ſtrongly attracts either affection or eſteem." But, as the greateſt encomiums our critic could beſtow, he concludes his comment with obſerving "that this tragedy is made the vehicle of ſuch ſentiments and ſuch expreſſions, that there is ſcarcely a ſcene in it, which the reader does not wiſh to impreſs on his memory."

When this tragedy was ſhewn to Pope, he adviſed the author to print it, without any theatrical exhibition, ſuppoſing that it would be read more favorably than heard. Addiſon declared himſelf of the ſame opinion; but urged the importunity of his friends for its appearance on the ſtage. The emulation of parties made it ſucceſsful beyond expectation, and Johnſon obſerves, "that its ſucceſs has introduced or confirmed among us the uſe of dialogue too declamatory, of unaffecting elegance, and chill philoſophy."

The univerſality of applauſe, however it might quell the cenſure of the leſs rigid critics, had no other effect than to harden Dennis, the avowed enemy of Addiſon, in fixed diſlike; but that diſlike, in the opinion of ſome competent judges, was not meerly capricious, as

excelling in poetry and criticiſm. But this is not admitted by the literati in general; for many conceived that part of his reputation may be probably aſcribed to the advancement of his rank and fortune, and that, as Swift obſerves, when he became a ſtateſman, and ſaw poets waiting at his levee, it is no wonder that praiſe was accumulated upon him. Much likewiſe may be more honourably aſcribed to his perſonal character. He who, if he had claimed it, might have obtained the diadem, was not likely to be denied the laurel. But time quickly puts an end to artificial and accidental fame, and Addiſon is to paſs through futurity protected only by his genius. Every name which kindneſs or intereſt once raiſed too high, is in danger, leſt the next age ſhould, by the vengeance of criticiſm, ſink it in the ſame proportion.

Dr. Johnſon's opinion is, "that his poetry has not often thoſe felicities of diction which give luſtre to ſentiment, or that vigour of ſentiment which animates diction: there is very little of ardour, vehemence, or tranſport: there is very rarely the awfulneſs of grandeur, and not very often the ſplendour of elegance. But he thinks juſtly; this is his general character, and if he ſeldom reaches a ſupreme excellence, he rarely ſinks into inſipidity, and is more rarely entangled in abſurdity. He did not truſt his own powers ſo as to be negligent. There is in moſt of his compoſitions a calmneſs and equability, deliberate and cautious, ſome times with little that delights, but ſeldom with any thing that offends."—Thus ſpeaks this great critic, who is ſeldom very laviſh, in his encomiums on literary productions; others, more candid and liberal, entertain a higher opinion of the poetical genius of our author, and it is generally agreed that his verſes convey ſound philoſophy and juſt morality, and that, if they are not in general very pictureſque, animated, and impaſſioned, yet there are many paſſages which evince real poetical genius.

The Tragedy of Cato is confeſſedly the nobleſt production

duction of Addiſon's genius. Johnſon very juſtly obſerves, "that of a work ſo much read, it is difficult to ſay any thing new. About things in which the public thinks long, it commonly attains to think right; and of Cato it has not been unjuſtly determined, that it is rather a poem in dialogue, than a drama; rather a ſucceſſion of juſt ſentiments in elegant language, than a repreſentation of natural affections, or of any ſtate probable or poſſible in human life. The events are expected without ſolicitude, and are remembered without joy or ſorrow. Of the agents we have no care: we conſider not what they are doing, or what they are ſuffering, we wiſh only to know what they have to ſay. Cato is a being above our ſolicitude; a man of whom the gods take care, and whom we leave to their care with heedleſs confidence. To the reſt neither gods nor men can have much attention, for there is not one amongſt them, that ſtrongly attracts either affection or eſteem." But, as the greateſt encomiums our critic could beſtow, he concludes his comment with obſerving "that this tragedy is made the vehicle of ſuch ſentiments and ſuch expreſſions, that there is ſcarcely a ſcene in it, which the reader does not wiſh to impreſs on his memory."

When this tragedy was ſhewn to Pope, he adviſed the author to print it, without any theatrical exhibition, ſuppoſing that it would be read more favorably than heard. Addiſon declared himſelf of the ſame opinion; but urged the importunity of his friends for its appearance on the ſtage. The emulation of parties made it ſucceſsful beyond expectation, and Johnſon obſerves, "that its ſucceſs has introduced or confirmed among us the uſe of dialogue too declamatory, of unaffecting elegance, and chill philoſophy."

The univerſality of applauſe, however it might quell the cenſure of the leſs rigid critics, had no other effect than to harden Dennis, the avowed enemy of Addiſon, in fixed diſlike; but that diſlike, in the opinion of ſome competent judges, was not meerly capricious, as

Dennis found and ſhewed many faults; he ſhewed them indeed with anger, but he found them with acuteneſs, ſuch as ought to reſcue his criticiſm from oblivion; though at laſt it will have no other life than it derives from the work which it endeavours to ſuppreſs. The cenſure of Dennis is poignant, and carries with it perſonal animoſity. Johnſon briefly remarks upon it, "that there is, as Dryden expreſſes it, perhaps 'too much horſe-play in his raillery;' but if his jeſts are courſe, his arguments are ſtrong: yet, as we love better to be pleaſed than to be taught, Cato is read, and the critique is neglected."

The opera of Roſamond is one of the moſt pleaſing of his poetical performances; the ſubject is choſen with judgment; the fable is agreeable and intereſting; the thoughts are juſt, and generally lively; the imagery beautiful; and the verſification eaſy and harmonious. The dialogue ſeems better than the ſongs. The whole drama is airy and elegant, engaging in its proceſs, and pleaſing in its concluſion.

The letter written by our author in Italy to Lord Halifax, poſſeſſes great merit; to exquiſite beauty and harmony is added a happy mixture of the deſcriptive and ſublime. It is more correct, with leſs appearance of labour, and more elegant with leſs introduction of ornament than the generality of his poems. Its chief excellence is the Addreſs to Liberty, which is forcible without exaggeration, and animated without extravagance.

The Campaign, a poem, written to celebrate the Duke of Marlborough's victory at Blenheim, is termed by Dr. Warton "A Gazette in Rhyme;" but Johnſon does not admit of ſo ſevere a cenſure, and obſerves, "that many writers tried their powers at that time upon the ſame ſubject; yet Addiſon's is confeſſedly the beſt performance; for the ſuperiority which he confers upon his hero is not perſonal proweſs, but deliberate intrepidity; a calm command of his paſſions, and the power of conſulting his own mind in the midſt of danger."

His

His Latin verſes diſplay much claſſical taſte, the numbers of which are ſmooth and harmonious, the ſtyle pure and elegant, and the compoſition ſtudied and correct. His tranſlations have little that can require or employ criticiſm; but they are generally allowed to be for the moſt part ſmooth and eaſy, and what is the firſt excellence of a tranſlator, ſuch as may be read with pleaſure by thoſe who do not underſtand the originals.

Of his ſmaller poems no particular mention is neceſſary; his verſes to Dryden, to Sacheverell, to Somers, and to the King; if they do not charm, cannot offend the reader. His Ode on St. Cecilia has been imitated by Pope, and poſſeſſes ſome degree of Dryden's vigour. His hymns are eaſy, elegant, and harmonious: his verſes to Kneller have conſiderable merit, they evince great knowledge in mythology, and much judgment in its application. Lord Orford calls them the moſt beautiful of Addiſon's poetical works.—Upon the whole, Dr. Johnſon obſerves that "his poetry is poliſhed and pure; the product of a mind too judicious to commit faults, but not ſufficiently vigorous to attain excellence. He was, however, one of our earlieſt examples of correctneſs."

The literati differ in their opinion with reſpect to Addiſon's merit as a critic. His criticiſms are condemned by ſome as rather experimental than ſcientific, and he is conſidered as deciding by taſte rather than by principles. But Dr. Johnſon obſerves that "regard muſt be had to the time in which he wrote. The general knowledge which now circulates in common converſation was, in his time, rarely to be found. Men not profeſſing learning, were not aſhamed of ignorance, and in the female world any acquaintance with books was diſtinguiſhed only to be cenſured, as knowledge was not at that time ſo generally purſued as in the preſent day; his purpoſe therefore was to infuſe literary curioſity, by gentle and unſuſpected conveyance, into the gay, the idle, and the wealthy, to which end he wiſely adapted

an

an alluring mode of conveying information, which being acceſſible and familiar, had a much better effect than that which is lofty, pedantic and auſtere. When he ſhewed them their defects, he ſhewed them likewiſe that they might be eaſily ſupplied. His attempt ſucceeded, inquiry was awakened, and comprehenſion expanded. It appears, therefore, from the effect produced, that an inſtructor like Addiſon was then wanting, whoſe remarks being plain and ſimple, might be eaſily underſtood, and being juſt, might prepare the mind for more exalted attainments" and it is with the utmoſt propriety remarked by Dr. Johnſon, that "if he had in his criticiſm on *Paradiſe Loſt* preſented that poem to the public with all the pomp of ſyſtem and ſeverity of ſcience, he would perhaps have been admired by the literati, but the book would have been neglected; whereas, by the blandiſhments of gentleneſs and facility, he has made Milton an univerſal favourite, with whom readers of every claſs think it neceſſary to be acquainted." So that defective as our author has been thought by ſome great men in the philoſophy of his criticiſms, we may vouch from unqueſtionable authority, that by his critique on *Paradiſe Loſt*, his remarks on *Ovid*, his eſſays on Wit and on the *Pleaſures of Imagination*, he contributed in an eminent degree to diffuſe good taſte in the nation, and to promote the cauſe of polite literature.

In the moſt uſeful line of writing, as a deſcriber of life and manners, Addiſon is generally allowed to excel. Steele ſays, "his humour is peculiar to himſelf, and ſo happily diffuſed, as to give the grace of novelty to domeſtic ſcenes, and daily occurrences. He never outſteps the modeſty of nature, nor raiſes merriment or wonder by the violation of truth. His figures neither divert by diſtortion, nor amaze by aggravation. He copies life with ſo much fidelity, that he can hardly be ſaid to invent, yet his exhibitions have an air ſo much original, that it is difficult to ſuppoſe them not merely the product of imagination." To

To add to this juſt euloguim on the writings of our author, we ſhall introduce, by way of concluſion, the teſtimony of Dr. Johnſon; as a tribute due to the merit of ſo great and good a man.

"As a teacher of wiſdom," ſays the doctor," he may be confidently followed. His religion has nothing in it enthuſiaſtic or ſuperſtitious: he appears neither weakly credulous, nor wantonly ſceptical; his morality is neither dangerouſly lax, nor impractically rigid. All the enchantment of fancy, and all the cogency of argument, are employed to recommend to the reader his real intereſt, the care of pleaſing the author of his being. Truth is ſhewn ſometimes as the phantom of a viſion; ſometimes appears half-veiled in an allegory; ſometimes attracts regard in the robes of fancy, and ſometimes ſteps forth in the confidence of reaſon. She wears a thouſand dreſſes, and in all is pleaſing.

"His proſe is the model of the middle ſtyle: on grave ſubjects, not formal; on light occaſions, not grovelling; pure, without ſcrupuloſity; and exact, without apparent elaboration: always equable, and always eaſy; without glowing words or pointed ſentences. Addiſon never deviates from his track to ſnatch a grace---he ſeeks no ambitious ornaments, and tries no hazardous innovations: his page is always luminous, but never blazes in unexpected ſplendour.

"It ſeems to have been his principal endeavour to avoid all harſhneſs and ſeverity of diction; he is therefore ſometimes verboſe in his tranſitions and connections, and ſometimes deſcends too much to the language of converſation; yet, if his language had been leſs idiomatical, it might have loſt ſome of its genuine Angliciſm. What he attempted he performed; he is never feeble, and he did not wiſh to be energetic: he is never rapid, and he never ſtagnates. His ſentences have neither ſtudied amplitude, nor affected brevity; his periods, though not diligently rounded, are voluble and eaſy." And as the greateſt proof that can

be

be given of the high opinions this judicious and claſſical critic entertained of the writings of Addiſon, he ſums up his comment with theſe words.

"Whoever wiſhes to attain an Engliſh ſtyle, familiar, but not courſe; and elegant, but not oſtentations; muſt give his days and nights to the volumes of Addiſon."

TO THE RIGHT HON.

THE EARL OF WARWICK.

IF, dumb too long, the drooping Muſe hath ſtay'd,
And left her debt to Addiſon unpaid,
Blame not her ſilence, Warwick! but bemoan,
And judge, oh judge! my boſom by your own.
What mourner ever felt poetic fires!
Slow comes the verſe that real woe inſpires;
Grief unaffected ſuits but ill with art,
Or flowing numbers with a bleeding heart.
Can I forget the diſmal night that gave
My ſoul's beſt part forever to the grave!
How ſilent did his old companions tread,
By midnight lamps the manſions of the dead,
Thro' breathing ſtatues, then unheeded things,
Thro' rows of warriors, and thro' walks of kings!
What awe did then the ſlow ſolemn knell inſpire,
The pealing organ and the pauſing choir!
The duties by the lawn-rob'd prelate pay'd,
And the laſt words that duſt to duſt convey'd!
While ſpeechleſs o'er thy cloſing grave we bend,
Accept theſe tears, thou dear departed Friend!
Oh! gone for ever, take this long adieu,
And ſleep in peace next thy lov'd Montagu!
To ſtrew freſh laurels let the taſk be mine,
A frequent pilgrim at thy ſacred ſhrine;
Mine with true ſighs thy abſence to bemoan,
And grave with faithful epitaphs thy ſtone.
If e'er from me thy lov'd memorial part,
May ſhame afflict this alienated heart;
Of thee forgetful if I form a ſong,
My lyre be broken and untun'd my tongue,
My grief be doubled, from thy image free,
And mirth a torment unchaſtis'd by thee.
Oft' let me range the gloomy aiſles alone
(Sad luxury! to vulgar minds unknown)
Along the walls where ſpeaking marbles ſhow
What worthies form the hallow'd mould below;

Proud names, who once the reins of empire held,
In arms who triumph'd, or in arts excell'd;
Chiefs grac'd with ſcars, and prodigal of blood;
Stern patriots, who for ſacred freedom ſtood;
Juſt men, by whom impartial laws were giv'n;
And ſaints, who taught and led the way to heav'n.
Ne'er to theſe chambers, where the mighty reſt,
Since their foundation, came a nobler gueſt,
Nor to the bowers of bliſs was e'er convey'd
A fairer ſpirit or more welcome ſhade.
In what new region to the juſt aſſigned,
What new employments pleaſe th' unbody'd mind?
A winged Virtue, thro' th' ethereal ſky,
From world to world unweary'd does he fly?
Or, curious, trace the long laborious maze
Of Heav'n's decrees, where wond'ring angels gaze?
Does he delight to hear bold ſeraphs tell
How Michael battled and the Dragon fell?
Or, mix'd with milder cherubim, to glow
In hymns of love not ill eſſay'd below?
Or doſt thou warn poor mortals left behind?
A taſk well ſuited to thy gentle mind.
Oh! if ſometimes thy ſpotleſs form deſcend,
To me thy aid, thou guardian Genius! lend;
When rage miſguides me, or when fear alarms,
When pain diſtreſſes, or when pleaſure charms,
In ſilent whiſp'rings purer thoughts impart,
And turn from ill a frail and feeble heart;
Lead thro' the paths thy virtue trod before,
Till bliſs ſhall join, nor death can part us more.
That awful form (which, ſo ye Heav'ns decree,
Muſt ſtill be lov'd and ſtill deplor'd by me)
In nightly viſions ſeldom fails to riſe,
Or rous'd by fancy meets my waking eyes.
If buſ'neſs calls, or crowded courts invite,
Th' unblemiſh'd ſtateſman ſeems to ſtrike my ſight,
If in the ſtage I ſeek to ſooth my care,
I meet his ſoul, which breathes in Cato there;
If, penſive, to the rural ſhades I rove,
His ſhape o'ertakes me in the lonely grove:

'Twas there of juſt and good he reaſon'd ſtrong,
Clear'd ſome great truth, or rais'd ſome ſerious ſong;
There, patient, ſhow'd us the wiſe courſe to ſteer,
A candid cenſor, and a friend ſevere;
There taught us how to live, and (oh! too high
The price for knowledge) taught us how to die.
Thou hill, whoſe brow the antique ſtructures grace,
Rear'd by bold chiefs of Warwick's noble race,
Why, once ſo lov'd, whene'er thy bower appears,
O'er my dim eye-balls glance the ſudden tears:
How ſweet were once thy proſpects freſh and fair,
Thy ſloping walks and unpolluted air:
How ſweet the glooms beneath thy aged trees,
Thy noontide ſhadow, and thy ev'ning breeze!
His image thy forſaken bowers reſtore,
Thy walks and airy proſpects charm no more;
No more the ſummer in thy glooms allay'd,
Thy evening breezes and thy noon-day ſhade.
From other ills, however Fortune frown'd,
Some refuge in the Muſe's art I found;
Reluctant now I touch the trembling ſtring,
Bereft of him who taught me how to ſing,
And theſe ſad accents, murmur'd o'er his urn,
Betray that abſence they attempt to mourn.
Oh! muſt I then (now freſh my boſom bleeds,
And Craggs in death to Addiſon ſucceeds)
The verſe begun to one loſt friend prolong,
And weep a ſecond in the unfiniſh'd ſong!
Theſe works divine, which on his death-bed laid,
To thee, O Craggs! th' expiring ſage convey'd,
Great but ill-omen'd monument of fame,
Nor he ſurviv'd to give nor thou to claim:
Swift after him thy ſocial ſpirit flies,
And cloſe to his, how ſoon! thy coffin lies.
Bleſs'd pair! whoſe union future bards ſhall tell
In future tongues; each others' boaſt! farewel;
Farewel! whom join'd in fame, in friendſhip try'd,
No chance could ſever, nor the grave divide.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

TO MR. DRYDEN.

THE AUTHOR'S AGE TWENTY-TWO.

HOW long, great Poet! ſhall thy ſacred lays
Provoke our wonder and tranſcend our praiſe?
Can neither injuries of time or age
Damp thy poetic heat and quench thy rage?
Not ſo thy Ovid in his exile wrote,
Grief chill'd his breaſt, and check'd his riſing thought;
Penſive and ſad, his drooping Muſe betrays
The Roman genius in its laſt decays.
Prevailing warmth has ſtill thy mind poſſeſt,
And ſecond youth is kindled in thy breaſt;
Thou mak'ſt the beauties of the Romans known,
And England boaſts of riches not her own;
Thy lines have heighten'd Virgil's majeſty,
And Horace wonders at himſelf in thee:
Thou teacheſt Perſius to inform our iſle
In ſmoother numbers and a clearer ſtyle;
And Juvenal, inſtructed in thy page,
Edges his ſatire and improves his rage.
Thy copy caſts a fairer light on all,
And ſtill outſhines the bright original.
Now Ovid boaſts th' advantage of thy ſong,
And tells his ſtory in the Britiſh tongue;
Thy charming verſe, and fair tranſlations, ſhow
How thy own laurel firſt began to grow;
How wild Lycaon, chang'd by angry gods,
And frighted at himſelf, ran howling thro' the woods.
O! may'ſt thou ſtill the noble taſk prolong,
Nor age nor ſickneſs interrupt thy ſong!
Then may we, wond'ring, read how human limbs
Have water'd kingdoms, and diſſolv'd in ſtreams
Of thoſe rich fruits that on the fertile mould
Turn'd yellow by degrees, and ripen'd into gold,
How ſome in feathers, or a ragged hide,
Have liv'd a ſecond life, and diff'rent natures try'd.
Then will thy Ovid, thus transform'd, reveal
A nobler change than he himſelf can tell.

Magd. College, Oxon.
June 2, 1693.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE GREATEST

ENGLISH POETS.

TO MR. HENRY SACHEVERELL.*

April 3, 1694.

SINCE, dearest Harry! you will needs request
A short account of all the Muse possest,
That, down from Chaucer's day's to Dryden's times,
Have spent their noble rage in British rhymes,
Without more preface, writ in formal length,
To speak the undertaker's want of strength.
I'll try to make their sev'ral beauties known,
And show their verses worth, tho' not my own.
Long had our dull forefathers slept supine,
Nor felt the raptures of the tuneful Nine,
Till Chaucer first, a merry bard, arose,
And many a story told in rhyme and prose;
But age has rusted what the poet writ,
Worn out his language and obscur'd his wit:
In vain he jests in his unpolish'd strain,
And tries to make his readers laugh in vain.
Old Spenser next, warm'd with poetic rage,
In ancient tales amus'd a barb'rous age;
An age that yet uncultivate and rude,
Where'er the poet's fancy led, pursu'd
Thro' pathless fields and unfrequented floods,
To dens of dragons and enchanted woods.
But now the mystic tale that pleas'd of yore
Can charm an understanding age no more;
The long-spun allegories fulsome grow,
While the dull moral lies too plain below.
We view well-pleas'd at distance all the sights
Of arms and palfries, battles, fields, and fights,
And damsels in distress, and courteous knights:
But when we look too near the shades decay,
And all the pleasing landscape fades away.
Great Cowley then (a mighty genius!) wrote,
O'er-run with wit, and lavish of his thought:
His turns too closely on the reader press;
He more had pleas'd us had he pleas'd us less:

* Afterwards Dr. Sacheverell.

One glittering thought no ſooner ſtrikes our eyes
With ſilent wonder, but new wonders riſe;
As in the Milky-way a ſhining white
O'erflows the heavens with one continued light,
That not a ſingle ſtar can ſhew his rays,
Whilſt jointly all promote the common blaze.
Pardon, great Poet! that I dare to name
Th' unnumber'd beauties of thy verſe with blame;
Thy fault is only wit in its exceſs;
But wit like thine in any ſhape will pleaſe.
What Muſe but thine can equal hints inſpire,
And fit the deep-mouth'd Pindar to thy lyre?
Pindar! whom others, in a labour'd ſtrain,
And forc'd expreſſion, imitate in vain?
Well pleas'd in thee he ſoars with new delight,
And plays in more unbounded verſe, and takes a nobler flight.
Bleſs'd man! whoſe ſpotleſs life and charming lays
Employ'd the tuneful prelate in thy praiſe:
Bleſs'd man! who now ſhall be for ever known
In Sprat's ſucceſsful labours and thy own.
But Milton next, with high and haughty ſtalks,
Unfetter'd in majeſtic numbers, walks:
No vulgar hero can his Muſe engage,
Nor earth's wide ſcene confine his hallow'd rage.
See! ſee! he upward ſprings, and, tow'ring high,
Spurns the dull province of mortality;
Shakes heaven's eternal throne with dire alarms,
And ſets th' almighty Thunderer in arms!
Whate'er his pen deſcribes I more than ſee,
Whilſt ev'ry verſe array'd in Majeſty,
Bold and ſublime, my whole attention draws,
And ſeems above the critic's nicer laws.
How are you ſtruck with terror and delight,
When angel with archangel copes in fight!
When great Meſſiah's outſpread banner ſhines,
How does the chariot rattle in his lines!
What ſound of brazen wheels, with thunder, ſcare
And ſtun the reader with the din of war!

With fear my ſpirits and my blood retire,
To ſee the ſeraphs ſunk in clouds of fire;
But when, with eager ſteps, from hence I riſe,
And view the firſt gay ſcenes of Paradiſe;
What tongue, what words of rapture, can expreſs
A viſion ſo profuſe of pleaſantneſs!
Oh! had the poet ne'er profan'd his pen,
To varniſh o'er the guilt of faithleſs men,
His other works might have deſerv'd applauſe;
But now the language can't ſupport the cauſe;
While the clean current, tho' ſerene and bright,
Betrays a bottom odious to the ſight.
But now, my Muſe, a ſofter ſtrain rehearſe,
Turn ev'ry line with art, and ſmooth thy verſe;
The courtly Waller next commands thy lays;
Muſe! tune thy verſe with art to Waller's praiſe,
While tender airs and lovely dames inſpire
Soft melting thoughts, and propagate deſire:
So long ſhall Waller's ſtrains our paſſion move,
And Sachariſſa's beauty kindle love.
Thy verſe, harmonious Bard, and flatt'ring ſong,
Can make the vanquiſh'd great, the coward ſtrong;
Thy verſe can ſhow ev'n Cromwell's innocence,
And compliment the ſtorm that bore him hence.
Oh, had thy Muſe not come an age too ſoon,
But ſeen great Naſſau on the Britiſh throne,
How had his triumphs glitter'd in thy page,
And warm'd thee to a more exalted rage!
What ſcenes of death and horror had we view'd,
And how had Boyne's wide current reek'd in blood!
Or if Maria's* charms thou wouldſt rehearſe
In ſmoother numbers and a ſofter verſe,
Thy pen had well deſcrib'd her graceful air,
And Gloriana would have ſeem'd more fair.
Nor muſt Roſcommon paſs neglected by,
That makes e'en rules a noble poetry;
Rules whoſe deep ſenſe and heav'nly numbers ſhow
The beſt of critics and of poets too.

* Queen Mary.

Nor, Denham, muſt we e'er forget thy ſtrains,
While Cooper's Hill commands the neighb'ring plains.
But ſee where artful Dryden next appears,
Grown old in rhyme, but charming ev'n in years!
Great Dryden next, whoſe tuneful Muſe affords
The ſweeteſt numbers and the fitteſt words.
Whether in comic ſounds or tragic airs
She forms her voice, ſhe moves our ſmiles or tears.
If ſatire or heroic ſtrains ſhe writes,
Her hero pleaſes, and her ſatire bites.
From her no harſh unartful numbers fall;
She wears all dreſſes, and ſhe charms in all.
How might we fear our Engliſh poetry,
That long has flouriſh'd, ſhould decay with thee,
Did not the Muſes' other hope appear,
Harmonious Congreve, and forbid our fear:
Congreve! whoſe fancy's unexhauſted ſtore
Has given already much, and promis'd more:
Congreve ſhall ſtill preſerve thy fame alive,
And Dryden's Muſe ſhall in his friend ſurvive.
I'm tir'd with rhyming, and would fain give o'er,
But juſtice ſtill demands one labour more:
The noble Montague remains unnam'd,
For wit, for humour, and for judgment, fam'd:
To Dorſet he directs his artful Muſe,
In numbers ſuch as Dorſet's ſelf might uſe.
How negligently graceful he unreins
His verſe, and writes in looſe familiar ſtrains!
How Naſſau's godlike acts adorn his lines,
And all the hero in full glory ſhines!
We ſee his army ſet in juſt array,
And Boyne's dy'd waves run purple to the ſea.
Nor Simois, chok'd with men, and arms, and blood,
Nor rapid Xanthus' celebrated flood,
Shall longer be the poet's higheſt themes,
Tho' gods and heroes fought promiſcuous in their ſtreams:
But now, to Naſſau's ſecret councils rais'd,
He aids the hero whom before he prais'd.
I've done at length; and now, dear Friend, receive
The laſt poor preſent that my Muſe can give.

I leave the arts of poetry and verſe
To them that practiſe 'em with more ſucceſs.
Of greater truths I'll now prepare to tell;
And ſo at once, dear Friend and Muſe! farewel.

TO THE RIGHT HON.

SIR JOHN SOMERS,

LORD KEEPER OF THE GREAT SEAL.

THE AUTHOR'S AGE TWENTY-FOUR.

IF yet your thoughts are looſe from ſtate affairs,
Nor feel the burden of a kingdom's cares;
If yet your time and actions are your own,
Receive the preſent of a Muſe unknown;
A Muſe that in advent'rous numbers ſings
The rout of armies and the fall of kings,
Britain advanc'd and Europe's peace reſtor'd,
By Somers' counſels and by Naſſau's ſword.
To you, my Lord, theſe daring thoughts belong,
Who help'd to raiſe the ſubject of my ſong;
To you the hero of my verſe reveals
His great deſigns, to you in council tells
His inmoſt thoughts determining the doom
Of towns unſtorm'd and battles yet to come.
And well could you, in your immortal ſtrains,
Deſcribe his conduct and reward his pains;
But ſince the ſtate has all your cares engroſs'd,
And poetry in higher thoughts is loſt,
Attend to what a leſſer Muſe indites,
Pardon her faults, and countenance her flights.
On you, my Lord, with anxious fear I wait,
And from your judgment muſt expect my fate,
Who, free from vulgar paſſions, are above
Degrading envy or miſguided love.
If you, well pleas'd, ſhall ſmile upon my lays,
Secure of fame, my voice I'll boldly raiſe
For next to what you write is what you praiſe.

TO THE KING.

WHEN now the bus'neſs of the field is o'er,
The trumpets ſleep and cannons ceaſe to roar,
When ev'ry diſmal echo is decay'd,
And all the thunder of the battle laid;
Attend, auſpicious Prince, and let the Muſe
In humble accents milder thoughts infuſe.
Others, in bold prophetic numbers ſkill'd,
Set thee in arms, and led thee to the field;
My Muſe, expecting, on the Britiſh ſtrand
Waits thy return, and welcomes thee to land:
She oft' has ſeen thee preſſing on the foe,
When Europe was concern'd in ev'ry blow,
But durſt not in heroic ſtrains rejoice;
The trumpets, drums, and cannons, drown'd her voice:
She ſaw the Boyne run thick with human gore,
And floating corps lie beating on the ſhore;
She ſaw thee climb the banks, but try'd in vain
To trace her hero thro' the duſty plain;
When thro' the thick embattled lines he broke,
Now plung'd amidſt the foes, now loſt in clouds of ſmoke.
O that ſome Muſe, renown'd for lofty verſe,
In daring numbers would thy toils rehearſe!
Draw thee belov'd in peace, and fear'd in wars,
Innur'd to noonday ſweats and midnight cares!
But ſtill the Godlike man, by ſome hard fate,
Receives the glory of his toils too late;
Too late the verſe the mighty act ſucceeds;
One age the hero, one the poet, breeds.
A thouſand years in full ſucceſſion ran
Ere Virgil rais'd his voice, and ſung the man
Who, driv'n by ſtreſs of Fate, ſuch dangers bore
On ſtormy ſeas and a diſaſtrous ſhore,
Before he ſettled in the promis'd earth,
And gave the empire of the world its birth.
Troy long had found the Grecians bold and fierce
Ere Homer muſter'd up their troops in verſe;
Long had Achilles quell'd the Trojans' luſt;
And laid the labour of the gods in duſt,

Before the tow'ring Muſe began her flight,
And drew the hero raging in the fight,
Engag'd in tented fields and rolling floods,
Or ſlaught'ring mortals, or a match for gods.
And here, perhaps, by Fate's unerring doom,
Some mighty bard lies hid in years to come,
That ſhall in William's godlike acts engage,
And with his battles warm a future age.
Hibernian fields ſhall here thy conqueſts ſhow,
And Boyne be ſung when it has ceas'd to flow;
Here Gallic labours ſhall advance thy fame,
And here Seneffe ſhall wear another name.
Our late poſterity, with ſecret dread,
Shall view thy battles, and with pleaſure read
How, in the bloody field, too near advanc'd
The guiltleſs bullet on thy ſhoulder glanc'd.
The race of Naſſaus was by Heav'n deſign'd
To curb the proud oppreſſors of mankind,
To bind the tyrants of the earth with laws,
And fight in ev'ry injur'd nation's cauſe,
The world's great patriots; they for juſtice call,
And as they favour kingdoms riſe or fall.
Our Britiſh youth, unus'd to rough alarms,
Careleſs of fame, and negligent of arms,
Had long forgot to meditate the foe,
And heard unwarm'd the martial trumpet blow;
But now, inſpir'd by thee, with freſh delight
Their ſwords they brandiſh, and require the fight,
Renew their ancient conqueſts on the main,
And act their father's triumphs o'er again;
Fir'd when they hear how Agincourt was ſtrow'd
With Gallic corps, and Creſſi ſwam in blood,
With eager warmth they fight, ambitious all
Who firſt ſhall ſtorm the breach, or mount the wall.
In vain the thronging enemy by force
Would clear the ramparts and repel their courſe;
They break thro' all, for William leads the way
Where fires rage moſt, and loudeſt engines play.
Namur's late terrors and deſtruction ſhow
What William, warm'd with juſt revenge, can do:

Where once a thouſand turrets rais'd on high
Their guilded ſpires, and glitter'd in the ſky,
An undiſtinguiſh'd heap of duſt is found,
And all the pile lies ſmoking on the ground.
His toils, for no ignoble ends deſign'd,
Promote the common welfare of mankind;
No wild ambition moves, but Europe's fears
The cries of orphans, and the widows' tears;
Oppreſs'd Religion gives the firſt alarms,
And injur'd Juſtice ſets him in his arms;
His conqueſts freedom to the world afford,
And nations bleſs the labours of his ſword.
Thus when the forming Muſe would copy forth
A perfect pattern of heroic worth,
She ſets a man triumphant in the field,
O'er giants cloven down and monſters kill'd,
Reeking in blood, and ſmear'd with duſt and ſweat,
Whilſt angry gods conſpire to make him great.
Thy navy rides on ſeas before unpreſt,
And ſtrikes a terror thro' the haughty eaſt;
Algiers and Tunis, from their ſultry ſhore,
With horror hear the Britiſh engines roar;
Fain from the neighb'ring dangers would they run,
And wiſh themſelves ſtill nearer to the ſun.
The Gallic ſhips are in their ports confin'd,
Deny'd the common uſe of ſea and wind,
Nor dare again the Britiſh ſtrength engage;
Still they remember that deſtructive rage
Which lately made their trembling hoſt retire,
Stunn'd with the noiſe, and wrapt in ſmoke and fire;
The waves with wide unnumber'd wrecks were ſtrow'd,
And planks, and arms, and men, promiſcuous flow'd.
Spain's num'rous fleet, that periſh'd on our coaſt,
Could ſcarce a longer line of battle boaſt,
The winds could hardly drive 'em to their fate,
And all the ocean labour'd with the weight.
Where'er the waves in reſtleſs errors roll,
The ſea lies open now to either pole;
Now may we ſafely uſe the nothern gales,
And in the Polar Circle ſpread our ſails:

Or deep in ſouthern climes, ſecure from wars,
New lands explore, and ſail by other ſtars;
Fetch uncontroll'd each labour of the ſun,
And make the product of the world our own.

At length, proud Prince! ambitious Louis, ceaſe
To plague mankind, and trouble Europe's peace;
Think on the ſtructures which thy pride has raz'd,
On towns unpeopled, and on fields laid waſte;
Think on the heaps of corps and ſtreams of blood,
On ev'ry guilty plain and purple flood
Thy arms have made, and ceaſe an impious war,
Nor waſte the lives entruſted to thy care:
Or if no milder thought can calm thy mind,
Behold the great avenger of mankind!
See mighty Naſſau thro' the battle ride,
And ſee thy ſubjects gaſping by his ſide!
Fain would the pious Prince refuſe th' alarm,
Fain would he check the fury of his arm;
But when thy cruelties his thoughts engage,
The hero kindles with becoming rage,
Then countries ſtol'n, and captives unreſtor'd,
Give ſtrength to ev'ry blow, and edge his ſword.
Behold with what reſiſtleſs force he falls
On towns beſieg'd, and thunders at thy walls!
Aſk Villeroy (for Villeroy beheld
The town ſurrender'd and the treaty ſeal'd,)
With what amazing ſtrength the forts were won,
Whilſt the whole pow'r of France ſtood looking on.

But ſtop not here: behold where Berkeley ſtands,
And executes his injur'd King's commands;
Around thy coaſt his burſting bombs he pours
On flaming citadels and falling towers;
With hiſſing ſtreams of fire the air they ſtreak,
And hurl deſtruction round 'em where they break;
The ſkies with long aſcending flames are bright,
And all the ſea reflects a quivering light,

Thus Ætna, when in fierce eruptions broke,
Fills heav'n with aſhes and the earth with ſmoke;
Here crags of broken rocks are twirl'd on high,
Here molten ſtones and ſcatter'd cinders fly;

Its fury reaches the remoteſt coaſt,
And ſtrows the Aſiatic ſhore with duſt.
Now does the ſailor from the neighb'ring main
Look after Gallic towns and forts in vain;
No more his wonted marks he can deſcry,
But ſees a long unmeaſur'd ruin lie,
Whilſt, pointing to the naked coaſt, he ſhows
His wondring mates where towns and ſteeples roſe,
Where crowded citizens he lately view'd
And ſingles out the place where once St. Maloes ſtood
Here Ruſſel's actions ſhould my Muſe require,
And would my ſtrength but ſecond my deſire,
I'd all his boundleſs bravery rehearſe,
And draw his cannons thund'ring in my verſe;
High on the deck ſhould the great leader ſtand,
Wrath in his look, and lightning in his hand,
Like Homer's Hector, when he flung his fire
Amidſt a thouſand ſhips, and made all Greece retire.
But who can run the Britiſh triumphs o'er,
And count the flames diſpers'd on ev'ry ſhore?
Who can deſcribe the ſcatter'd victory,
And draw the reader on from ſea to ſea?
Elſe who could Ormond's godlike acts refuſe?
Ormond! the theme of ev'ry Oxford Muſe.
Fain would I his mighty worth proclaim,
Attend him in the noble chaſe of fame,
Thro' all the noiſe and hurry of the fight
Obſerve each blow, and keep him ſtill in ſight.
Oh! did our Britiſh peers thus court renown,
And grace the coats their great forefathers won,
Our arms would then triumphantly advance,
Nor Henry be the laſt that conquer'd France.
What might not England hope, if ſuch abroad
Purchas'd their country's honour with their blood?
When ſuch, detain'd at home, ſupport our ſtate
In Williams's ſtead, and bear a kingdom's weight,
The ſchemes of Gallic policy o'erthrow,
And blaſt the counſels of the common foe,
Direct our armies, and diſtribute right,
And render our Maria's * loſs more light?

* Queen Mary, who died.

But ſtop, my Muſe, th' ungrateful ſound forbear,
Maria's name ſtill wounds each Britiſh ear;
Each Britiſh heart Maria ſtill does wound,
And tears burſt out unbidden at the ſound;
Maria ſtill our riſing mirth deſtroys,
Darkens our triumphs, and forbids our joys.
But ſee, at length, the Britiſh ſhips appear!
Our Naſſau comes! and, as his fleet draws near,
The riſing maſts advance, the ſails grow white,
And all his pompous navy floats in ſight.
Come, mighty Prince! deſir'd of Britain! come;
May Heav'n's propitious gales attend thee home!
Come, and let longing crowds behold that look
Which ſuch confuſion and amazement ſtruck
Thro' Gallic hoſts: but, oh! let us deſcry
Mirth in thy brow, and pleaſure in thy eye;
Let nothing dreadful in thy face be found,
But for awhile forget the trumpet's ſound;
Well pleas'd, thy people's loyalty approve,
Accept their duty, and enjoy their love:
For as, when lately mov'd with fierce delight,
You plung'd amidſt the tumult of the fight,
Whole heaps of death encompaſs'd you around,
And ſteeds o'erturn'd lay foaming on the ground;
So, crown'd with laurels, now, where'er you go,
Around you blooming joys and peaceful bleſſings flow.

TO SIR GODFREY KNELLER,

ON HIS PICTURE OF THE KING.

KNELLER! with ſilence and ſurpriſe
We ſee Britannia's monarch riſe,
A godlike form, by thee diſplay'd
In all the force of light and ſhade,
And, aw'd by thy deluſive hand,
As in the Preſence-chamber ſtand.
The magic of thy art calls forth,
His ſecret ſoul and hidden worth,
His probity and mildneſs ſhows,
His care of friends and ſcorn of foes.

In every ſtroke, in every line,
Does ſome exalted virtue ſhine,
And Albion's happineſs we trace
Thro' all the features of his face.
O may I live to hail the day
When the glad nations ſhall ſurvey
Their ſov'reign thro' his wide command,
Paſſing in progreſs o'er the land!
Each heart ſhall bend, and ev'ry voice
In loud applauding ſhouts rejoice,
Whilſt all his gracious aſpect praiſe,
And crowds grow loyal as they gaze.
The image on the medal plac'd
With its bright round of titles grac'd,
And ſtampt on Britiſh coins, ſhall live,
To richeſt ores the value give,
Or, wrought within the curious mould,
Shape and adorn the running gold.
To bear this form the genial ſun
Has, daily, ſince his courſe begun,
Rejoic'd the metal to refine,
And ripen'd the Peruvian mine.
Thou, Kneller! long with noble pride,
The foremoſt of thy art, haſt vy'd
With Nature in a gen'rous ſtrife,
And touch'd the canvas into life:
Thy pencil has, by monarchs ſought,
From reign to reign in ermine wrought,
And, in the robes of ſtate array'd,
The kings of half an age diſplay'd.
Here ſwarthy Charles appears, and there
His brother with dejected air:
Triumphant Naſſau here we find,
And with him bright Maria join'd:
There Anna, great as when ſhe ſent
Her armies thro' the continent,
Ere yet her hero was diſgrac'd:
O may fam'd Brunſwick be the laſt,
(Tho' Heav'n ſhould with my wiſh agree,
And long preſerve thy art in thee)

The laſt, the happieſt, Britiſh king,
Whom thou ſhalt paint or I ſhall ſing!
  Wiſe Phidias thus, his ſkill to prove,
Thro' many a god advanc'd to Jove,
And taught the poliſh'd rocks to ſhine
With airs and lineaments divine,
Till Greece, amaz'd, and half afraid,
Th' aſſembled deities ſurvey'd,
  Great Pan, who wont to chaſe the fair,
And lov'd the ſpreading oak, was there;
Old Saturn, too, with upcaſt eyes
Beheld his abdicated ſkies;
And mighty Mars, for war renow'd,
In adamantine armour frown'd;
By him the childleſs goddeſs roſe,
Minerva, ſtudious to compoſe
Her twiſted threads: the web ſhe ſtrung,
And o'er a loom of marble hung:
Thetis, the troubled ocean's queen,
Match'd with a mortal, next was ſeen
Reclining on a fun'ral urn,
Her ſhort liv'd darling ſon to mourn:
The laſt was he whoſe thunder ſlew
The Titan race, a rebel crew,
That from a hundred hills, ally'd
In impious leagues their king defy'd.
  This wonder of the ſculptor's hand
Produc'd, his art was at a ſtand;
For who would hope new fame to raiſe,
Or riſk his well-eſtabliſh'd praiſe,
That, his high genius to approve,
Had drawn a George or carv'd a Jove?

TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE PRINCESS OF WALES,
With the Tragedy of Cato, Nov. 1714.

THE Muſe that oft,' with ſacred raptures fir'd,
  Has gen'rous thoughts of liberty inſpir'd,
And boldly riſing for Britannia's laws,
Engag'd great Cato in her country's cauſe,

On you ſubmiſſive waits, with hopes aſſur'd,
By whom the mighty bleſſing ſtands ſecur'd,
And all the glories that our age adorn
Are promis'd to a people yet unborn.
No longer ſhall the widow'd land bemoan
A broken lineage and a doubtful throne,
But boaſt her royal progeny's increaſe,
And count the pledges of her future peace.
O born to ſtrengthen and to grace our iſle!
While you, fair Princeſs! in your offspring ſmile,
Supplying charms to the ſucceeding age,
Each heav'nly daughters triumph we preſage,
Already ſee th' illuſtrious youths complain,
And pity monarchs doom'd to ſigh in vain.
Thou, too, the darling of our fond deſires,
Whom Albion, op'ning wide her arms, requires,
With manly valour and attractive air
Shalt quell the fierce, and captivate the fair.
O England's younger hope! in whom conſpire
The mother's ſweetneſs and the father's fire!
For thee perhaps, ev'n now, of kingly race,
Some dawning beauty blooms in every grace,
Some Carolina, to heav'n's dictates true,
Who, while the ſceptred rivals vainly ſue,
Thy inborn worth with conſcious eyes ſhall ſee,
And ſlight th' imperial diadem for thee.
Pleas'd with the proſpect of ſucceſſive reigns,
The tuneful tribe no more in daring ſtains
Shall vindicate, with pious fears oppreſs'd,
Endanger'd rights, and liberty diſtreſs'd;
To milder ſounds each Muſe ſhall tune the lyre,
And gratitude and faith to kings inſpire,
And filial love, bid impious diſcord ceaſe,
And ſooth the madding factions into peace;
Or riſe ambitious in more lofty lays,
And teach the nation their new monarch's praiſe,
Deſcribe his awful look and godlike mind,
And Cæſar's power with Cato's virtue join'd.
Mean-while, bright Princeſs! who with graceful eaſe
And native majeſty art form'd to pleaſe,

Behold thoſe arts with a propitious eye
That ſuppliant to their great protectreſs fly;
Then ſhall they triumph, and the Britiſh ſtage
Improve her manners and refine her age,
More noble characters expoſe to view,
And draw her finiſh'd heroines from you.

Nor you the kind indulgence will refuſe,
Skill'd in the labours of the deathleſs Muſe:
The deathleſs Muſe with undiminiſh'd rays
Thro' diſtant time the lovely dame conveys.
To Gloriana Waller's harp was ſtrung;
The queen ſtill ſhines, becauſe the poet ſung.
Ev'n all thoſe graces in your frame combin'd!
The common fate of mortal charms may find,
(Content our ſhort liv'd praiſes to engage,
The joy and wonder of a ſingle age)
Unleſs ſome poet in a laſting ſong
To late poſterity their fame prolong,
Inſtruct our ſons the radiant form to prize,
And ſee your beauty with their father's eyes.

A SONG

FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY AT OXFORD.

I.

CECILIA! whoſe exalted hymns
With joy and wonder fill the bleſt,
In choirs of warbling ſeraphims
Known and diſtinguiſh'd from the reſt.
Attend, harmonious Saint! and ſee
Thy vocal ſons of Harmony;
Attend, harmonious Saint! and hear our pray'rs;
Enliven all our earthly airs,
And as thou ſing'ſt thy God, teach us to ſing of thee:
Tune ev'ry ſtring and ev'ry tongue:
Be thou the Muſe and ſubject of our ſong.

II.

Let all Cecilia's praiſe proclaim,
Employ the echo in her name.
Hark how the flutes and trumpets raiſe,

At bright Cecilia's name, their lays;
The organ labours in her praiſe.
Cecilia's name does all our numbers grace;
From ev'ry voice the tuneful accents fly;
In ſoaring trebles now it riſes high,
And now it ſinks, and dwells upon the baſs.
Cecilia's name thro' all the notes we ſing,
The work of every ſkilful tongue,
The ſound of every trembling ſtring,
The ſound and triumph of our ſong.

III.

For ever conſecrate the day
To Muſic and Cecilia;
Muſic, the greateſt good that mortals know,
And all of heaven we have below.
Muſic can noble hints impart,
Engender fury, kindle love,
With unſuſpected eloquence can move,
And manage all the man with ſecret art.
When Orpheus ſtrikes the trembling lyre
The ſtreams ſtand ſtill, the ſtones admire;
The liſt'ning ſavages advance,
The Wolf and lamb around him trip,
The bears in awkward meaſures leap,
And tigers mingle in the dance:
The moving woods attended as he play'd,
And Rhodope was left without a ſhade.

IV.

Muſic religious heats inſpires,
It wakes the ſoul and lifts it high,
And wings it with ſublime deſires,
And fits it to beſpeak the Deity.
Th' Almighty liſtens to a tuneful tongue,
And ſeems well pleas'd and courted with a ſong.
Soft moving ſounds and heav'nly airs
Give force to every word, and recommend our pray'rs.
When time itſelf ſhall be no more,
And all things in confuſion hurl'd,
Muſic ſhall then exert its pow'r
And ſound ſurvive the ruins of the world:

Then ſaints and angels ſhall agree
In one eternal jubilee;
All heav'n ſhall echo with their hymns divine,
And God himſelf with pleaſure ſee
The whole creation in a chorus join.

CHORUS.

Conſecrate the place and day
To Muſic and Cecilia:
Let no rough winds approach, nor dare
Invade the hallow'd bounds,
Nor rudely ſhake the tuneful air,
Nor ſpoil the fleeting ſounds:
Nor mournful ſigh nor groan be heard,
But gladneſs dwell on ev'ry tongue,
Whilſt all, with voice and ſtrings prepar'd,
Keep up the loud harmonious ſong,
And imitate the bleſs'd above
In joy, and harmony, and love.

THE CAMPAIGN,

A POEM.

TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

---------Rheni pacator et Iſtri.
Omnis in hoc uno variis diſcordia ceſſit
Ordinibus; lætatur eques, plauditque ſenator,
Votaque patricio certant plebeia favori.
Claud. de Laud. Stillic.

Eſſe aliquam in terris gentem quæ ſua impenſa, ſuo labore ac periculo bella gerat pro libertate aliorum. Nec hoc finitimis, aut propinquæ vicinitatis hominibus, aut terris continenti junctis præſtet. Maria trajiciat: ne quod toto orbe terrarum injuſtum imperium ſit, et ubique jus, fas, lex, potentiſſima ſint. Liv. Hiſt. lib. xxxiii.

WHILE crowds of princes your deſerts proclaim,
Proud in their number to enrol your name;
While emperors to you commit their cauſe,
And Anna's praiſes crown the vaſt applauſe;
Accept, great Leader! what the Muſe recites,
That in ambitious verſe attempts your fights.
Fir'd and tranſported with a theme ſo new,
Ten thouſand wonders op'ning to my view
Shine forth at once; ſieges and ſtorms appear,
And wars and conqueſts fill th' important year;

Rivers of blood I ſee, and hills of ſlain,
An Iliad riſing out of one Campaign.
The haughty Gaul beheld, with tow'ring pride,
His ancient bounds enlarg'd on every ſide;
Pyrene's lofty barriers were ſubdu'd,
And in the midſt of his wide empire ſtood;
Auſonia's ſtates, the victor to reſtrain,
Oppos'd their Alps and Appennines in vain,
Nor found themſelves with ſtrength of rocks immur'd,
Behind their everlaſting hills ſecur'd;
The riſing Danube its long race began,
And half its courſe thro' the new conqueſts ran;
Amaz'd and anxious for her ſov'reign's fates,
Germania trembled thro' a hundred ſtates;
Great Leopold himſelf was ſeiz'd with fear;
He gaz'd around, but ſaw no ſuccour near;
He gaz'd, and, half-abandon'd to deſpair,
His hopes on heav'n, and confidence in pray'r.
To Britain's Queen the nations turn their eyes;
On her reſolves the weſtern world relies,
Confiding ſtill, amidſt its dire alarms,
In Anna's councils and in Churchill's arms.
Thrice happy Britain! from the kingdoms rent,
To ſit the guardian of the Continent!
That ſees her braveſt ſon advanc'd ſo high,
And flouriſhing ſo near her prince's eye:
Thy fav'rites grow not up by fortune's ſport,
Or from the crimes or follies of a court;
On the firm baſis of deſert they riſe,
From long-try'd Faith, and Friendſhip's holy ties:
Their ſov'reign's well-diſtinguiſh'd ſmiles they ſhare,
Her ornaments in peace, her ſtrength in war;
The nation thanks them with a public voice,
By ſhow'rs of bleſſings Heav'n approves their choice;
Envy itſelf is dumb, in wonder loſt,
And factions ſtrive who ſhall applaud them moſt.
Soon as ſoft vernal breezes warm the ſky,
Britannia's colours in the zephyrs fly:
Her chief already has his march begun,
Croſſing the provinces himſelf had won,

Till the Moſelle, appearing from afar,
Retards the progreſs of the moving war.
Delightful ſtream! had Nature bid her fall
In diſtant climes, far from the perjur'd Gaul:
But now a purchaſe to the ſword ſhe lies,
Her harveſts for uncertain owners riſe,
Each vineyard doubtful of its maſter grows,
And to the victor's bowl each vintage flows:
The diſcontented ſhades of ſlaughter'd hoſts
That wander'd on her banks, her heroes ghoſts
Hop'd, when they ſaw Britannia's arms appear,
The vengeance due to their great deaths was near.
Our godlike leader, ere the ſtream he paſt,
The mighty ſcheme of all his labours caſt,
Forming the wondrous year within his thought;
His boſom glow'd with battles yet unfought.
The long laborious march he firſt ſurveys,
And joins the diſtant Danube to the Maeſe,
Between whoſe floods ſuch pathleſs foreſts grow,
Such mountains riſe, ſo many rivers flow:
The toil looks lovely in the hero's eyes,
And danger ſerves but to enhance the prize.
Big with the fate of Europe, he renews
His dreadful courſe, and the proud foe purſues.
Infected by the burning Scorpion's heat,
The ſultry gales round his chaf'd temples beat,
Till on the borders of the Mayne he finds
Defenſive ſhadows and refreſhing winds.
Our Britiſh youth, with inborn freedom bold,
Unnumber'd ſcenes of ſervitude behold,
Nations of ſlaves, with tyranny debas'd,
(Their Maker's image more than half defac'd)
Hourly inſtructed, as they urge their toil,
To prize their queen, and love their native ſoil.
Still to the riſing ſun they take their way
Thro' clouds of duſt, and gain upon the day:
When now the Neckar on its friendly coaſt
With cooling ſtreams revives the fainting hoſt
That cheerfully his labours paſt forgets,
The midnight watches, and the noon-day heats.

O'er proſtrate towns and palaces they paſs,
(Now cover'd o'er with woods, and hid in graſs)
Breathing revenge, whilſt anger and diſdain
Fire ev'ry breaſt, and boil in ev'ry vein.
Here ſhatter'd walls, like broken rocks, from far,
Riſe up in hideous views, the guilt of war,
Whilſt here the vine o'er hills of ruin climbs,
Induſtrious to conceal great Bourbon's crimes.
At length the fame of England's hero drew
Eugenio to the glorious interview.
Great ſouls by inſtinct to each other turn,
Demand alliance, and in friendſhip burn;
A ſudden friendſhip, while with ſtretch'd-out rays
They meet each other, mingling blaze with blaze.
Poliſh'd in courts, and harden'd in the field,
Renown'd for conqueſt, and in council ſkill'd,
Their courage dwells not in a troubled flood
Of mounting ſpirits and fermenting blood;
Lodg'd in the ſoul, with virtue over-rul'd,
Inflam'd by reaſon, and by reaſon cool'd,
In hours of peace content to be unknown,
And only in the field of battle ſhown:
To ſouls like theſe, in mutual friendſhip join'd,
Heav'n dares entruſt the cauſe of human-kind.
Britannia's graceful ſons appear in arms,
Her haraſs'd troops the hero's preſence warms,
Whilſt the high hills and rivers all around
With thund'ring peals of Britiſh ſhouts reſound:
Doubling their ſpeed they march with freſh delight,
Eager for glory, and require the fight.
So the ſtanch hound the trembling deer purſues,
And ſmells his footſteps in the tainted dews,
The tedious tract unrav'lling by degrees;
But when the ſcent comes warm in ev'ry breeze,
Fir'd at the near approach, he ſhoots away
On his full ſtretch, and bears upon his prey.
The march concludes, the various realms are paſt,
Th' immortal Schellemberg appears at laſt;
Like hills th' aſpiring ramparts riſe on high,
Like vallies at their feet the trenches lie;

Batt'ries on batt'ries guard each fatal paſs,
Threat'ning deſtruction; rows of hollow braſs,
Tube behind tube, the dreadful entrance keep,
Whilſt in their wombs ten thouſand thunders ſleep:
Great Churchill owns, charm'd with the glorious ſight,
His march o'erpaid by ſuch a promis'd fight.

The weſtern ſun now ſhot a feeble ray,
And faintly ſcatter'd the remains of day;
Ev'ning approach'd; but, oh! what hoſt of foes
Were never to behold that ev'ning cloſe!
Thick'ning their ranks, and wedg'd in firm array,
The cloſe compacted Britons win their way:
In vain the cannon their throng'd war deface'd
With tracts of death, and laid the battle waſte;
Still preſſing forward to the fight, they broke
Thro' flames of ſulphur and a night of ſmoke,
Till ſlaughter'd legions fill'd the trench below,
And bore their fierce avengers to the foe.

High on the works the mingling hoſts engage;
The battle, kindled into ten-fold rage,
With ſhow'rs of bullets, and with ſtorms of fire,
Burns in full fury; heaps on heaps expire;
Nations with nations mix'd confus'dly die,
And loſt in one promiſcuous carnage lie.

How many gen'rous Britons meet their doom,
New to the field, and heroes in the bloom!
Th' illuſtrious youths, that left their native ſhore
To march where Britons never march'd before,
(O fatal love of fame! O glorious heat,
Only deſtructive to the brave and great!)
After ſuch toils o'ercome, ſuch dangers paſt,
Stretch'd on Bavarian ramparts breathe their laſt.
But hold, my Muſe! may no complaints appear,
Nor blot the day with an ungrateful tear;
While Malb'rough lives Britannia's ſtars diſpenſe
A friendly light, and ſhine in innocence:
Plunging thro' ſeas of blood his fiery ſteed,
Where'er his friends retire, or foes ſucceed;
Thoſe he ſupports, theſe drives to ſudden flight,
And turns the various fortune of the fight.

Forbear, great Man! renown'd in arms! forbear
To brave the thickeſt terrors of the war,
Nor hazard thus, confus'd in crowds of foes,
Britannia's ſafety and the world's repoſe;
Let nations anxious for thy life abate
This ſcorn of danger and contempt of fate:
Thou liv'ſt not for thyſelf: thy Queen demands
Conqueſt and peace from thy victorious hands;
Kingdoms and empires in thy fortune join,
And Europe's deſtiny depends on thine.

At length the long-diſputed paſs they gain,
By crowded armies fortify'd in vain.
The war breaks in; the fierce Bavarians yield,
And ſee their camp with Britiſh legions fill'd.
So Belgian mounds bear on their ſhatter'd ſides
The ſea's whole weight increas'd with ſwelling tides;
But if the ruſhing wave a paſſage finds,
Enrag'd by wat'ry moons and warring winds,
The trembling peaſant ſees his country round,
Cover'd with tempeſts, and in oceans drown'd.

The few ſurviving foes diſpers'd in flight,
(Refuſe of ſwords, and gleanings of a fight)
In ev'ry ruſtling wind the victor hear,
And Malbrough's form in ev'ry ſhadow fear,
Till the dark cope of night with kind embrace
Befriends the rout, and covers their diſgrace.

To Donavert, with unreſiſted force,
The gay victorious army bends its courſe.
The growth of meadows, and the pride of fields,
Whatever ſpoils Bavaria's ſummer yields,
(The Danube's great increaſe) Britannia ſhares,
The food of armies and ſupport of wars;
With magazines of death, deſtructive balls,
And cannon doom'd to batter Landau's walls,
The victor finds each hidden cavern ſtor'd,
And turns their fury on their guilty lord.

Deluded Prince! how is thy greatneſs croſs'd,
And all the gaudy dream of Empire loſt,
That proudly ſet thee on a fancy'd throne,
And made imaginary realms thy own!

Thy troops that now behind the Danube join,
Shall ſhortly ſeek for ſhelter from the Rhine.
Nor find it there: ſurrounded with alarms,
Thou hop'ſt th' aſſiſtance of the Gallic arms;
The Gallic arms in ſafety ſhall advance,
And crowd thy ſtandards with the pow'r of France,
While, to exalt thy doom, th' aſpiring Gaul
Shares thy deſtruction, and adorns thy fall.
Unbounded courage and compaſſion join'd,
Temp'ring each other in the victor's mind,
Alternately proclaim him good and great,
And make the hero and the man complete.
Long did he ſtrive th' obdurate foe to gain
By proffer'd grace, but long he ſtrove in vain,
Till, fir'd at length, he thinks it vain to ſpare
His riſing wrath, and gives a looſe to war.
In vengeance rous'd the ſoldier fills his hand
With ſword and fire, and ravages the land;
A thouſand villages to aſhes turns,
In crackling flames a thouſand harveſts burns.
To the thick woods the woolly flocks retreat,
And, mix'd with bellowing herds, confus'dly bleat;
Their trembling lords the common ſhade partake,
And cries of infants ſound in ev'ry brake:
The liſt'ning ſoldier fix'd in ſorrow ſtands,
Loath to obey his leader's juſt commands;
The leader grieves, by gen'rous pity ſway'd,
To ſee his juſt commands ſo well obey'd.
But now the trumpet, terrible from far,
In ſhriller clangors animates the war,
Confed'rate drums in fuller concert beat,
And echoing hills the loud alarm repeat.
Gallia's proud ſtandards, to Bavaria's join'd,
Unfurl'd their gilded lillies in the wind;
The daring prince his blaſted hopes renews,
And while the thick embattled hoſt he views
Stretch'd out in deep array and dreadful length,
His heart dilates, and glories in his ſtrength.
The fatal day its mighty courſe began,
That the griev'd world had long deſir'd in vain:

States that their new captivity bemoan'd,
Armies of martyrs that in exile groan'd,
Sighs from the depth of gloomy dungeons heard,
And pray'rs in bitterneſs of ſoul preferr'd,
Europe's loud cries, that Providence aſſail'd,
And Anna's ardent vows at length prevail'd:
The day was come when Heav'n deſign'd to ſhow
His care and conduct of the world below.
Behold in awful march and dread array
The long-extended ſquadrons ſhape their way!
Death in approaching terrible imparts
An anxious horror to the braveſt hearts;
Yet do their beating breaſts demand the ſtrife,
And thirſt of glory quells the love of life.
No vulgar fears can Britiſh minds control;
Heat of revenge, and noble pride of ſoul,
O'erlook the foe, advantag'd by his poſt,
Leſſen his numbers, and contract his hoſt.
Tho' fens and floods poſſeſs'd the middle ſpace,
That unprovok'd they would have fear'd to paſs,
Nor fens nor floods can ſtop Britannia's bands,
When her proud foe rang'd on their borders ſtands.
But, O! my Muſe, what numbers wilt thou find
To ſing the furious troops in battle join'd!
Methinks I hear the drums' tumultuous ſound
The victors ſhouts and dying groans confound,
The dreadful burſt of cannon rend the ſkies,
And all the thunder of the battle riſe!
'Twas then great Malb'rough's mighty ſoul was prov'd,
That, in the ſhock of charging hoſts unmov'd,
Amidſt confuſion, horror, and deſpair,
Examin'd all the dreadful ſcenes of war:
In peaceful thought the field of death ſurvey'd,
To fainting ſquadrons ſent the timely aid,
Inſpir'd repuls'd battalions to engage,
And taught the doubtful battle where to rage.
So when an angel, by divine command,
With riſing tempeſts ſhakes a guilty land,
Such as of late o'er pale Britannia paſt,
Calm and ſerene he drives the furious blaſt,

And, pleas'd th' Almighty's orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the ſtorm.
But ſee! the haughty Houſehold-troops advance,
The dread of Europe, and the pride of France:
The war's whole art each private ſoldier knows,
And with a gen'ral's love of conqueſt glows:
Proudly he marches on, and, void of fear,
Laughs at the ſhaking of the Britiſh ſpear.
Vain inſolence! with native freedom brave,
The meaneſt Briton ſcorns the higheſt ſlave;
Contempt and fury fire their ſouls by turns,
Each nation's glory in each warrior burns!
Each fights as in his arm th' important day,
And all the fate of his great monarch, lay:
A thouſand glorious actions, that might claim
Triumphant laurels and immortal fame,
Confus'd in crowds of glorious actions lie,
And troops of heroes undiſtinguiſh'd die.
O Dormer! how can I behold thy fate,
And not the wonders of thy youth relate!
How can I ſee the gay, the brave, the young,
Fall in the cloud of war, and lie unſung!
In joys of conqueſt he reſigns his breath,
And, fill'd with England's glory, ſmiles in death.
The rout begins, the Gallic ſquadrons run,
Compell'd in crowds to meet the fate they ſhun;
Thouſands of fiery ſteeds, with wounds transfix'd,
Floating in gore, with their dead maſters mix'd,
'Midſt heaps of ſpears and ſtandards driv'n around,
Lie in the Danube's bloody whirlpools drown'd.
Troops of bold youths, borne on the diſtant Soane,
Or ſounding borders of the rapid Rhône,
Or where the Seine her flow'ry fields divides,
Or where the Loire thro' winding vineyards glides.
In heaps the rolling billows ſweep away,
And into Scythian ſeas their bloated corps convey.
From Blenheim's tow'rs the Gaul, with wild affright,
Beholds the various havoc of the fight:
His waving banner, that ſo oft' had ſtood
Planted in fields of death and ſtreams of blood,

So wont the guarded enemy to reach,
And riſe triumphant in the fatal breach,
Or pierce the broken foe's remoteſt lines,
The hardy veteran with tears reſigns.
Unfortunate Tallard! oh! who can name
The pangs of rage, of ſorrow, and of ſhame,
That with mix'd tumult in thy boſom ſwell'd,
When firſt thou ſaw'ſt thy braveſt troops repell'd!
Thine only ſon pierc'd with a deadly wound,
Chok'd in his blood, and gaſping on the ground,
Thyſelf in bondage by the victor kept!
The chief, the father, and the captive, wept.
An Engliſh Muſe is touch'd with gen'rous woe,
And in th' unhappy man forgets the foe.
Greatly diſtreſs'd! thy loud complaints forbear;
Blame not the turns of Fate and chance of War;
Give thy brave foes their due, nor bluſh to own
The fatal field by ſuch great leaders won;
The field whence fam'd Eugenio bore away
Only the ſecond honours of the day.
With floods of gore that from the vanquiſh'd fell,
The marſhes ſtagnate and the rivers ſwell.
Mountains of ſlain lie heap'd upon the ground,
Or 'midſt the roarings of the Danube drown'd:
Whole captive hoſts the conqueror detains
In painful bondage and inglorious chains;
Ev'n thoſe who ſcape the fetters and the ſword,
Nor ſeek the fortunes of a happier lord,
Their raging king diſhonours to complete
Marlb'rough's great work and finiſh the defeat.
From Memminghen's high domes and Augſburg's [walls,
The diſtant battle drives th' inſulting Gauls;
Freed by the terror of the victor's name,
The reſcu'd ſtates his great protection claim;
Whilſt Ulme th' approach of her deliv'rer waits,
And longs to open her obſequious gates,
The hero's breaſt ſtill ſwells with great deſigns;
In ev'ry thought the tow'ring genius ſhines:
If to the foe his dreadful courſe he bends,
O'er the wide Continent his march extends;

If ſieges in his lab'ring thoughts are form'd,
Camps are aſſaulted, and an army ſtorm'd;
If to the fight his active ſoul is bent,
The fate of Europe turns on its event.
What diſtant land, what region can afford
An action worthy his victorious ſword?
Where will he next the flying Gaul defeat,
To make the feries of his toils complete?
Where the ſwoln Rhine, ruſhing with all its force,
Divides the hoſtile nations in its courſe;
While each contracts its bounds, or wider grows,
Enlarg'd or ſtraiten'd as the river flows,
On Gallia's ſide a mighty bulwark ſtands,
That all the wide-extended plain commands;
Twice, ſince the war was kindled, has it try'd
The victor's rage, and twice has chang'd its ſide;
As oft whole armies, with a prize o'erjoy'd,
Have the long ſummer on its walls employ'd.
Hither our mighty chief his arms directs,
Hence future triumphs from the war expects,
And, tho' the Dog-ſtar had its courſe begun,
Carries his arms ſtill nearer to the ſun:
Fix'd on the glorious action, he forgets
The change of ſeaſons and increaſe of heats:
No toils are painful that can danger ſhow,
No climes unlovely, that contain a foe.
The roving Gaul, to his own bounds reſtrain'd,
Learns to encamp within his native land,
But ſoon as the victorious hoſt he ſpies,
From hill to hill, from ſtream to ſtream, he flies:
Such dire impreſſions in his heart remain
Of Malb'rough's ſword and Hockſtet's fatal plain.
In vain Britannia's mighty chief beſets
Their ſhady coverts and obſcure retreats;
They fly the conqueror's approaching fame,
That bears the force of armies in his name.
Auſtria's young monarch, whoſe imperial ſway
Sceptres and thrones are deſtin'd to obey,
Whoſe boaſted anceſtry ſo high extends,
That in the Pagan gods his lineage ends,

Comes from afar, in gratitude to own
The great ſupporter of his father's throne.
What tides of glory to his boſom ran,
Claſp'd in th' embraces of the godlike man:
How were his eyes with pleaſing wonder fix'd,
To ſee ſuch fire with ſo much ſweetneſs mix'd,
Such early greatneſs, ſuch a graceful port,
So turn'd and finiſh'd for the camp or court!
Achilles thus was form'd with ev'ry grace,
And Nireus ſhone but in the ſecond place;
Thus the great father of almighty Rome
(Divinely fluſh'd with an immortal bloom
That Cytherea's fragrant breath beſtow'd)
In all the charms of his bright mother glow'd.
The royal youth by Marlbrough's preſence charm'd,
Taught by his counſels, by his actions warm'd
On Landau with redoubled fury falls,
Diſcharges all his thunder on its walls,
O'er mines and caves of death provokes the fight,
And learns to conquer in the hero's ſight.
The Britiſh chief, for mighty toils renown'd,
Increas'd in titles, and with conqueſts crown'd,
To Belgian coaſts his tedious march renews,
And the long windings of the Rhine purſues,
Clearing its borders from uſurping foes,
And bleſs'd by reſcu'd nations as he goes.
Treves fears no more, freed from its dire alarms
And Traerbach feels the terror of his arms,
Seated on rocks her proud foundations ſhake,
While Marlbrough preſſes to the bold attack,
Plants all his batt'ries, bids his cannon roar,
And ſhows how Landau might have fall'n before.
Scar'd at his near approach, great Louis fears
Vengeance reſerv'd for his declining years,
Forgets his thirſt of univerſal ſway,
And ſcarce can teach his ſubjects to obey;
His arms he finds on vain attempts employ'd,
Th' ambitious projects for his race deſtroy'd
The works of ages ſunk in one Campaign,
And lives of millions ſacrific'd in vain.

Such the effects of Anna's royal cares:
By her Britannia, great in foreign wars,
Ranges thro' nations, whereſoe'er disjoin'd,
Without the wonted aid of ſea and wind:
By her th' unfetter'd Iſter's ſtates are free,
And taſte the ſweets of Engliſh liberty:
But who can tell the joys of thoſe that lie
Beneath the conſtant influence of her eye!
Whilſt indiffuſive ſhow'rs her bounties fall
Like Heav'n's indulgence, and deſcend on all,
Secure the happy, ſuccour the diſtreſs'd,
Make ev'ry ſubject glad, and a whole people bleſs'd.
Thus would I fain Britannia's wars rehearſe,
In the ſmooth records of a faithful verſe,
That, if ſuch numbers can o'er time prevail,
May tell poſterity the wondrous tale.
When actions, unadorn'd, are faint and weak,
Cities and countries muſt be taught to ſpeak;
Gods may deſcend in factions from the ſkies,
And rivers from their oozy beds ariſe;
Fiction may deck the truth with ſpurious rays,
And round the hero caſt a borrow'd blaze:
Marlb'rough's exploits appear divinely bright,
And proudly ſhine in their own native light,
Rais'd of themſelves, their genuine charms they boaſt,
And thoſe who paint 'em trueſt praiſe 'em moſt.

A LETTER FROM ITALY.

TO THE RIGHT HON.

CHARLES LORD HALIFAX.

IN THE YEAR MDCCI.

Salve magna parens frugum Saturnia tellus,
Magna virum! tibi res antiquæ laudis et artis
Aggredior, sanctos ausus recludere fontes. VIRG. Georg. 2.

WHILE you, my Lord, the rural shades admire,
And from Britannia's public posts retire,
Nor longer, her ungrateful sons to please,
For their advantage sacrifice your ease:
Me into foreign realms my fate conveys,
Through nations fruitful of immortal lays,
Where the soft seasons and inviting clime
Conspire to trouble your repose with rhyme.
For whereso'er I turn my ravish'd eyes,
Gay gilded scenes and shining prospects rise,
Poetic fields encompass me around,
And still I seem to tread on classic ground:
For here the muse so oft her harp has strung,
That not a mountain rears its head unsung,
Renown'd in verse each shady thicket grows,
And every stream in heavenly numbers flows.
How am I pleas'd to search the hills and woods,
For rising springs and celebrated floods!
To view the Nar, tumultuous in his course,
And trace the smooth Clitumnus to his source,
To see the Mincio draw his watery store,
Through the long windings of a fruitful shore,
And hoary Albula's infected tide
O'er the warm bed of smoking sulphur glide.
Fir'd with a thousand raptures, I survey
Eridanus through flowery meadows stray,
The king of floods! that, rolling o'er the plains,
The towering Alps of half their moisture drains,
And proudly swoln with a whole winter's snows,
Distributes wealth and plenty where he flows.
Sometimes, misguided by the tuneful throng,
I look for streams immortalis'd in song,

That loſt in ſilence and oblivion lie,
(Dumb are their fountains and their channels dry)
Yet run for ever by the muſe's ſkill,
And in the ſmooth deſcription murmur ſtill.
  Sometimes to gentle Tiber I retire,
And the fam'd river's mighty ſhores admire,
That deſtitute of ſtrength derives its courſe
From thirſty urns and an unfruitful ſource;
Yet ſung ſo often in poetic lays,
With ſcorn the Danube and the Nile ſurveys;
So high the deathleſs muſe exalts her theme!
Such was the Boyne, a poor inglorious ſtream,
That in Hibernian vales obſcurely ſtray'd,
And unobſerved in wild meanders play'd;
Till by your lines and Naſſau's ſword renown'd,
Its riſing billows through the world reſound,
Where'er the hero's godlike acts can pierce,
Or where the fame of an immortal verſe.
  Oh could the muſe my raviſh'd breaſt inſpire
With warmth like your's, and raiſe an equal fire,
Unnumber'd beauties in my verſe ſhould ſhine,
And Virgil's Italy ſhould yield to mine!
  See how the golden groves around me ſmile,
That ſhun the coaſt of Britain's ſtormy iſle,
Or, when tranſplanted and preſerv'd with care,
Curſe the cold clime, and ſtarve in northern air,
Here kindly warmth their mountain juice ferments
To nobler taſtes, and more exalted ſcents:
Ev'n the rough rocks with tender myrtle bloom,
And trodden weeds ſend out a rich perfume.
Bear me, ſome god, to Baia's gentle ſeats,
Or cover me in Umbria's green retreats;
Where weſtern gales eternally reſide,
And all the ſeaſons laviſh all their pride:
Bloſſoms, and fruits, and flowers together riſe,
And the whole year in gay confuſion lies.
  Immortal glories in my mind revive,
And in my ſoul a thouſand paſſions ſtrive,
When Rome's exalted beauties I deſcry
Magnificent in piles of ruin lie.

An amphitheatre's amazing height
Here fills my eye with terror and delight,
That on its public ſhows unpeopled Rome,
And held, uncrowded, nations in its womb;
Here pillars rough with ſculpture pierce the ſkies,
And here the proud triumphal arches riſe,
Where the old Romans deathleſs acts diſplay'd,
Their baſe degenerate progeny upbraid:
While rivers here forſake the fields below,
And wondering at their height, through airy channels flow.
Still to new ſcenes my wandering muſe retires,
And the dumb ſhew of breathing rocks admires;
Where the ſmooth chiſel all its force has ſhown,
And ſoftened into fleſh the rugged ſtone.
In ſolemn ſilence a majeſtic band,
Heroes, and gods, and Roman conſuls ſtand,
Stern tyrants, whom their cruelties renown,
And emperors in Parian marble frown;
While the bright dames to whom they humbly ſued,
Still ſhow the charms that their proud hearts ſubdued.
Fain would I Raphael's godlike art rehearſe,
And ſhow th' immortal labours in my verſe,
Where from the mingled ſtrength of ſhade and light
A new creation riſes to my ſight,
Such heavenly figures from his pencil flow,
So warm with life his blended colours glow,
From theme to theme with ſecret pleaſure toſt,
Amidſt the ſoft variety I'm loſt:
Here pleaſing airs my raviſh'd ſoul confound
With circling notes and labyrinths of ſound;
Here domes and temples riſe in diſtant views,
And opening palaces invite my muſe.
How has kind heaven adorn'd the happy land,
And ſcatter'd bleſſings with a waſteful hand!
But what avail her unexhauſted ſtores,
Her blooming mountains and her ſunny ſhores,
With all the gifts that heaven and earth impart,
The ſmiles of nature and the charms of art,
While proud oppreſſion in her valley reigns,
And tyranny uſurps her happy plains?

BRITISH MUSEUM
APR

COOKE's
POETS.
ADDISON.
The Liberty that crowns Britannia's Isle,
And makes her barren rocks, & her black mountains smile.
Vide Letter from Italy, line 139.
Drawn by R. Cotterill
Printed for C. Cooke, Paternoster Row, Jan'y 11. 1796.
Engraved by C. Warren.

The poor inhabitant beholds in vain
The redd'ning orange and the ſwelling grain;
Joyleſs he ſees the growing oils and wines,
And in the myrtle's fragrant ſhade repines;
Starves, in the midſt of Nature's bounty curſt,
And in the loaden vineyard dies for thirſt.

Oh, Liberty! thou goddeſs heav'nly bright,
Profuſe of bliſs, and pregnant with delight!
Eternal pleaſures in thy preſence reign,
And ſmiling Plenty leads thy wanton train;
Eas'd of her load Subjection grows more light,
And Poverty looks cheerful in thy ſight;
Thou mak'ſt the gloomy face of Nature gay,
Giv'ſt beauty to the ſun, and pleaſure to the day.

Thee, Goddeſs! thee Britannia's iſle adores;
How has ſhe oft' exhauſted all her ſtores,
How oft' in fields of death thy preſence ſought,
Nor thinks the mighty prize too dearly bought.
On foreign mountains may the ſun refine
The grape's ſoft juice, and mellow it to wine;
With citron groves adorn a diſtant ſoil,
And the fat olive ſwell with floods of oil;
We envy not the warmer clime that lies
In ten degrees of more indulgent ſkies,
Nor at the coarſeneſs of our heaven repine,
Tho' o'er our heads the frozen Pleiads ſhine;
'Tis liberty that crowns Britannia's iſle,
And makes her barren rocks and her bleak mountains ſmile.

Others with tow'ring piles may pleaſe the ſight,
And in their proud aſpiring domes delight,
A nicer touch to the ſtretch'd canvaſs give,
Or teach their animated rocks to live;
'Tis Britain's care to watch o'er Europe's fate,
And hold in balance each contending ſtate;
To threaten bold preſumptuous kings with war,
And anſwer her afflicted neighbour's pray'r.
The Dane and Swede, rous'd up by fierce alarms,
Bleſs the wiſe conduct of her pious arms;
Soon as her fleets appear their terrors ceaſe,
And all the Northern world lies huſh'd in peace.

Th' ambitious Gaul beholds with ſecret dread
Her thunder aim'd at his aſpiring head,
And fain her godlike ſons would diſunite
By foreign gold, or by domeſtic ſpite;
But ſtrives in vain to conquer or divide
Whom Naſſau's arms defend and counſels guide.
Fir'd with the name which I ſo oft' have found
The diſtant climes and diff'rent tongues reſound,
I bridle in my ſtruggling Muſe with pain,
That longs to lanch into a bolder ſtrain.
But I've already troubled you too long,
Nor dare attempt a more advent'rous ſong:
My humble verſe demands a ſofter theme,
A painted meadow or a purling ſtream;
Unfit for heroes, whom immortal lays,
And lines like Virgil's, or like your's, ſhould praiſe.

PROLOGUE

TO PHÆDRA AND HIPPOLITUS*.

Spoken by Mr. Wilks.

LONG has a race of heroes fill'd the ſtage,
That rant by note, and thro' the gamut rage;
In ſongs and airs expreſs their martial fire,
Combat in trills and in a fugue expire;
While lull'd by ſound, and undiſturb'd by wit,
Calm and ſerene you indolently ſit,
And from the dull fatigue of thinking free,
Hear the facetious fiddles repartee:
Our homeſpun authors muſt forſake the field,
And Shakeſpeare to the ſoft Scarletti yield.
To your new taſte the poet of this day
Was by a friend adviſ'd to form his play.
Had Valentini, muſically coy,
Shunn'd Phædra's arms, and ſcorn'd the proffer'd joy,
It had not mov'd your wonder to have ſeen
An eunuch fly from an enamour'd queen:
How would it pleaſe ſhould ſhe in Engliſh ſpeak,
And could Hippolitus reply in Greek?

* A Tragedy, written by Mr. Edmund Smith.

But he, a ſtranger to your modiſh way,
By your old rules muſt ſtand or fall to-day,
And hopes you will your foreign taſte command
To bear, for once, with what you underſtand.

PROLOGUE

TO THE TENDER HUSBAND*.

Spoken by Mr. Wilks.

IN the firſt riſe and infancy of farce,
When fools were many, and when plays were ſcarce,
The raw unpractis'd authors could, with eaſe,
A young and unexperienc'd audience pleaſe:
No ſingle character had e'er been ſhown,
But the whole herd of fops was all their own:
Rich in originals, they ſet to view,
In ev'ry piece, a coxcomb that was new.
But now our Britiſh theatre can boaſt
Drolls of all kinds, a vaſt unthinking hoſt!
Fruitful of folly and of vice, it ſhows
Cuckolds, and cits, and bawds, and pimps, and beaux:
Rough country knights are found of ev'ry ſhire,
Of ev'ry faſhion gentle fops appear;
And punks of diff'rent characters we meet
As frequent on the ſtage as in the pit.
Our modern wits are forc'd to pick and cull,
And here and there by chance glean up a fool:
Long 'ere they find the neceſſary ſpark,
They ſearch the town, and beat about the park;
To all his moſt frequented haunts reſort,
Oft' dog him to the ring, and oft' to court,
As love of pleaſure or of place invites,
And ſometimes catch him taking ſnuff at White's.
Howe'er, to do you right, the preſent age
Breeds very hopeful monſters for the ſtage;
That ſcorn the paths their dull forefathers trod,
And won't be blockheads in the common road.
Do but ſurvey this crowded houſe to-night:
—Here's ſtill encouragement for thoſe that write.

* A Comedy, written by Sir Richard Steele.

Our author to divert his friends to-day,
Stocks with variety of fools his play,
And that there may be ſomething gay and new,
Two ladies-errant has expos'd to view;
The firſt a damſel travell'd in romance;
The other more refin'd, ſhe comesfrom France;
Reſcue, like courteous knights, the nymph from danger,
And kindly treat, like well bred men, the ſtranger.

EPILOGUE

TO THE BRITISH ENCHANTERS*.

WHEN Orpheus tun'd his lyre with pleaſing woe,
Rivers forgot to run, and winds to blow;
While liſt'ning foreſts cover'd as he play'd
The ſoft muſician in a moving ſhade.
That this night's ſtrains the ſame ſucceſs may find,
The force of muſic is to muſic join'd;
Where ſounding ſtrings and artful voices fail,
The charming rod and mutter'd ſpells prevail.
Let ſage Urganda wave the circling wand
On barren mountains, or a waſte of ſand;
The deſert ſmiles, the woods begin to grow,
The birds to warble, and the ſprings to flow.
The ſame dull ſights in the ſame landſcape mix'd,
Scenes of ſtill life, and points for ever fix'd,
A tedious pleaſure on the mind beſtow,
And pall the ſenſe with one continu'd ſhow:
But as our two magicians try their ſkill,
The viſion varies, tho' the place ſtands ſtill,
While the ſame ſpot its gaudy form renews,
Shifting the proſpect to a thouſand views.
Thus (without unity of place tranſgreſt)
Th' Enchanter turns the critic to a jeſt.
But howſoe'er, to pleaſe your wandering eyes,
Bright objects diſappear, and brighter riſe:
There's none can make amends for loſt delight,
While from that circle we divert our ſight.

* A dramatic Poem, written by the Lord Lanſdown.

POEMATA.

HONORATISSIMO VIRO

CAROLO MONTAGU

ARMIGERO,

SCACCHARII CANCELLARIO,

ÆRARII PRÆFECTO,

REGI A SECRETIORIBUS CONSILIIS, ETC.

CUM tanta auribus tuis obſtrepat vatum nequiſſimorum turba, nihil eſt, cur queraris aliquid inuſitatum tibi contigiſſe, ubi præclarum hoc argumentum meis etiam numeris violatum conſpexeris. Quantum virtute bellica præſtant Britanni, recens ex rebus geſtis teſtatur gloria; quam vero in humanioribus Pacis ſtudiis non emineamus, indicio ſunt, quos nuper in lucem emiſimus verſiculi. Quod ſi Congrevius ille tuus divino, quo ſolet, furore correptus materiam hanc non exornaſſet, vix tanti eſſet ipſa Pax, ut illa lætaremur tot perditiſſimis Poetis tam miſere decantata. At, dum alios inſector, mei ipſius oblitus fuiſſe videor, qui haud minores forſan ex Latinis tibi moleſtias allaturus ſum, quam quas illi ex vernaculis ſuis carminibus attulerunt; niſi quod inter ipſos cruciatus lenimentum aliquod dolori tribuat tormenti varietas. Nec quidem unquam adduci poſſem, ut poema patrio ſermone conſcriptum oculis tuis ſubjicerem, qui ab iſtis conatibus cæteros omnes ſcribendo non minus deterres, quam favendo excitaveris.

Humanitatis tuæ

Cultor devotiſſimus,

 JOSEPHUS ADDISON.

PAX GULIELMI.

AUSPICIIS EUROPÆ REDDITA, 1697.

POSTQUAM ingens clamorque virûm, ſtrepituſque tubarum,
Atque omnis belli cecidit fragor; aſpice, Cæſar,
Quæ tibi ſoliciti, turba importuna, Poetæ
Munera deducunt: generoſæ a pectore flammæ,
Diræque armorum effigies, ſimulachraque belli
Triſtia diffugiant: O tandem abſiſte triumphis
Expletus, penituſque animo totum excute Martem.
Non ultra ante oculos numeroſo milite campi
Miſcentur, ſolito nec fervent arva tumultu;
Stat circum alta quies, curvoque innixus aratro
Deſertas foſſas, et caſtra minantia caſtris
Ruſticus invertit, tacita formidine luſtrans
Horroremque loci, et funeſtos ſtragibus agros.
Jamque ſuper vallum et munimina longa vireſcit
Expectata ſeges, jam propugnacula rident
Vere novo; inſuetos mirabitur incola culmos,
Luxuriemque ſoli, et turgentem a ſanguine meſſem.
Aſpicis ut toto excitus venit advena mundo
Bellorum inviſens ſedem, et confuſa ruinis
Oppida, et everſos flammarum turbine muros!
Ut trepidos rerum annales, triſtemque laborum
Inquirit ſeriem, attonitis ut ſpectat ocellis
Semirutas, turres, et adhuc polluta cruore
Flumina, famoſoſque Ormondi volvere campos!
Hic, ubi ſaxa jacent diſperſo infecta cerebro,
Atque interruptis hiſcunt divortia muris,
Vexillum intrepidus * fixit, cui tempora dudum
Budenſes palmæ, peregrinaque laurus obumbrat.
Ille ruens aciem in mediam, qua ferrea grando
Sparſa fuerit circum, et plumbi denſiſſimus imber,
Sulphuream noctem, tetraſque bitumine nubes
Ingreditur, crebroque rubentem fulgere fumum.
Ut vario anfractu, et disjectis undique ſaxis
Mœnia diſcedunt, ſcopuliſque immane minantur
Deſuper horrificis, et formidabile pendent!

* Honoratiſſimus D. Dominus Cutts, Baro de Gowran, &c.

Hic peſtem occultam, et fœcundas ſulphure moles
Cernere erat, magno quas inter mota tumultu
Prælia fervebant; ſubito cum clauſtra fragore
Horrendum diſrupta tonant, ſemiuſtaque membra,
Fumanteſque artus, laniataque corpora lethum
Corripit informe, et rotat ater in æthere turbo.
Sic poſtquam Enceladi dejecit fulmine fratres
Cœlicolûm pater, et vetuit contemnere divos:
Divulſam terræ faciem, ingenteſque ruinas
Mortales ſtupuere; altum hinc mirantur abeſſe
Pelion, invertique imis radicibus Oſſam:
Hic fluvium moles inter confuſaque ſaxa
Reptare, atque aliis diſcentum currere ripis.
Stant dubii, et notos montes umbraſque requirunt,
Errore ambiguo eluſi, et novitate locorum.
Nempe hic Auriaci nuper vexilla ſecutæ
Confluxere acies, hic, aſpera corda, Britanni,
Germanuſque ferox, et juncto fœdere Belga;
Quique truci Boreæ, et cœlo damnatus iniquo
Vitam agit in tenebris; et qui dudum ore peruſto
Decolor admoti prodit veſtigia Phœbi:
Undique conveniunt, totum conſcripta per orbem
Agmina, Naſſovique latus ſocialibus armis
Circumfuſa tegunt, fremituſque et murmura miſcent,
Tam vario disjuncta ſitu, tot diſſona linguis.
Te tamen e mediis.* Ductor Fortiſſime turmis
Exere. Tu vitam (ſi quid mea carmina poſſunt)
Accipies, populique encomia ſera futuri,
Quem varias edoctum artes, ſtudiiſque Minervæ
Omnibus ornatum Marti Rhedycina furenti
Credidit invita, et tanto ſe jactat alumno.
Hunc nempe adorem, atque immenſos pectoris æſtus
Non jubar Arctoüm, aut noſtri penuria cœli,
Sed plaga torridior, qua ſol intentius omnes
Effundit radios, totique obnoxia Phœbo
India progenuit, teneriſque incoxit ab annis
Virtutem immodicam, et generoſæ incendia mentis.
Jam quoque torpentem qui infelix ſuſpicit Arcton,
Brumamque æternam friguſque perambular, urſæ

* Inſig. Dom. Chriſtoph. Codrington, unus ex Regii Satellitii Præfectis.

Horridus exuviis, Gulielmi ingentia facta
Deſcribit ſociis, pugnataque in ordine bella
Attentus numerat, neque brumam aut frigora curat.
En! vaſtos nivium tractus et pallida regna
Deſerit, imperio extremum qui ſubjicit orbem.*
Indigenaſque hyemes, Britonumque Heroa pererrat
Luminibus tacitis; ſubeunt nunc fuſa Namurcæ
Mœnia, nunc tardo quæ ſanguine plurima fluxit
Boinia, nunc dubii palma indiſcreta Seneffi.
Quæ facies, et quanta viri! quo vertice in auras
Aſſurgit! quali firmat veſtigia greſſu,
Majeſtate rudi, et torvo ſpectabilis ore!
Sic olim Alcides, immania membra leonis
Inſtratus ſpoliis, vaſta ſe mole ferebat,
Evandri amplexus dextramque adjungere dextræ
Cum peteret, tectiſque ingens ſuccederet hoſpes.
Dum pugnas, Gulielme, tuas, campoſque cruentos
Accipit, in venis ebullit vividus humor,
Cordo micant crebro, et mentem ferit æmulus ardor.
Non jam Riphæos hoſtis populabitur agros
Impune, aut agitabit inultas Sarmata prædas.
Quis tamen ille procul fremitus! quæ murmura vulgi
Naſſovium ingeminant! video cava littora circum
Fervere remigibus, ſubjtiſque albeſcere velis.
Anglia ſolve metus, et inanes mitte querelas,
Naſſovi ſecura tui, deſiſte tumentes
Proſpicere in fluctus animo ſuſpenſa, truceſque
Objurgare notos, tardamque requirere puppim:
Optatus tibi Cæſar adeſt, nec ut ante videbis
Solicitum belli ſtudiis, fatalia Gallo
Conſilia et tacitas verſantem in pectore pugnas.
Olli grata quies et pax tranquilla verendum
Compoſuit vultum, lætoſque afflavit honores.
Ut denſo circum ſe plurimus agmine miles
Agglomerat lateri! ut patriam vetereſque penates
Reſpicit exultans! juvat oſtentare recentes
Ore cicatrices, et vulnera cruda, notaſque
Mucronum inſignes, afflataque ſulphure membra.
Cara ſtupet conjux reduciſque incerta mariti

* Muſcoviæ Imperator.

Veſtigat faciem; trepida formidine proles
Stat procul, et patrios horreſcit neſcia vultus.
Ille graves caſus, duri et diſcrimina belli
Enumerat, tumidiſque inſtaurat prælia verbis.
Sic, poſtquam in patrium fœcunda heroibus Argo
Phryxeam attulerat pellem, lanamque rigentem
Expoſuit Graiis, et tortile velleris aurum,
Navita terrificis infamia littora monſtris
Deſcribit, mixto ſpirantem incendia fumo
Serpentem, vigileſque feras, plauſtroque gementes
Inſolito tauros, et anhelos igne juvencos.
Te tamen, O quantis Gulielme erepte periclis,
Accipimus reducem: tibi Diva Britannia fundit
Plebemque et proceres: medias quacunque per urbes
Ingrederis, crebræ conſurgunt undique pompæ,
Gaudiaque et plauſus: mixto ordine vulgus euntem
Circumſtat fremitu denſo: tibi Jupiter annum
Serius invertit, luces mirata ſerenas
Ridet hyems, feſtoque vacat cœlum omne triumpho.
Jamque Nepos* tibi parvus adeſt, lætoque juventæ
Inceſſu, et blando teſtatur gaudia riſu.
Ut Patrius vigor atque elati gratia vultus
Cæſareum ſpirant, majeſtatemque verendam
Infundunt puero! ut matur formoſa ſerenat
Auguſtam frontem, et ſublimia temperat ora!
Agnoſco faciem ambiguam, mixtoſque parentes.
Ille tuas, Gulielme, acies, et triſtia bella,
Pugnaſque innocua dudum ſub imagine luſit.
Nunc indignanti ſimilis fugitiva puſillæ
Terga premit turmæ, et falſis terroribus implet,
Sternitque exiguum ficto cognomine Gallum.
Nunc ſimulat turres, et propugnacula parva
Nominibus ſignat variis; ſubitoque tumultu
Sedulus infirmas arces, humilemque Namurcam
Diruit: interea generoſæ in pectore flammæ
Aſſurgunt ſenſim juveni, notat ignis honeſtas
Purpureo fervore genas, et amabilis horror.
Quis tamen Auguſtæ immenſas in carmine pompas
Inſtruet, in luteos ubi vulgo effuſa canales

* Celſiſſimus Princeps Dux Gloceſtrenſis

Vina rubent, variatque infectas purpura ſordes?
Quis lapſus referet ſtellarum, et fictile cœlum,
Qua laceram oſtendunt redolentia compita chartam,
Sulphuris exuvias, tubuloſque bitumine caſſos? 156
En procul attonitam video clareſcere noctem
Fulgore inſolito! ruit undique lucidus imber,
Flagranteſque hyemes; crepitantia ſidera paſſim
Scintillant, totoque pluunt incendia cœlo. 160
Nec minus id terris Vulcanus mille figuras
Induit, ignivomaſque feras, et fulgida monſtra,
Terribiles viſu formas! hic membra leonis
Hiſpida mentitur, torciſque comantia flammis
Collaquatit, rutilaſque jubas; hic lubricus anguem 165
Ludit, ſubſilieus, et multo ſibilat igne.
Lætitiam ingentem atque effuſa hæc gaudia civis
Jam tandem ſecurus agit, poſitoque timore
Exercet ventos, claſſemque per ultima mundi
Impune educit, pelagoque licentius errat: 170
Seu conſtricta gelu, mediiſque horrentia Cancri
Menſibus arva videt; ſeu turgida malit olenti
Tendere vela noto, qua thurea flamina miſcet
Æolus, et placidis perfundit odoribus auras.
Vos animæ illuſtres heroum, umbræque recentes,
Quarum trunca jacent et adhuc ſtillantia crudis 176
Corpora vulneribus, quibus hæc optabilis orbi
Parta quies, nondum Naſſovo abducite veſtro
Fida ſatillitia, at ſolitis ſtipate catervis
Ductorem, et tenues circum diffundite turmas. 180
Tuque Maria, tuos non unquam oblita Britannos,
O Diva, O patiens magnum expectare maritum,
Ne terris Dominum invideas, quanquam amplius illum
Detineant, longamque agitent ſub vindice pacem. 184

BAROMETRI DESCRIPTIO.

QUA penetrat foſſor terræ cæca antra, metallo
Fœcunda informi, rudibuſque nitentia venis;
Dum ſtupet occultas gazas, nummoſque futuros,
Eruit argentia latices, niridumque liquorem;
Qui nullo effuſus prodit veſtigia tractu, 5
Nec terram ſigno revolubilis imprimit udo,

Sed fractus ſparſim in globulos formam uſque rotundam
Servat, et in teretes, lapſans ſe colligit orbes.
Incertum qua ſit natura, an negligat ultra
Perficier, jubar et maturus inutile temnat;
An potius ſolis vis imperfecta relinquat
Argentum male coctum, divitiaſque fluentes:
Quicquid erit, magno ſe jactat nobilis uſu;
Nec Deus effulſit magis aſpectabilis olim,
Cum Danaën flavo circum pretioſus amictu
Ambiit, et gratam ſuadente libidine formam,
Depluit irriguo liquefactum Numen in Auro.
Quin age, ſume tubum fragilem, cui denſior aër
Excluſus; fundo vitri ſubſidat in imo
Argenti ſtagnum; ut pluvia impendente metallum
Mobile deſcendat, vel contra, ubi poſtulat æſtus,
Prodeat hinc liquor emergens, et rurſus inane
Occupet aſcenſu, tubulumque excurrat in omnem.
Jam cœli faciem tempeſtateſque futuras
Conſcia lympha monet, brumamque et frigora narrat.
Nam quoties liquor inſurgit, vitreoque canali
Sublatum nequeunt ripæ cohibere priores;
Tum lætos ſperare dies licet, arva fatentur
Æſtatem, et large diffuſo lumine rident.
Sin ſeſe immodicum attollens argenteus humor,
Et nimium oppreſſus, contendat ad ardua vitri,
Jam ſitiunt herbæ, jam ſuccos flamma feraces
Excoquit, et languent conſumto prata virore.
Cum vero tenues nebulas ſpiracula terræ
Fundunt, et madidi fluitant ſuper æquora fumi,
Pabula venturæ pluviæ: tum fuſile pondus
Inferiora petit; nec certior ardea cœlos
Indicat humentes, medias quando ætheris oras
Tranando, craſſa fruitur ſublimius aura,
Diſcutit et madidis rorantia nubila pennis.
Nunc guttæ agglomerant, diſperſas frigora ſtipant
Particulas, raruſque in nimbum cogitur humor:
Prata virent, ſegetem fœcundis imbribus æther
Irrigat, et bibulæ radici alimenta miniſtrat.
Quin ubi plus æquo deſcendens uda metalli
Fundum amat, impatiens pluviæ, mutuenſque procellam,

Agricolæ caveant; non hoc impune colonus
Aſpicit: oſtendet mox fœta vaporibus aura
Collectas, hyemes, tempeſtatemque ſonoram.
At licet argentum mole incumbente levatum
Subſidat, penituſque imo ſe condat in alveo,
Cætera quæque tument; everſis flumina ripis
Expatiata ruunt, ſpumantibus æſtuat undis
Diluvium rapidique effuſa licentia ponti.
Nulla tacet ſecretapoli mirabile vitrum,
Quin varios cœli vultus et tempora prodit,
Ante refert, quando tenui velamine tutus
Incedes, quando ſperabis frigidus ignem.
Augurio hoc fretus, quanquam atri nubila cœli
Dirumpunt obſcura diem, pluviaſquæ minantur;
Machina ſi neget, et ſudum promittat apertum,
Audax carpat iter nimbo pendente viator;
Nec metuens imbrem, poſcentes meſſor ariſtas
Proſternat: terræ jam bruma incumbit inermis,
Frigoraque haud nocitura cadunt, feriuntque paratos.

ΠΥΓΜΑΙΟ-ΓΕΡΑΝΟΜΑΧΙΑ:

SIVE.

PRAELIUM INTER PYGMAEOS ET GRUES COMMISSUM.

PENNATAS acies, et lamentabile bellum
Pygmeadum refero: parvas tu, Muſa, cohortes
Inſtrue; tu gladios, mortemque minantia roſtra,
Offenſoſque Grues, indignanteſque puſillam [tus.
Militiam celebra; volucrumque hominumque tumul-
Heroum ingentes animos et triſtia bella
Pieridum labor exhauſit, verſuque ſonoro
Juſſit et æterna numerorum aſſurgere pompa:
Quis lectos Graiûm juvenes, et torva tuentem
Theſea, quis pedibus velocem ignorat Achillem?
Quem dura Æneæ certamina, quem Gulielmi
Geſta latent? fratres Thebani, et flebile fatum
Pompeii quem non delaſſavere legentem?
Primus ego intactas acies, gracilemque tubarum
Carmine depingam ſonitum, nova caſtra ſecutus;
Exiguoſque canam pugiles, Gruibuſque malignos

Heroas, nigriſque ruentem è nubibus hoſtem.
Qua ſolis tepet ortu, primitiiſque diei
India læta rubet, medium inter inhoſpita ſaxa
(Per placidam vallem, et paucis acceſſa vireta)
Pygmæum quondam ſteterat, dum fata ſinebant,
Imperium. Hinc varias vitam excoluere per artes
Seduli, et aſſiduo fervebant arva popello.
Nunc ſi quis dura evadat per ſaxa viator,
Deſertoſque lares, et valles oſſibus albas
Exiguis videt, et veſtigia parva ſtupeſcit.
Deſolata tenet victrix impune volucris
Regna et ſecuro crepitat Grus improba nido.
Non ſic, dum multos ſtetit inſuperabilis annos
Parvula progenies; tum, ſi quis comminus ales
Congredi, et immixtæ auderet ſe credere pugnæ,
Miles atrox aderat, ſumptiſque feroculus armis
Sternit humi volucrem moribundam, humeriſque re-
Ingentem prædam; cæſoque epulatur in hoſte. [portat
Sæpe improvitas mactabat, ſæpe juvabat
Diripere aut nidum, aut ulciſci in prole parentem.
Nempe larem quoties multa conſtruxerat arte,
Aut uteri poſuiſſet onus, volucremque futuram;
Continuo vultu ſpirans immane minaci
Omnia vaſtaret miles, fœtuſque necaret
Immeritos, vitamque abrumperet imperfectam,
Cum tepido nondum maturuit hoſtis in ovo.
Hinc cauſæ irarum, bella hinc, fatalia bella,
Atque acies letho intentæ, volucrumque virûmque
Commiſſa ſtrages, confuſaque mortis imago.
Non tantos motus, nec tam memorabile bellum,
Mæonius quondam ſublimi carmine vates
Luſit; ubi totam ſtrepituque armiſque paludem
Miſcuit: hic (viſu miſerabile!) corpora murum
Sparſa jacent juncis transfixa, hic gutture rauco
Rana dolet, pedibuſque abſciſſo poplite ternis
Reptat humi, ſolitis nec ſeſe ſaltibus effert.
Jamque dies Pygmæo aderat, quo tempore cæſi
Pœnituit fœtus, intactaque maluit ova.
Nam ſuper his accenſa graves exarſit in iras,

Grus ſtomachans; omneſque ſimul, quas Strymonis
Aut ſtagnum Mareotidis, imi aut uda Cäyſtri [unda,
Prata tenent, adſunt; Scythicaque excita palude,
Et conjurato volucris deſcendit ab iſtro.
Strageſque immenſas et vulnera cogitat abſens,
Exacuitque ungues ictum meditata futurum,
Et roſtrum parat acre, fugæque accommodat alas.
Tantus amor belli, et vindictæ arrecta cupido.
Ergo ubi ver nectus proprium, ſuſpenſus in alto
Aëre concuſſis exercitus obſtrepit alis,
Terræque immenſos tractus, ſemotaque longe
Æquora deſpiciunt, Boreamque et nubila tranant.
Innumeri: crebro circum ingens fluctuat æther
Flamine, et aſſiduus miſcet cœlum omne tumultus.
Nec minor in terris motus, dum bella faceſſit
Impiger, inſtituitque agmen, firmatque phalanges,
Et furit arreptis animoſus homuncio telis;
Donec turma duas compoſta excurrant in alas,
Ordinibuſque frequens, et marte inſtructa perito.
Jamque acies inter medias ſeſe arduus infert
Pygmeadum ductor, qui majeſtate verendus
Inceſſuque gravis reliquos ſupereminet omnes
Mole gigantea, mediamque aſſurgit in ulnam.
Torvior aſpectu (hoſtilis nam inſculpſerat unguis
Ore cicatrices) vultuque oſtentat honeſta
Roſtrorum ſigna, et crudos in pectore morſus.
Immortali odio, æterniſque exercuit iris
Alituum gentem, non illum impune volucris
Aut ore, aut pedibus peteret confiſus aduncis.
Fatalem quoties Gruibus diſtrinxerat enſem,
Truncavitque alas, celerique fugam abſtulit hoſti:
Quot fecit ſtrages! quæ nudis funera pullis
Intulit, heu; quoties implevit Strymona fletu!
Jamque procul ſonus auditur, piceamque volantum
Proſpectant nubem bellumque hoſteſque ferentem.
Crebreſcit tandem, atque oculis ſe plurimus offert
Ordinibus ſtructus variis exercitus ingens
Alituum, motiſque eventilat aëra pennis.
Turba polum replet, ſpecieque immanis obumbrat
Agmina Pygmæorum, et denſa in nubibus hæret:

Nunc denſa, at patriis mox reddita rarior oris.
Belli ardent ſtudio Pygmæi, et lumine ſævo
Suſpiciunt hoſtem; nec longum tempus, et ingens
Turba Gruum horrifico ſeſe ſuper agmina lapſu
Præcipitat gravis, et bellum ſperantibus infert:
Fit fragor; avulſæ volitant circum aëra plumæ.
Mox defeſſa iterum levibus ſeſe eripit alis,
Et vires reparata iterum petit impete terras.
Armorum pendet fortuna: hic fixa volucris
Cuſpide, ſanguineo ſeſe furibunda rotatu
Torquet agens circum, roſtrumque intendit in hoſtem
Imbelle, et curvos in morte recolligit ungues.
Pygmæi hic ſtillat lentus de vulnere ſanguis,
Singultuſque ciet crebros, pedibuſque puſillis
Tundit humum, et moriens unguem execratur acutum.
Æſtuat omne ſolum ſtrepitu, tepidoque rubeſcit
Sanguine, ſparguntur gladii, ſparguntur et alæ,
Ungueſque et digiti, commiſtaque roſtra lacertis.
Pygmeadum ſævit, mediiſque in millibus ardet
Ductor, quem late hinc atque hinc pereuntia cingunt
Corpora fuſa Gruum; mediaque in morte vagatur,
Nec plauſu alarum, nec roſtri concidit ictu.
Ille Gruum terror, illum denſiſſima circum
Miſcetur pugno, et bellum omne laborat in uno:
Cum, ſubito appulſus (ſic Di voluere) tumultu
Ex inopino ingens et formidabilis ales
Comprendit pedibus pugnantem; et (triſte relatu)
Suſtulit in cœlum; bellator ab unguibus hæret
Pendulus, agglomerat ſtrepitu globus undique denſus
Alituum; fruſtra Pygmæi lumine mœſto
Regem inter nubes lugent, ſolitoque minorem
Heroem aſpiciunt Gruibus plaudentibus eſcam.
Jamque recrudeſcit bellum, Grus deſuper urget
Pygmæum roſtro, atque hoſtem petit ardua morſu;
Tum fugit alta volans; is ſurſum brachia jactat
Vulneris impatiens, et inanes ſævit in auras.
Talis erat belli facies, cum Pelion ingens
Mitteret in cælum Briareus, ſolioque Tonantem
Præcipitem excuterit; ſparguntur in æthere toto
Fulminaque ſcopulique: flagrantia tela deorſum

Torquentur Jovis acta manu, dum vaſta gigantum
Corpora fuſa jacent, ſemiuſtaque ſulphure fumant.
Viribus abſumptis penitus Pygmeïa tandem
Agmina langueſcunt; ergo pars vertere terga
Horribili perculſa metu, pars tollere vocem
Exiguam; late populus Cubitalis oberrat.
Inſtant á tergo volucres, lacerantque trahuntque
Immites, certae gentem, extirpare nefandam.
Sic Pygmæa domus multos dominata per annos,
Tot bellis defuncta, Gruum tot læta triumphis,
Funditus interiit: nempe excitus omnia tandem
Certus regna manet, ſunt certi denique fines,
Quos ultra tranſire nefas: ſic corruit olim
Aſſyriæ Imperium, ſic magnæ Perſidis imis
Sedibus everſum eſt, et majus utroque Latinum.
Elyſii valles nunc agmine luſtrat inani,
Et veterum Heroum miſcetur grandibus umbris
Plebs parva: aut, ſi quid fidei mereater anilis
Fabula, Paſtores per noctis opaca pucillas
Sæpe vident umbras, Pygmæos corpore caſſos.
Dum ſecura Gruum, et veteres oblita labores,
Lætitiæ penitus vacat, indulgetque choreis,
Anguſtoſque terit calles, virideſque per orbes
Turba levis ſalit, et lemurum cognomine gaudet.

RESURRECTIO DELINEATA.

AD ALTARE COL. MAGD. OXON.

EGREGIOS fuci tractus, calamique labores,
Surgenteſque hominum formas, ardentiaque ora
Judicis, et ſimulacra modis pallentia miris,
Tarribilem viſu pompam, tu carmine Muſa
Pande novo, vatique ſacros accende furores.
Olim planitiem (quam nunc fœcunda colorum
Inſignit pictura) inhoneſto et ſimplice cultu
Veſtiit albedo, ſed ne rima ulla priorem
Agnoſcat faciem, mox fundamenta futuræ
Subſtravit pictor tabulæ, humoremque ſequacem
Per muros traxit; velamine mœnia craſſo
Squallent obducta, et rudioribus illita fucis.

Utque (polo nondum ſtellis fulgentibus apto)
Ne ſpatio moles immenſa dehiſcat inani,
Per cava cœlorum, et convexa patentia late
Hinc atque hinc interfuſus fluitaverat æther;
Mox radiante novum torrebat lumine mundum
Titan, et pallens alienos mitius ignes
Cynthia vibrabat; crebris nunc conſitus aſtris
Scintillare polus, nunc fulgor Lacteus omne
Diffluere in cœlum, longoque albeſcere tractu.
Sic, operis poſtquam luſit primordia pictor,
Dum ſordet paries, nullumque fatetur Apellem,
Cautius exercet calamos, atque arte tenacem
Confundit viſcum, ſuccoſque attemperat, omnes
Inducit tandem formas; apparet ubique
Muta cohors, et picturarum vulgus inane.
Aligeris muri vacat ora ſuprema miniſtris,
Sparſaque per totum cœleſtis turba tabellam
Raucos inſpirat lituos, buccaſque tumentes
Inflat, et attonitum replet clangoribus orbem.
Defunctis ſonus auditur, tabulamque per imam
Picta graveſcit humus, terris emergit apertis
Progenies rediviva, et plurima ſurgit imago.
Sic dum fœcundis Cadmus dat ſemina ſulcis,
Terra tumet prægnans, animataque gleba laborat,
Luxuriatur ager ſegete ſpirante, caleſcit
Omne ſolum, creſcitque virorum prodiga meſſis,
Jam pulvis varias terræ diſperſa per oras,
Sive inter venas teneri concreta metalli,
Senſim diriguit, ſeu teſe immiſcuit herbis,
Explicita eſt; molem rurſus coaleſcit in unam
Diviſum funus, ſparſos prior alligat artus
Junctura, aptanturque iterum coëuntia membra.
Hic nondum ſpecie perfecta reſurgit imago,
Vultum truncata, atque inhoneſto vulnere nares
Manca, et adhuc deeſt imformi de corpore multum.
Paulatim in rigidum hic vita inſinuata cadaver
Motu ægro vix dum redivivos erigit artus.
Inficit his horror vultus, et imagine tota
Fuſa per attonitam pallet formido figuram.
Detrahe quin oculos ſpectator, et, ora nitentem

Si poterint perferre diem, medium inſpice murum,
Qua ſedet orta Deo proles, Deus ipſe, ſereno
Lumine perfuſus, radii ſque inſperſus acutis.
Circum tranquillæ funduntur tempora flammæ,
Regius ore vigor ſpirat, nitet ignis ocellis,
Plurimaque effulget majeſtas numine toto.
Quantum diſſimilis, quantum, O! mutatus ab illo,
Qui peccata luit cruciatus non ſua, vitam
Quando luctantem cunctata morte trahebat!
Sed fruſtra voluit defunctum Golgotha numen
Condere, dum victa fatorum lege triumphans
Nativum petiit cœlum, et ſuper æthera vectus
Deſpexit lunam exiguam, ſolemque minorem.
Jam latus effoſum, et palmus oſtendit utraſque,
Vulnuſque infixum pede, clavorumque recepta
Signa, et tranſacti quondam veſtigia ferri.
Umbræ huc felices tendunt, numeroſaque cœlos
Turba petunt, atque immortalia dona capeſſunt.
Matres, et longæ nunc reddita corpora vitæ
Infantum, juvenes, pueri, innuptæque puellæ
Stant circum, atque avidos jubar immortale bibentes
Affigunt oculos in Numine; laudibus æther
Intonat, et læto ridet cœlum omne triumpho.
His amor impatiens conceptaque gaudia mentem
Funditus exagitant, immoque in pectore ſervent.
Non æque exultat flagranti corde Sibylla,
Hoſpite cum tumet incluſo, et præcordia ſentit
Mota Dei ſtimulis, nimioque calentia Phœbo.
Quis tamen ille novus perſtringit lumina fulgor?
Quam mitra effigiem diſtinxit piſtor, honeſto
Surgentem è tumulo, alatoque ſatellite fultam?
Agnoſco faciem, vultu latet alter in illo
Wainfletus *, ſic ille oculos, ſic ora ferebat:
Eheu quando animi par invenietur imago!
Quando alium ſimilem virtus habitura!——
Irati innocuas ſecurus numinis iras
Aſpicit, impavidoſque in judice figit ocellos.
Quin age, et horrentem commixtis igne tenebris
Jam videas ſcenam; multo hic ſtagnantia fuco

* Coll. Magd. Fundator.

Mœnia flagrantem liquefacto ſulphure rivum
Fingunt, et falſus tanta arte accenditur ignis,
Ut toti metuas tabulæ, ne flamma per omne
Livida ſerpat opus, tenueſque abſumpta recedat
Pictura in cineres, propiris peritura favillis.
Huc turba infelix agitur, turpiſque videri
Infrendet dentes, et rugis contrahit ora.
Vindex à tergo implacabile ſævit, et enſem
Fulmineum vibrans acie flagrante ſceleſtos
Jam paradiſeis iterum depellit ab oris.
Heu? quid agat triſtis? quo ſe cœleſtibus iris
Subtrahat? O! quantum vellet nunc æthere in alto
Virtutem colere! at tandem ſuſpiria ducit
Nequicquam, et ſero in lachrymas effunditur; obſtant
Sortes non revocandæ, et inexorable numen.
Quam varias aperit veneres pictura! periti
Quot calami legimus veſtigia! quanta colorum
Gratia ſe profert! tales non diſcolor Iris
Oſtendat, vario cum lumine floridus imber
Rore nitet toto, et gutta, ſcintillat in omni.
O fuci nitor, O pulchri durate colores!
Nec, pictura, tuæ langueſcat gloria formæ,
Dum lucem videas, qualem exprimis ipſa, ſupremam.

SPHÆRISTERIUM.

HIC ubi graminea in latum ſeſe explicat æquor
Planities, vacuoque ingens patet area campo
Cum ſolem nondum fumantia prata fatentur
Exortum, et tumidæ pendent in gramine guttæ,
Improba falx noctis parva incrementa prioris
Deſecat, exiguam radens a ceſpite meſſem:
Tum motu aſſiduo ſaxum verſatile terram
Deprimit extantem, et ſurgentes atterit herbas.
Lignea percurrent vernantem turba palæſtram
Uncta, nitens oleo, formæ quibus eſſe rotundæ
Artificis ferum dederat, faciliſque moveri.
Ne tamen offendant incauti errore globorum,
Quæque ſuis inciſa notis ſtat ſphæra; ſed unus
Hanc vult, quæ infuſo multum inclinata metallo
Vertitur in gyros, et iniquo tramite currit;

Quin alii diverſa placet, quam parcius urget
Plumbea vis, motuque ſinit procedere recto.
Poſtquam ideo in partes turbam diſtinxerat æquas
Conſilium, aut ſors; quiſque ſuis accingitur armis.
Evolat orbiculus, qua curſum meta futurum
Deſignat; jactique legens veſtigia, primam,
Qui certamen init, ſphæram demittit, at illa
Leniter effuſa, exiguum quod ducit in orbem,
Radit iter, donec ſenſim primo impete feſſo
Subſiſtat: ſubito globus emicat alter et alter.
Mox ubi funduntur late agmina crebra minorem
Sparſa per obiculum, ſtipantque frequentia metam,
Atque negant faciles aditus: jam cautius exit,
Et leviter ſeſe inſinuat revolubile lignum.
At ſi forte globum, qui miſic, ſpectat inertem
Serpere, et impreſſum ſubito langueſcere motum,
Pone urget ſphæræ veſtigia, et anxius inſtat,
Objurgatque moras, currentique imminet orbi.
Atque ut ſegnis honos dextræ ſervetur iniquam
Incuſat terram, ac ſurgentem in marmore nodum.
Nec riſus tacuere, globus cum volvitur actus
Infami jactu, aut nimium veſtigia plumbum
Allicit, et ſphæram à recto trahit inſita virtus.
Tum qui projecit, ſtrepitus effundit inanes,
Et, variam in ſpeciem diſtorto corpore, falſos
Increpat errores, et dat convitia ligno.
Sphæra ſed, irarum temnens ludibria, cœptum
Pergit iter, nulliſque movetur ſurda querelis.
Illa tamen laudes ſummumque meretur honorem,
Quæ non dirumpit curſum, abſiſtitque moveri,
Donec turbam inter crebram dilapſa ſupremum
Perfecit ſtadium, et metæ inclinata recumbit.
Hoſtis at hærentem orbiculo dertudere ſphæram
Certat, luminibuſque viam ſignantibus omnes
Intendit vires, et miſſile fortiter urget:
Evolat adducto non ſegnis ſphæra lacerto.
Haud ita proſiliens Elëo carcare pernix
Auriga invehitur, cum raptus ab axe citato
Currenteſque domos videt, et fugientia tecta.
Si tamen in duros, obſtructa ſatellite multo,

Impingat ſocios, confundatque orbibus orbes ;
Tum ſervit bilis, fortunam damnat acerbam,
Atque Deos atque aſtra vocat crudelia——
Si vero incurſus faciles, aditumque patentem
Inveniat, partoque hoſtis ſpolietur honore :
Turba fremit confuſa, ſoniſque frequentibus, euge,
Exclamant ſocii ; plauſu ſtrepit omni viretum.
Interea feſſos inimiço Sirius aſtro
Corripit, et ſalſas exudant corpora guttas ;
Lenia jam Zephyri ſpirantes frigora, et umbræ
Captantur, vultuque fluens abſtergitur humor.

AD D. D. HANNES,

INSIGNISSIMUM MEDICUM ET POETAM.

O QUI canoro blandius Orpheo
Vocale ducis carmen, et exitu
Feliciore luctuoſis
Sæpe animam rovocas ab umbris.

Jam ſeu ſolutos in numerum pedes
Cogis, vel ægrum et vix animæ tenax
Corpus tueris, ſeu cadaver
Luminibus penetras acutis ;

Opus relinquens eripe te moræ,
Frontemque curis ſolicitam explica,
Scyphumque jucundus require
Purpureo gravidum Lyæo.

Nunc plena magni pocula poſtules
Memor Wilhelmi, nunc moveat ſitim
Miniſter ingens, imperîque
Præſidium haud leve, Montacutus,

Omitte tandem triſte negotium
Graveſque curas, heu nimium pius !
Nec cæteros cautus mederi
Ipſe tuam minuas ſalutem,

Fruſtra cruorem pulſibus incitis
Ebullientem pollice comprimis,
Attentus explorare venam
Quæ febris exagitet tumentem:

Fruſtra liquores quot Chymica expedit
Fornax, et error ſanguinis, et vigor
Innatus herbis te fatigant:
Serius aut citius ſepulchro

Debemur omnes, vitaque deſeret
Expulſa morbis corpus inhoſpitum,
Lentumque deflebunt nepotes
(Relliquias animæ) cadaver.

Manes videbis tu quoque fabulas,
Quos pauciores fecerit ars tua;
Suumque victorem viciſſim
Subjiciet Libitina victrix.

Decurrit illi vita beatior
Quicunque lucem non nimis anxius
Reddit moleſtam, urgetque curas
Sponte ſua ſatis ingruentes;

Et quem dierum lene fluentium
Delectat ordo, vitaque mutuis
Felix amicis, gaudiiſque
Innocuis bene temperata.

MACHINÆ GESTICULANTES.

ANGLICE
A PUPPET-SHOW.

ADMIRANDA cano levium ſpectacula rerum,
Exiguam gentem, et vacuum ſine mente popellum;
Quem, non ſurreptis cœli de fornice flammis,
Innocua melior fabricaverat arte Prometheus.
Compita qua riſu ſervent, glomeratque tumultum
Hiſtrio, delectatque inhiantem ſcommate turbam;

Quotquot lætitiæ ſtudio aut novitate tenentur,
Undique congreſſi permiſſa ſedilia complent,
Nec confuſus honos; nummo ſubſellia cedunt
Diverſo, et varii ad pretium ſtat copia ſcamni.
Tandem ubi ſubtrahitur velamen, lumina paſſim
Anguſtos penetrant aditus, qua plurima viſum
Fila ſecant, ne, cum vacuo datur ore feneſtra,
Pervia fraus pateat: mox ſtridula turba penates
Ingreditur pictos, et mœnia ſquallido fuco,
Hic humiles inter ſcenas, anguſtaque clauſtra,
Quicquid agunt homines, concurſus, bella, triumphos,
Ludit in exiguo plebecula parvo theatro.
Sed præter reliquos incidit Homuncio rauca
Voce ſtrepens; major ſubnectit fibula veſtem,
Et referunt vivos errantia lumina motus;
In ventrem tumet immodicum; pone eminet ingens
A tergo gibbus; Pygmœum territat agmen
Major, et immanem miratur turba Gigantem.
Hic magna fretus mole, imparibuſque lacertis
Confiſus, gracili jactat convitia vulgo,
Et crebro ſolvit, lepidum caput, ora cachinno.
Quanquam res agitur ſolenni ſeria pompa,
Spernit ſollicitum intractabilis ille tumultum,
Et riſu importunus adeſt, atque omnia turbat.
Nec raro invadit molles, pictamque protervo
Ore petit nympham, invitoque dat oſcula ligno,
Sed comitum vulgus diverſis membra fatigant
Ludis, et vario laſcivit mobile ſaltu.
Sæpe etiam gemmis rutila, et ſpectabilis auro,
Lignea gens prodit, nitidiſque ſuperbit in oſtris.
Nam, quoties feſtam celebrat ſub imagine lucem,
Ordine compoſito nympharum incedit honeſtum
Agmen, et exigui proceres, parvique Quirites.
Pygmæos credas poſitis miteſcere bellis,
Jamque, infenſa Gruum temnentes prælia, tutos
Indulgere jocis, teneriſque vacare choreis.
Tales, cum medio labuntur ſidera cœlo,
Parvi ſubſiliunt Lemures, populuſque puſillus
Feſtivos, rediens ſua per veſtigia, gyros
Ducit, et anguſtum crebro pede pulſitat orbem.

Mane patent greſſus; hic ſuccos terra feraces
Concipit, in multam pubentia gramina ſurgunt
Luxuriem, teneriſque vireſcit circulus herbis.
At non tranquillas nulla abdunt nubila luces,
Sæpe gravi ſurgunt bella, horrida bella tumultu.
Arma cient truculenta cohors, placidamque quietem
Dirumpunt pugnæ; uſque adeo inſincera voluptas
Omnibus, et miſtæ caſtigant gaudia curæ.
Jam gladii, tubulique ingeſto ſulphure fœti,
Protenſæque haſtæ, fulgentiaque arma, minæque
Telorum ingentes ſubeunt; dant clauſtra fragorem
Horrendum, ruptæ ſtridente bitumine chartæ
Confuſos reddunt crepitus, et ſibila miſcent.
Sternitur omne ſolum pereuntibus; undique cæſæ
Apparent turmæ, civilis crimina belli.
Sed poſtquam inſanus pugnæ deſerbuit æſtus,
Exuerintque truces animos, jam Marte fugato,
Diverſas repetunt artes, curaſque priores.
Nec raro priſci heroes, quos pagina ſacra
Suggerit, atque olim peperit felicior ætas,
Hic parva redeunt ſpecie. Cano ordine cernas
Antiquos prodire, agmen venerabile, patres.
Rugis fulcantur vultus, prolixaque barbæ
Canities mento pendet: ſic tarda ſenectus
Tithonum minuit, cum moles tota cicadam
Induit, in gracilem ſenſim collecta figuram.
Nunc tamen unde genus ducat, quæ dextra latentes
Suppeditet vires, quem poſcat turba moventem,
Expediam. Truncos opifex et inutile lignum
Cogit in humanas ſpecies, et robore natam
Progeniem telo efformat, nexuque tenaci
Crura ligat pedibus, humeriſque accommodat armos.
Et membris membra aptat, et artubus inſuit artus.
Tunc habiles addit trochleas, quibus arte puſillum
Verſat onus, molique manu famulatus inerti
Sufficit occultos motus, vocemque miniſtrat.
His ſtructa auxiliis jam machina tota peritos
Oſtendit ſulcos, duri et veſtigia ferri:
Hinc ſalit, atque agili ſe ſublevat incita motu,
Voceſque emittit tenues, et non ſua verba.

AD INSIGNISSIMUM VIRUM

D. THO. BURNETTUM,

SACRÆ THEORIÆ TELLURIS AUCTOREM.

NON uſitatum carminis alitem,
Burnette, poſcis, non humiles modos ;
Vulgare plectrum, languidæque
Reſpuis officium camœnæ.

Tu mixta rerum ſemina conſcius,
Molemque cernis diſſociabilem,
Terramque concretam, et latentem
Oceanum gremio capaci :

Dum veritatem quærere pertinax
Ignota pandis, ſollicitus parum
Utcunque ſtet commune vulgi
Arbitrium et popularis error.

Auditur ingens continuo fragor,
Illapſa tellus lubrica deſerit
Fundamina, et compage fracta
Suppoſitas gravis urget undas.

Impulſus erumpit medius liquor,
Terras aquarum effuſa licentia
Claudit viciſſim ; has inter orbis
Relliquiæ fluitant prioris.

Nunc et recluſo carcere lucidam
Balæna ſpectat ſolis imaginem,
Stellaſque miratur nutantes,
Et tremulæ ſimulacru lunæ.

Quæ pompa vocum non imitabilis !
Qualis caleſcit ſpiritus ingenî !
Ut tollis undas ! ut frementem
Diluvii reprimis tumultum !

Quis tam valenti pectore ferreus
Ut non tremiſcens et timido pede
Incedat, orbis dum doloſi
Detegis inſtabiles ruinas ?

Quin hæc cadentum fragmina montium
Natura vultum ſumere ſimplicem
Coget refingens, in priorem
Mox iterum reditura formam.

Nimbis rubentem ſulphureis Jovem
Cernas ; ut udis ſævit atrox hyems
Incendiis, commune mundo
Et populis meditata buſtum !

Nudus liquentes plorat, Athos nives
Et mox liqueſcens ipſe adamantinum
Fundit cacumen, dum per imas
Saxa fluunt reſoluta valles.

Jamque alta cœli mœnia corruunt,
Et veſtra tandem pagina (proh nefas !)
Burnette, veſtra augebit ignes,
Heu ſocio perituro mundo.

Mox æqua tellus, mox ſubitus viror
Ubique rident : en teretem globum !
En læta vernantes Favonî
Flamina, perpetuoſque flores !

O pectus ingens ! O animum gravem,
Mundi capacem ! ſi bonus auguror,
Te, noſtra quo tellus ſuperbit,
Accipiet renovata civem.

TRANSLATIONS.

FROM OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

BOOK II.

The Story of Phaeton.

THE ſun's bright palace, on high columns rais'd,
With burniſh'd gold and flaming jewels blaz'd:
The folding gates diffus'd a ſilver light,
And with a milder gleam refreſh'd the ſight;
Of poliſh'd iv'ry was the cov'ring wrought:
The matter vy'd not with the ſculptor's thought,
For in the portal was diſplay'd on high
(The work of Vulcan) a fictitious ſky;
A waving ſea th' inferior earth embrac'd,
And gods and goddeſſes the waters grac'd:
Ægeon here a mighty whale beſtrode;
Triton and Proteus (the deceiving god)
With Doris here were carv'd, and all her train,
Some looſely ſwimming in the figur'd main,
While ſome on rocks their drooping hair divide,
And ſome on fiſhes thro' the waters glide.
Tho' various features did the ſiſters grace,
A ſiſter's likeneſs was in ev'ry face
On earth a diff'rent landſcape courts the eyes,
Men, towns, and beaſts, in diſtant proſpects riſe,
And nymphs, and ſtreams, and woods, and rural deities.
O'er all, the heaven's refulgent image ſhines;
On either gate were ſix engraven ſigns.
Here Phaeton, ſtill gaining on th' aſcent,
To his ſuſpected father's palace went,
Till preſſing forward thro' the bright abode,
He ſaw, at diſtance, the illuſtrious god;
He ſaw at diſtance, or the dazzling light
Had flaſh'd too ſtrongly on his aking ſight.
The god ſits high, exalted on a throne
Of blazing gems, with purple garments on;
The Hours in order rang'd on either hand,
And Days, and Months, and Years, and Ages, ſtand.
Here Spring appears with flow'ry chaplets bound,
Here Summer in her wheaten garland crown'd;

Here Autumn the rich trodden grapes beſmear,
And hoary Winter ſhivers in the rear.
Phœbus beheld the youth from off his throne;
That eye which looks on all was fix'd on one:
He ſaw the boy's confuſion in his face,
Surpris'd at all the wonders of the place;
And cries aloud, "What wants my ſon? for know
"My ſon thou art, and I muſt call thee ſo."
"Light of the world!" the trembling youth replies,
"Illuſtrious parent! ſince you don't deſpiſe
"The parent's name, ſome certain token give
"That I may Clymenè's proud boaſt believe,
"Nor longer under falſe reproaches grieve."
The tender ſire was touch'd with what he ſaid,
And flung the blaze of glories from his head,
And bid the youth advance: "My ſon," ſaid he,
"Come to thy father's arms; for Clymenè
"Has told thee true; a parent's name I own,
"And deem thee worthy to be call'd my ſon:
"As a ſure proof, make ſome requeſt, and I,
"What'er it be, with that requeſt, comply;
"By Styx I ſwear, whoſe waves are hid in night,
"And roll impervious to my piercing ſight."
The youth, tranſported, aſks, without delay,
To guide the ſun's bright chariot for a day.
The god repented of the oath he took,
For anguiſh thrice his radiant head he ſhook:
"My ſon," ſays he, "ſome other proof require;
"Raſh was my promiſe, raſh is thy deſire.
"I'd fain deny this wiſh which thou haſt made,
"Or, what I can't deny, would fain diſſuade.
"Too vaſt and hazardous the taſk appears,
"Nor ſuited to thy ſtrength nor to thy years.
"Thy lot is mortal, but thy wiſhes fly
"Beyond the province of mortality.
"There is not one of all the gods that dares
"(However ſkill'd in other great affairs)
"To mount the burning axletree but I;
"Not Jove himſelf, the ruler of the ſky.

" That hurls the three-fork'd thunder from above,
" Dares try his ſtrength; yet who ſo ſtrong as Jove?
" The ſteeds climb up the firſt aſcent with pain,
" And when the middle firmament they gain,
" If downwards from the heavens my head I bow,
" And ſee the earth and ocean hang helow,
" Ev'n I am ſeiz'd with horror and affright,
" And my own heart miſgives me at the ſight;
" A mighty downfal ſteeps the ev'ning ſtage,
" And ſteady reins muſt curb the horſes' rage.
" Tethys herſelf has fear'd to ſee me driv'n
" Down headlong from the precipice of heav'n.
" Beſides, conſider what impetuous force
" Turns ſtars and planets in a diff'rent courſe:
" I ſteer againſt their motions; nor am I
" Borne back by all the current of the ſky.
" But how could you reſiſt the orbs that roll
" In adverſe whirls, and ſtem the rapid pole?
" But you perhaps may hope for pleaſing woods,
" And ſtately domes, and cities fill'd with gods,
" While thro' a thouſand ſnares your progreſs lies,
" Where forms of ſtarry monſters ſtock the ſkies:
" For ſhould you hit the doubtful way aright,
" The Bull with ſtooping horns ſtands oppoſite;
" Next him the bright Hæmonian bow is ſtrung;
" And next the Lion's grinning viſage hung;
" The Scorpion's claws here claſp a wide extent,
" And here the Crab's in leſſer claſps are bent.
" Nor would you find it eaſy to compoſe
" The mettled ſteeds, when from their noſtrils flows
" The ſcorching fire that in their entrails glows.
" Ev'n I their headſtrong fury ſcarce reſtrain,
" When they grow warm and reſtiff to the rein.
" Let not my ſon a fatal gift require,
" But, O! in time recal your raſh deſire:
" You aſk a gift that may your parent tell;
" Let theſe my fears your parentage reveal;
" And learn a father from a father's care:
" Look on my face; or if my heart lay bare,
" Could you but look, you'd read the father there.

" Chuſe out a gift from ſeas, or earth, or ſkies,
" For open to your wiſh all nature lies,
" Only decline this one unequal taſk,
" For 'tis a miſchief, not a gift, you aſk:
" You aſk a real miſchief, Phaeton;
" Nay, hang not thus about my neck, my ſon:
" I grant your wiſh, and Styx has heard my voice,
" Chuſe what you will, but make a wiſer choice."
Thus did the God th' unwary youth adviſe,
But he ſtill longs to travel thro' the ſkies;
When the fond father (for in vain he pleads)
At length to the Vulcanian chariot leads.
A golden axle did the work uphold,
Gold was the beam, the wheels were orb'd with gold.
The ſpokes in rows of ſilver pleas'd the ſight,
The ſeat with party-color'd gems was bright;
Apollo ſhin'd amid the glare of light.
The youth with ſecret joy the work ſurveys,
When now the Morn diſclos'd her purple rays:
The ſtars were fled; for Lucifer had chas'd
The ſtars away, and fled himſelf at laſt.
Soon as the father ſaw the roſy Morn,
And the moon ſhining with a blunter horn,
He bid the nimble Hours, without delay,
Bring forth the ſteeds; the nimble Hours obey:
From their full racks the gen'rous ſteeds retire,
Dropping ambroſial foams, and ſnorting fire.
Still anxious for his ſon, the God of Day,
To make him proof againſt the burning ray,
His temples with celeſtial oinment wet,
Of ſov'reign virtue to repel the heat;
Then fix'd the beamy circle on his head,
And fetch'd a deep foreboding ſigh, and ſaid:
" Take this, at leaſt, this laſt advice, my ſon:
" Keep a ſtiff rein, and move but gently on;
" The courſers of themſelves will run too faſt;
" Your art muſt be to moderate their haſte:
" Drive 'em not on directly thro' the ſkies,
" But were the Zodiack's winding circle lies,

" Along the midmoſt zone; but ſally forth
" Nor to the diſtant South nor ſtormy North.
" The horſe's hoofs a beaten track will ſhow,
" But neither mount too high, nor ſink too low,
" That no new fires or heaven or earth infeſt;
" Keep the midway; the middle way is beſt.
" Nor where in radiant folds the Serpent twines
" Direct your courſe, nor where the Altar ſhines.
" Shun both extremes; the reſt let Fortune guide,
" And better for thee than thyſelf provide!
" See, while I ſpeak the ſhades diſperſe away,
" Aurora gives the promiſe of a day;
" I'm call'd, nor can I make a longer ſtay.
" Snatch up the reins; or ſtill th' attempt forſake,
" And not my chariot, but my counſel, take,
" While yet ſecurely on the earth you ſtand,
" Nor touch the horſes with too raſh a hand.
" Let me alone to light the world, while you
" Enjoy thoſe beams which you may ſafely view."
He ſpoke in vain; the youth with active heat
And ſprightly vigour vaults into the ſeat,
And joys to hold the reins, and fondly gives
Thoſe thanks his father with remorſe receives.
Mean-while the reſtleſs horſes neigh'd aloud,
Breathing out fire, and pawing where they ſtood;
Tethys, not knowing what had paſt, gave way,
And all the waſte of heaven before them lay.
They ſpring together out, and ſwiftly bear
The flying youth thro' clouds and yielding air,
With wingy ſpeed outſtrip the eaſtern wind,
And leave the breezes of the morn behind.
The youth was light, nor could he fill the ſeat,
Or poiſe the chariot with its wonted weight;
But as at ſea th' unballaſt veſſel rides,
Caſt to and fro, the ſport of winds and tides,
So in the bounding chariot toſs'd on high,
The youth is hurry'd headlong thro' the ſky.
Soon as the ſteeds perceive it, they forſake
Their ſtated courſe, and leave the beaten track.

The youth was in a maze, nor did he know
Which way to turn the reins, or where to go;
Nor would the horſes, had he known, obey;
Then the Seven Stars firſt felt Apollo's ray,
And wiſh'd to dip in the forbidden ſea:
The folded Serpent next the Frozen Pole,
Stiff and benum'd before, began to roll.
And rag'd with inward heat, and threaten'd war,
And ſhot a redder light from every ſtar;
Nay, and 'tis ſaid, Boötes, too, that fain
Thou wouldſt have fled, tho' cumber'd with thy Wain.
Th' unhappy youth then bending down his head,
Saw earth and ocean far beneath him ſpread:
His colour chang'd, he ſtartled at the ſight,
And his eyes darken'd by too great a light.
Now could he wiſh the fiery ſteeds untry'd,
His birth obſcure, and his requeſt deny'd:
Now would he Merops for his father own,
And quit his boaſted kindred to the ſun.
So fares the pilot when his ſhip is toſt
In troubled ſeas, and all its ſteerage loſt;
He gives her to the winds, and, in deſpair,
Seeks his laſt refuge in the gods and prayer.
What could he do? his eyes, if backward caſt,
Find a long path he had already paſt;
If forward, ſtill a longer path they find;
Both he compares, and meaſures in his mind,
And ſometimes caſts an eye upon the Eaſt,
And ſometimes looks on the forbidden Weſt:
The horſes' names he knew not in the fright,
Nor would he looſe the reins, nor could he hold 'em [tight.
Now all the horrors of the heavens he ſpies,
And monſtrous ſhadows of prodigious ſize,
That deck'd with ſtars lie ſcatter'd o'er the ſkies.
There is a place above, where Scorpio, bent
In tail and arms, ſurrounds a vaſt extent;
In a wide circuit of the heav'ns he ſhines,
And fills the ſpace of two celeſtial ſigns.
Soon as the youth beheld him, vex'd with heat,
Brandiſh his ſting, and in his poiſon ſweat,

Half dead with ſudden fear he dropt the reins:
The horſes felt 'em looſe upon their manes,
And flying out thro' all the plains above,
Ran uncontroll'd where'er their fury drove;
Ruſh'd on the ſtars, and thro' a pathleſs way
Of unknown regions hurry'd on the day:
And now above and now below they flew,
And near the earth the burning chariot drew.
The clouds diſperſe in fumes, the wond'ring Moon
Beholds her brother's ſteeds beneath her own;
The high lands ſmoke, cleft by the piercing rays,
Or, clad with woods, in their own fuel blaze:
Next o'er the plains, where ripen'd harveſts grow,
The running conflagration ſpreads below.
But theſe are trivial ills; whole cities burn,
And peopled kingdoms into aſhes turn.
The mountains kindle as the car draws near,
Athos and Tmolus red with fires appear;
Oeagrian Hæmus (then a ſingle name)
And virgin Helicon increaſe the flame;
Taurus and Oete glare amid the ſky,
And Ida, ſpite of all her fountains, dry.
Eryx, and Othrys, and Cithæron glow,
And Rhodope, no longer cloth'd in ſnow;
High Pindus, Mimas, and Parnaſſus, ſweat,
And Ætna rages with redoubled heat:
Ev'n Scythia, thro' her hoary regions warm'd,
In vain with all her native froſt was arm'd:
Cover'd with flames, the towering Appennine,
And Caucaſus, and proud Olympus, ſhine;
And where the long-extended Alps aſpire
Now ſtands a huge continu'd range of fire.
Th' aſtoniſh'd youth, where'er his eyes could turn,
Beheld the univerſe around him burn:
The world was in a blaze; nor could he bear
The ſultry vapours and the ſcorching air,
Which from below, as from a furnace, flow'd;
And now the axletree beneath him glow'd:
Loſt in the whirling clouds that round him broke,
And white with aſhes, hov'ring in the ſmoke,

He flew where'er the horſes drove, nor knew
Whither the horſes drove, or where he flew.
'Twas then, they ſay, the ſwarthy Moor begun
To change his hue, and blacken in the ſun.
Then Lybia firſt, of all her moiſture drain'd,
Became a barren waſte, a wild of ſand.
The water-nymphs lament their empty urns,
Bœotia, robb'd of ſilver Dirce, mourns;
Corinth Pyrene's waſted ſpring bewails,
And Argos grieves whilſt Amymonè fails.
The floods are drain'd from ev'ry diſtant coaſt;
E'en Tanaïs, tho' fix'd in ice, was loſt;
Enrag'd Caïcus and Lycormas roar,
And Xanthus, fated to be burnt once more:
The fam'd Mæander, that unweary'd ſtrays
Thro' mazy windings, ſmokes in every maze:
From his lov'd Babylon Euphrates flies;
The big-ſwoln Ganges and the Danube riſe
In thick'ning fumes, and darken half the ſkies:
In flames Iſmenos and the Phaſis roll'd,
And Tagus floating in his melted gold;
The ſwans, that on Cäyſter often try'd
Their tuneful ſongs, now ſung their laſt, and dy'd:
The frighted Nile ran off, and under ground
Conceal'd his head, nor can it yet be found;
His ſeven divided currents all are dry,
And where they roll'd ſeven gaping trenches lie:
No more the Rhine or Rhone their courſe maintain,
Nor Tiber, of his promis'd empire vain.
The ground, deep cleft, admits the dazzling ray,
And ſtartles Pluto with the flaſh of day:
The ſeas ſhrink in, and to the ſight diſcloſe
Wide naked plains, where once their billows roſe:
Their rocks are all diſcover'd, and increaſe
The number of the ſcatter'd Cyclades:
The fiſh in ſhoals about the bottom creep,
Nor longer dares the crooked dolphin leap:
Gaſping for breath th' unſhapen Phocæ die,
And on the boiling wave extended lie:

Nereus and Doris, with her virgin train,
Seek out the laſt receſſes of the main;
Beneath unfathomable depths they faint,
And ſecret in their gloomy caverns pant:
Stern Neptune thrice above the waves upheld
His face, and thrice was by the flames repell'd.
The Earth at length, on ev'ry ſide embrac'd
With ſcalding ſeas, that floated round her waiſt,
When now ſhe felt the ſprings and rivers come,
And crowd within the hollow of her womb,
Uplifted to the heav'ns her blaſted head,
And clapt her hand upon her brows, and ſaid;
(But firſt, impatient of the ſultry heat,
Sunk deeper down, and ſought a cooler ſeat)
" If you, great King of gods! my death approve,
" And I deſerve it, let me die by Jove;
" If I muſt periſh by the force of fire,
" Let me transfix'd with thunderbolts expire.
" See, whilſt I ſpeak, my breath the vapours choke,
" (For now her face lay wrapt in clouds of ſmoke)
" See my ſing'd hair, behold my faded eye
" And wither'd face, where heaps of cinders lie!
" And does the plough for this my body tear?
" This the reward for all the fruits I bear,
" Tortur'd with rakes, and harraſs'd all the year?
" That herbs for cattle daily I renew,
" And food for man, and frankincenſe for you?
" But grant me guilty; what has Neptune done?
" Why are his waters boiling in the ſun?
" The wavy empire, which by lot was given,
" Why does it waſte, and further ſhrink from heaven?
" If I nor he your pity can provoke,
" See your own heavens, the heavens begin to ſmoke!
" Should once the ſparkles catch thoſe bright abodes,
" Deſtruction ſeizes on the heavens and gods;
" Atlas becomes unequal to his freight,
" And almoſt faints beneath the glowing weight.
" If heav'n, and earth, and ſea, together burn,
" All muſt again into their chaos turn,

" Apply ſome ſpeedy cure, prevent our fate,
" And ſuccour nature ere it be too late."
She ceas'd, for choak'd with vapours round her ſpread,
Down to the deepeſt ſhades ſhe ſunk her head.
Jove call'd to witneſs ev'ry pow'r above,
And ev'n the god whoſe ſon the chariot drove,
That what he acts he is compell'd to do,
Or univerſal ruin muſt enſue.
Straight he aſcends the high ethereal throne,
From whence he us'd to dart his thunder down.
From whence his ſhow'rs and ſtorms he us'd to pour,
But now could meet with neither ſtorms nor ſhow'r,
Then aiming at the youth with lifted hand,
Full at his head he hurl'd the forky brand.
In dreadful thund'rings. Thus the Almighty ſire
Suppreſs'd the ragings of the fires with fire.
At once from life and from the chariot driven,
The ambitious boy fell thunderſtruck from heav'n:
The horſes ſtarted with a ſudden bound,
And flung the reins and chariot to the ground:
The ſtudded harneſs from their necks they broke;
Here fell a wheel, and here a ſilver ſpoke;
Here were the beam and axle torn away,
And ſcatter'd o'er the earth the ſhining fragments lay:
The breathleſs Phaeton, with flaming hair,
Shot from the chariot like a fallen ſtar,
That in a ſummer's ev'ning from the top
Of heav'n drops down, or ſeems at leaſt to drop;
Till on the Po his blaſted corpſe was hurl'd,
Far from his country, in the weſtern world.

Phaeton's Siſters transformed into Trees.

THE Latian nymphs came round him, and amaz'd,
On the dead youth, transfix'd with thunder gaz'd,
And, whilſt yet ſmoking from the bolt he lay,
His ſhatter'd body to a tomb convey,
And o'er the tomb an epitaph deviſe;
" Here he who drove the ſun's bright chariot lies;
" His father's fiery ſteeds he could not guide,
But in the glorious enterpriſe he dy'd."

Apollo hid his face, and pin'd for grief;
And if the ſtory may deſerve belief,
The ſpace of one whole day is ſaid to run,
From morn to wonted eve, without a ſun;
The burning ruins, with a fainter ray,
Supply the ſun, and counterfeit a day;
A day that ſtill did Nature's face diſcloſe;
This comfort from the mighty miſchief roſe.
But Clymenè, enrag'd with grief, laments,
And as her grief inſpires her paſſion vents:
Wild for her ſon, and frantic in her woes,
With hair diſhevell'd, round the world ſhe goes,
To ſeek where'er his body might be caſt,
Till, on the borders of the Po, at laſt
The name inſcrib'd on the new tomb appears;
The dear dear name ſhe bathes in flowing tears,
Hangs o'er the tomb, unable to depart,
And hugs the marble to her throbbing heart.
Her daughters, too, lament, and ſigh, and mourn,
(A fruitleſs tribute to their brother's urn)
And beat their naked boſoms, and complain,
And call aloud for Phaeton in vain;
All the long night their mournful watch they keep,
And all the day ſtand round the tomb and weep.
Four times, revolving, the full moon return'd,
So long the mother and the daughters mourn'd;
When now the eldeſt, Phæthuſia ſtrove
To reſt her weary limbs, but could not move;
Lampetia would have help'd her, but ſhe found
Herſelf withheld, and rooted to the ground:
A third in wild affliction, as ſhe grieves,
Would rend her hair, but fills her hands with leaves:
One ſees her thighs transform'd, another views
Her arms ſhot out, and branching into boughs.
And now their legs, and breaſts, and bodies, ſtood
Cruſted with bark, and hard'ning into wood;
But ſtill above were female heads diſplay'd,
And mouths, that call'd the mother to their aid.
What could, alas! the weeping mother do?

From this to that with eager haſte ſhe flew,
And kiſs'd her ſprouting daughters as they grew:
She tears the bark that to each body cleaves,
And from the verdant fingers ſtrips the leaves:
The blood came trickling where ſhe tore away
The leaves and bark: the maids were heard to ſay,
"Forbear, miſtaken Parent, oh! forbear;
"A wounded daughter in each tree you tear:
"Farewell for ever." Here the bark increas'd,
Clos'd on their faces, and their words ſuppreſs'd.
The new-made trees in tears of amber run,
Which, harden'd into value by the ſun,
Diſtil for ever on the ſtreams below;
The limpid ſtreams their radiant treaſure ſhow,
Mixt in the ſand, whence the rich drops convey'd
Shine in the dreſs of the bright Latian maid.

The Transformation of Cycnus into a Swan.

CYCNUS beheld the nymphs transform'd, ally'd
To their dead brother on the mortal ſide,
In friendſhip and affection nearer bound,
He left the cities and the realms he own'd,
Thro' pathleſs fields and lonely ſhores to range,
And woods, made thicker by the ſiſters' change.
Whilſt here, within the diſmal gloom, alone,
The melancholy monarch made his moan,
His voice was leſſen'd, as he try'd to ſpeak,
And iſſu'd thro' a long extended neck;
His hair transforms to down, his fingers meet
In ſkinny films, and ſhape his oary feet;
From both his ſides the wings and feathers break,
And from his mouth proceeds a blunted beak;
All Cycnus now into a Swan was turn'd,
Who ſtill remembring how his kinſman burn'd,
To ſolitary pools and lakes retires,
And loves the waters as oppos'd to fires.
Mean-while Apollo, in a gloomy ſhade,
(The native luſtre of his brows decay'd)
Indulging ſorrow, ſickens at the ſight
Of his own ſunſhine, and abhors the light;

The hidden griefs that in his boſom riſe
Sadden his looks, and overcaſt his eyes,
As when ſome duſky orb obſtructs his ray,
And ſullies, in a dim eclipſe, the day.
Now ſecretly with inward griefs he pin'd,
Now warm reſentments to his griefs he join'd,
And now renounc'd his office to mankind.
" Ere ſince the birth of time," ſaid he, " I've borne
" A long ungrateful toil without return ;
" Let now ſome other manage, if he dare,
" The fiery ſteeds, and mount the burning car ;
" Or if none elſe, let Jove his fortune try,
" And learn to lay his murd'ring thunder by ;
" Then will he own, perhaps, but own too late,
" My ſon deſerv'd not ſo ſevere a fate."
The gods ſtand round him as he mourns, and pray
He would reſume the conduct of the day,
Nor let the world be loſt in endleſs night ;
Jove, too, himſelf, deſcending from his height,
Excuſes what had happen'd, and entreats,
Majeſtically mixing pray'rs and threats.
Prevail'd upon at length, again he took
The harneſs'd ſteeds, that ſtill with horror ſhook,
And plies them with the laſh, and whips them on,
And, as he whips, upbraids them with his ſon.

The Story of Caliſto.

THE day was ſettled in its courſe, and Jove
Walk'd the wide circuit of the heav'ns above,
To ſearch if any cracks or flaws were made ;
But all was ſafe : the earth he then ſurvey'd,
And caſt an eye on ev'ry diff'rent coaſt,
And every land, but on Arcadia moſt :
Her fields he cloth'd and cheer'd her blaſted face
With running fountains and with ſpringing graſs :
No tracks of heaven's deſtructive fire remain,
The fields and woods revive, and Nature ſmiles again.
But as the god walk'd to and fro the earth,
And rais'd the plants, and gave the ſpring its birth,

By chance a fair Arcadian nymph he view'd,
And felt the lovely charmer in his blood.
The nymph nor ſpun nor dreſs'd with artful pride;
Her veſt was gather'd up, her hair was ty'd;
Now in her hand a ſlender ſpear ſhe bore,
Now a light quiver on her ſhoulders wore;
To chaſte Diana from her youth inclin'd,
The ſprightly warriors of the wood ſhe join'd:
Diana too the gentle huntreſs lov'd,
Nor was there one of all the nymphs that rov'd
O'er Mænalus, amid the maiden throng,
More favour'd once; but favor laſts not long.
The ſun now ſhone in all its ſtrength, and drove
The heated virgin panting to a grove;
The grove around a grateful ſhadow caſt;
She dropt her arrows, and her bow unbrac'd;
She flung herſelf on the cool graſſy bed,
And on the painted quiver rais'd her head.
Jove ſaw the charming huntreſs unprepar'd,
Stretch'd on the verdant turf, without a guard.
"Here I am ſafe," he cries, "from Juno's eye,
"Or ſhould my jealous queen the theft deſcry,
"Yet would I venture on a theft like this,
"And ſtand her rage for ſuch, for ſuch a bliſs!"
Diana's ſhape and habit ſtraight he took,
Soften'd his brows, and ſmooth'd his awful look,
And mildly in a female accent ſpoke.
"How fares my girl? how went the morning chaſe?"
To whom the virgin, ſtarting from the graſs,
"All hail, bright Deity! whom I prefer
"To Jove himſelf, tho' Jove himſelf were here."
The god was nearer than ſhe thought, and heard
Well pleas'd, himſelf before himſelf preferr'd.
He then ſalutes her with a warm embrace,
And ere ſhe half had told the morning chaſe,
With love inflam'd, and eager on his bliſs,
Smother'd her words, and ſtopp'd her with a kiſs:
His kiſſes with unwonted ardour glow'd,
Nor could Diana's ſhape conceal the god.

The virgin did whate'er a virgin could;
(Sure Juno muſt have pardon'd had ſhe view'd)
With all her might againſt his force ſhe ſtrove;
But how can mortal maids contend with Jove!
Poſſeſs'd at length of what his heart deſir'd,
Back to his heav'ns th' inſulting god retir'd.
The lovely huntreſs, riſing from the graſs,
With downcaſt eyes, and with a bluſhing face,
By ſhame confounded, and by fear diſmay'd,
Flew from the covert of the guilty ſhade,
And almoſt, in the tumult of her mind,
Left her forgotten bow and ſhafts behind.
But now Diana, with a ſprightly train
Of quiver'd virgins, bounding o'er the plain,
Call'd to the nymph; the nymph began to fear
A ſecond fraud, a Jove diſguis'd in her;
But when ſhe ſaw the ſiſter-nymphs, ſuppreſt
Her riſing fears, and mingled with the reſt.
How in the look does conſcious guilt appear!
Slowly ſhe mov'd, and loiter'd in the rear,
Nor lightly tripp'd, nor by the goddeſs ran,
As once ſhe us'd, the foremoſt of the train.
Her looks were fluſh'd, and ſullen was her mien,
That ſure the virgin-goddeſs (had ſhe been
Aught but a virgin) muſt the guilt have ſeen.
'Tis ſaid the nymphs ſaw all, and gueſs'd aright;
And now the moon had nine times loſt her light,
When Dian, fainting in the mid-day beams,
Found a cool covert and refreſhing ſtreams,
That in ſoft murmurs thro' the foreſt flow'd,
And a ſmooth bed of ſhining gravel ſhow'd.
A covert ſo obſcure, and ſtreams ſo clear,
The goddeſs prais'd: "And now no ſpies are near,
"Let's ſtrip, my gentle Maids! and waſh," ſhe cries.
Pleas'd with the motion, ev'ry maid complies;
Only the bluſhing huntreſs ſtood confus'd,
And form'd delays, and her delays excus'd:
In vain excus'd; her fellows round her preſs'd,
And the reluctant nymph by force undreſs'd.
The naked huntreſs all her ſhame reveal'd,

In vain her hands the pregnant womb conceal'd:
"Begone!" the goddeſs cries, with ſtern diſdain,
"Begone! nor dare the hallow'd ſtream to ſtain."
She fled, for ever baniſh'd from the train.
This Juno heard, who long had watch'd her time
To puniſh the deteſted rival's crime:
The time was come: for, to enrage her more,
A lovely boy the teeming rival bore.
The goddeſs caſt a furious look, and cry'd,
"It is enough; I'm fully ſatisfy'd:
"This boy ſhall ſtand a living mark, to prove
"My huſband's baſeneſs and the ſtrumpet's love.
"But vengeance ſhall awake; thoſe guilty charms
"That drew the Thunderer from Juno's arms,
"No longer ſhall their wonted force retain,
"Nor pleaſe the god, nor make the mortal vain."
This ſaid, her hand within her hair ſhe wound,
Swung her to earth, and dragg'd her on the ground:
The proſtrate wretch lifts up her arms in prayer;
Her arms grow ſhaggy, and deform'd with hair;
Her nails are ſharpen'd into pointed claws,
Her hands bear half her weight, and turn to paws;
Her lips, that once could tempt a god, begin
To grow diſtorted in an ugly grin;
And, leſt the ſupplicating brute might reach
The ears of Jove, ſhe was depriv'd of ſpeech:
Her ſurly voice thro' a hoarſe paſſage came,
In ſavage ſounds; her mind was ſtill the ſame:
The furry monſter fix'd her eyes above,
And heav'd her new unwieldy paws to Jove,
And begg'd his aid with inward groans; and tho'
She could not call him falſe, ſhe thought him ſo.
How did ſhe fear to lodge in woods alone,
And haunt the fields and meadows once her own!
How often would the deep mouth'd dogs purſue,
Whilſt from her hounds the frighted huntreſs flew!
How did ſhe fear her fellow brutes, and ſhun
The ſhaggy bear, tho' now herſelf was one!
How from the ſight of rugged wolves retire,
Altho' the grim Lycaon was her ſire!

But now her ſon had fifteen ſummers told,
Fierce at the chaſe, and in the foreſt bold,
When, as he beat the woods in queſt of prey,
He chanc'd to rouſe his mother where ſhe lay.
She knew her ſon, and kept him in her ſight,
And fondly gaz'd: the boy was in a fright,
And aim'd a pointed arrow at her breaſt,
And would have ſlain his mother in the beaſt;
But Jove forbade, and ſnatch'd them thro' the air
In whirlwinds up to heaven, and fix'd them there:
Where the new conſtellations nightly riſe,
And add a luſtre to the northern ſkies.
When Juno ſaw the rival in her height,
Spangled with ſtars and circled round with light,
She ſought old Ocean in his deep abodes,
And Tethys, both rever'd among the gods.
They aſk what brings her there? "Ne'er aſk," ſays ſhe,
"What brings me here; heaven is no place for me.
"You'll ſee, when night has cover'd all things o'er,
"Jove's ſtarry baſtard and triumphant whore
"Uſurp the heavens; you'll ſee them proudly roll
"In their new orbs, and brighten all the pole.
"And who ſhall now on Juno's altar wait,
"When thoſe ſhe hates grow greater by her hate?
"I on the nymph a brutal form impreſs'd,
"Jove to a goddeſs has transform'd the beaſt:
"This, this was all my weak revenge could do;
"But let the god his chaſte amours purſue,
"And, as he acted after Io's rape,
"Reſtore th' adultreſs to her former ſhape;
"Then may he caſt his Juno off, and lead
"The great Lycaon's offspring to his bed.
"But you, ye venerable powers! be kind,
"And, if my wrongs a due reſentment find,
"Receive not in your waves their ſetting beams,
"Nor let the glaring ſtrumpet taint your ſtreams."
The goddeſs ended, and her wiſh was given;
Back ſhe return'd in triumph up to heaven;
Her gaudy peacocks drew her thro' the ſkies,
Their tails were ſpotted with a thouſand eyes;

The eyes of Argus on their tails were rang'd,
At the ſame time the raven's colour chang'd.

The Story of Coronis, and Birth of Æſculapius.

THE raven once in ſnowy plumes was dreſt,
White as the whiteſt dove's unſully'd breaſt,
Fair as the guardian of the capitol,
Soft as the ſwan, a large and lovely fowl;
His tongue, his prating tongue, had chang'd him quite
To ſooty blackneſs from the pureſt white.
The ſtory of his change ſhall here be told;
In Theſſaly there liv'd a nymph of old,
Coronis nam'd; a peerleſs maid ſhe ſhin'd,
Confeſs'd the faireſt of the fairer kind:
Apollo lov'd her till her guilt he knew,
While true ſhe was, or whilſt he thought her true;
But his own bird, the raven, chanc'd to find
The falſe one with a ſecret rival join'd:
Coronis begg'd him to ſuppreſs the tale,
But could not with repeated prayers prevail.
His milk-white pinions to the god he ply'd,
The buſy daw flew with him ſide by ſide,
And by a thouſand teaſing queſtions drew
Th' important ſecret from him as they flew.
The daw gave honeſt counſel, tho' deſpis'd,
And, tedious in her tattle, thus adviſ'd.
" Stay, ſilly bird! th' illnatur'd taſk refuſe,
" Nor be the bearer of unwelcome news;
" Be warn'd by my example; you diſcern
" What now I am, and what I was ſhall learn:
" My fooliſh honeſty was all my crime;
" Then hear my ſtory. Once upon a time
" The two-ſhap'd Erichthonius had his birth
" (Without a mother) from the teeming earth;
" Minerva nurs'd him, and the infant laid
" Within a cheſt, of twining oſiers made.
" The daughters of King Cecrops undertook
" To guard the cheſt, commanded not to look
" On what was hid within. I ſtood to ſee
" The charge obey'd, perch'd on a neighb'ring tree.

" The ſiſters Pandroſos and Herſè keep
" The ſtrict command; Aglauros needs would peep,
" And ſaw the monſtrous infant in a fright,
" And call'd her ſiſters to the hideous ſight:
" A boy's ſoft ſhape did to the waiſt prevail,
" But the boy ended in a dragon's tail.
" I told the ſtern Minerva all that paſs'd,
" But for my pains, diſcarded and diſgrac'd.
" The frowning goddeſs drove me from her ſight,
" And for her fav'rite choſe the bird of night.
" Be then no tell-tale; for I think my wrong
" Enough to teach a bird to hold her tongue.
" But you, perhaps, may think I was remov'd
" As never by the heav'nly maid belov'd:
" But I was lov'd, aſk Pallas if I lie;
" Tho' Pallas hate me now, ſhe won't deny;
" For I, whom in a feather'd ſhape you view,
" Was once a maid (by heav'n the ſtory's true)
" A blooming maid, and a king's daughter too.
" A crowd of lovers own'd my beauty's charms;
" My beauty was the cauſe of all my harms;
" Neptune, as on his ſhores I went to rove,
" Obſerv'd me in my walks, and fell in love.
" He made his courtſhip, he confeſs'd his pain,
" And offer'd force when all his arts were vain:
" Swift he purſu'd; I ran along the ſtrand,
" Till, ſpent and weary'd on the ſinking ſand,
" I ſhriek'd aloud; with cries I fill'd the air,
" To gods and men; nor god nor man was there:
" A virgin goddeſs heard a virgin's pray'r:
" For as my arms I lifted to the ſkies,
" I ſaw black feathers from my fingers riſe:
" I ſtrove to fling my garment on the ground;
" My garment turn'd to plumes, and girt me round:
" My hands to beat my naked boſom try;
" Nor naked boſom now nor hands had I.
" Lightly I tript, nor weary, as before,
" Sunk in the ſand, but ſkimm'd along the ſhore,
" Till, riſing on my wings, I was preferr'd
" To be the chaſte Minerva's virgin bird:

" Preferr'd in vain! I now am in diſgrace;
" Nyctimene the owl enjoys my place.
" On her inceſtuous life I need not dwell,
" (In Leſbos ſtill the horrid tale they tell)
" And of her dire amours you muſt have heard,
" For which ſhe now does penance in a bird,
" That, conſcious of her ſhame, avoids the light,
" And loves the gloomy covering of the night;
" The birds, where'er ſhe flutters, ſcare away
" The hooting wretch, and drive her from the day."
The raven, urg'd by ſuch impertinence,
Grew paſſionate, it ſeems, and took offence,
And curs'd the harmleſs daw; the daw withdrew;
The raven to her injur'd patron flew,
And found him out, and told the fatal truth
Of falſe Coronis and the favor'd youth.
The god was wroth; the colour left his look,
The wreath his head, the harp his hand forſook;
His ſilver bow and feather'd ſhafts he took,
And lodg'd an arrow in the tender breaſt
That had ſo often to his own been preſt.
Down fell the wounded nymph, and ſadly groan'd,
And pull'd his arrow reeking from the wound,
And, welt'ring in her blood, thus faintly cry'd,
" Ah, cruel God! tho' I have juſtly dy'd,
" What has, alas! my unborn infant done,
" That he ſhould fall, and two expire in one?"
This ſaid, in agonies ſhe fetch'd her breath.
The god diſſolves in pity at her death;
He hates the bird that made her falſehood known,
And hates himſelf for what himſelf had done;
The feather'd ſhaft that ſent her to the Fates,
And his own hand that ſent the ſhaft, he hates:
Fain would he heal the wound, and eaſe her pain,
And tries the compaſs of his art in vain.
Soon as he ſaw the lovely nymph expire,
The pile made ready, and the kindling fire,
With ſighs and groans her obſequies he kept,
And, if a god could weep, the god had wept.

Her corpſe he kiſs'd, and heavenly incenſe brought,
And ſolemniz'd the death himſelf had wrought.
But, leſt his offspring ſhould her fate partake,
Spite of th' immortal mixture in his make,
He ript her womb, and ſet the child at large,
And gave him to the Centaur Chiron's charge,
Then in his fury black'd the raven o'er,
And bid him prate in his white plumes no more.

Ocyrrhöe transformed to a Mare.

OLD Chiron took the babe with ſecret joy,
Proud of the charge of the celeſtial boy;
His daughter, too, whom on the ſandy ſhore
The nymph Chariclo to the Centaur bore,
With hair diſhevell'd on her ſhoulders, came
To ſee the child, Ocyrrhöe was her name;
She knew her father's arts, and could rehearſe
The depths of propheſy in ſounding verſe.
Once, as the ſacred infant ſhe ſurvey'd,
The god was kindled in the raving maid,
And thus ſhe utter'd her prophetic tale;
" Hail! great phyſician of the world! all hail!
" Hail, mighty infant! who in years to come
" Shall heal the nations, and defraud the tomb;
" Swift be thy growth! thy triumphs unconfin'd!
" Make kingdoms thicker, and increaſe mankind;
" Thy daring art ſhall animate the dead,
" And draw the thunder on thy guilty head:
" Then ſhalt thou die, but from the dark abode
" Riſe up victorious, and be twice a god.
" And thou, my ſire, not deſtin'd by thy birth
" To turn to duſt, and mix with common earth,
" How wilt thou toſs and rave, and long to die,
" And quit thy claim to immortality,
" When thou ſhalt feel, enrag'd with inward pains,
" The Hydra's venom rankling in thy veins?
" The gods in pity, ſhall contract thy date,
" And give thee over to the pow'r of Fate."
Thus, entering into deſtiny, the maid
The ſecrets of offended Jove betray'd;

More had ſhe ſtill to ſay, but now appears
Oppreſs'd with ſobs and ſighs, and drown'd in tears.
" My voice," ſays ſhe, " is gone, my language fails;
" Thro' ev'ry limb my kindred ſhape prevails:
" Why did the god this fatal gift impart,
" And with prophetic raptures ſwell my heart?
" What new deſires are theſe? I long to pace
" O'er flow'ry meadows, and to feed on graſs;
" I haſten to a brute, a maid no more;
" But why, alas! am I transform'd all o'er?
" My ſire does half a human ſhape retain,
" And in his upper parts preſerves the man."
Her tongue no more diſtinct complaints affords,
But in ſhrill accents and miſ-ſhapen words
Pours forth ſuch hideous wailings as declare
The human form confounded in the mare:
Till by degrees accompliſh'd in the beaſt,
She neigh'd outright, and all the ſteed expreſt.
Her ſtooping body on her hands is borne,
Her hands are turn'd to hoofs, and ſhod in horn;
Her yellow treſſes ruffle in a mane,
And in a flowing tail ſhe friſks her train:
The mare was finiſh'd in her voice and look,
And a new name from the new figure took.

The Transformation of Battus to a Touchſtone.

SORE wept the Centaur, and to Phœbus pray'd;
But how could Phœbus give the Centaur aid?
Degraded of his pow'r by angry Jove,
In Elis then a herd of beeves he drove,
And wielded in his hand a ſtaff of oak,
And o'er his ſhoulders threw the ſhepherd's cloak;
On ſeven compacted reeds he us'd to play,
And on his rural pipe to waſte the day.
As once, attentive to his pipe he play'd,
The crafty Hermes from the god convey'd
A drove, that ſep'rate from their fellows ſtray'd:
The theft an old inſidious peaſant view'd,
(They call'd him Battus in the neighbourhood)

Hir'd by a wealthy Pylian prince to feed
His fav'rite mares, and watch the gen'rous breed.
The thieviſh god ſuſpected him, and took
The hind aſide, and thus in whiſpers ſpoke:
"Diſcover not the theft, whoe'er thou be,
"And take that milk-white heifer for thy fee."
"Go, ſtranger," cries the clown, "ſecurely on,
"That ſtone ſhall ſooner tell;" and ſhow'd a ſtone.
The god withdrew, but ſtraight return'd again,
In ſpeech and habit like a country ſwain,
And cried out, "Neighbour, haſt thou ſeen a ſtray
"Of bullocks and of heifers paſs this way?
"In the recov'ry of my cattle join,
"A bullock and a heifer ſhall be thine."
The peaſant quick replies, "You'll find 'em there
"In yon dark vale:" and in the vale they were.
The double bribe had his falſe heart beguil'd:
The god, ſucceſsful in the trial, ſmil'd;
"And doſt thou thus betray myſelf to me?
"Me to myſelf doſt thou betray?" ſays he;
Then to a Touchſtone turns the faithleſs ſpy,
And in his name records his infamy.

The Story of Aglauros transformed into a Statue.

THIS done, the god flew up on high, and paſs'd
O'er lofty Athens, by Minerva grac'd,
And wide Munichia, whilſt his eyes ſurvey
All the vaſt region that beneath him lay.
'Twas now the feaſt, when each Athenian maid
Her yearly homage to Minerva paid;
In caniſters, with garlands cover'd o'er,
High on their heads their myſtic gifts they bore;
And now, returning in a ſolemn train,
The troop of ſhining virgins fill'd the plain.
The god, well pleas'd, beheld the pompous ſhow,
And ſaw the bright proceſſion paſs below;
Then veer'd about, and took a wheeling flight,
And hover'd o'er them. As the ſpreading kite,

That ſmells the ſlaughter'd victim from on high,
Flies at a diſtance if the prieſts are nigh,
And ſails around, and keeps it in her eye,
So kept the god the virgin choir in view,
And in ſlow winding circles round them flew.
As Lucifer excels the meaneſt ſtar,
Or as the full-orb'd Phœbe Lucifer,
So much did Hersè all the reſt outvie,
And gave a grace to the ſolemnity.
Hermes was fir'd, as in the clouds he hung;
So the cold bullet, that with fury ſlung
From Balearick engines, mounts on high,
Glows in the whirl, and burns along the ſky.
At length he pitch'd upon the ground, and ſhow'd
The form divine, the features of a god:
He knew their virtue o'er a female heart,
And yet he ſtrives to better them by art:
He hangs his mantle looſe, and ſets to ſhow
The golden edging on the ſeam below;
Adjuſts his flowing curls, and in his hand
Waves, with an air, the ſleep-procuring wand:
The glitt'ring ſandals to his feet applies,
And to each heel the well-trimm'd pinion ties.
His ornaments with niceſt art diſplay'd,
He ſeeks th' apartment of the royal maid.
The roof was all with poliſh'd ivory lin'd,
That, richly mix'd, in clouds of tortoiſe ſhin'd.
Three rooms, contiguous, in a range were plac'd,
The midmoſt by the beauteous Hersè grac'd;
Her virgin ſiſters lodg'd on either ſide.
Aglauros firſt th' approaching god deſcry'd,
And, as he croſs'd her chamber, aſk'd his name,
And what his buſineſs was, and whence he came?
"I come," reply'd the god, "from heaven, to woo
"Your ſiſter, and to make an aunt of you;
"I am the ſon and meſſenger of Jove,
"My name is Mercury, my buſineſs love;
"Do you, kind damſel! take a lover's part,
"And gain admittance to your ſiſter's heart."

She ſtar'd him in the face with looks amaz'd,
As when ſhe on Minerva's ſecret gaz'd,
And aſks a mighty treaſure for her hire,
And till he brings it makes the god retire.
Minerva griev'd to ſee the nymph ſucceed,
And now rememb'ring the late impious deed,
When, diſobedient to her ſtrict command,
She touch'd the cheſt with an unhallow'd hand,
In big ſwoln ſighs her inward rage expreſt,
That heav'd the riſing Ægis on her breaſt,
Then ſought out Envy in her dark abode,
Defil'd with ropy gore and clots of blood:
Shut from the winds, and from the wholeſome ſkies,
In a deep vale the gloomy dungeon lies,
Diſmal and cold, where not a beam of light
Invades the winter, or diſturbs the night.
Directly to the cave her courſe ſhe ſteer'd;
Againſt the gates her martial lance ſhe rear'd;
The gates flew open, and the fiend appear'd.
A poiſonous morſel in her teeth ſhe chew'd,
And gorg'd the fleſh of vipers for her food.
Minerva, loathing, turn'd away her eye;
The hideous monſter, riſing heavily,
Came ſtalking forward with a ſullen pace,
And left her mangled offals on the place.
Soon as ſhe ſaw the goddeſs gay and bright,
She fetch'd a groan at ſuch a cheerful ſight.
Livid and meagre were her looks, her eye
In foul diſtorted glances turn'd awry;
A hoard of gall her inward parts poſſeſt,
And ſpread a greenneſs o'er her canker'd breaſt:
Her teeth were brown with ruſt; and from her tongue,
In dangling drops, the ſtringy poiſon hung,
She never ſmiles but when the wretched weep,
Nor lulls her malice with a moment's ſleep.
Reſtleſs in ſpite; while, watchful to deſtroy,
She pines and ſickens at another's joy;
Foe to herſelf, diſtreſſing and diſtreſt,
She bears her own tormentor in her breaſt.

The goddeſs gave (for ſhe abhorr'd her ſight)
A ſhort command: "To Athens ſpeed thy flight:
"On curs'd Aglauros try thy utmoſt art,
"And fix thy rankeſt venoms in her heart."
This ſaid, her ſpear ſhe puſh'd againſt the ground,
And mounting from it with an active bound,
Flew off to heaven; the hag, with eyes aſkew,
Look'd up and mutter'd curſes as ſhe flew;
For ſore ſhe fretted, and began to grieve
At the ſucceſs which ſhe herſelf muſt give;
Then takes her ſtaff, hung round with wreaths of thorn,
And ſails along, in a black whirlwind borne
O'er fields and flow'ry meadows: where ſhe ſteers
Her baneful courſe a mighty blaſt appears,
Mildews and blights: the meadows are defac'd,
The fields, the flow'rs, and the whole year laid waſte:
On mortals next, and peopled towns, ſhe falls,
And breathes a burning plague among their walls.
When Athens ſhe beheld, for arts renown'd,
With peace made happy, and with plenty crown'd,
Scarce could the hideous fiend from tears forbear,
To find out nothing that deſerv'd a tear.
Th' apartment now ſhe enter'd, where at reſt
Aglauros lay, with gentle ſleep oppreſt.
To execute Minerva's dire command,
She ſtrok'd the virgin with her canker'd hand,
Then prickly thorns into her breaſt convey'd,
That ſtung to madneſs the devoted maid:
Her ſubtle venom ſtill improves the ſmart,
Frets in the blood, and feſters in the heart.
To make the work more ſure, a ſcene ſhe drew,
And plac'd before the dreaming virgin's view
Her ſiſter's marriage, and her glorious fate:
Th' imaginary bride appears in ſtate,
The bridegroom with unwonted beauty glows,
For Envy magnifies whate'er ſhe ſhows.
Full of the dream, Aglauros pin'd away
In tears all night, in darkneſs all the day:
Conſum'd like ice, that juſt begins to run,
When feebly ſmitten by the diſtant ſun;

ADDISON

The goddess gave (for she abhorr'd her sight)
A short command; "To Athens speed thy flight:
"On curs'd Aglauros try thy utmost art,
"And fix thy rankest venoms in her heart."
This said, her spear she push'd against the ground,
And mounting from it with an active bound,
Flew off to heaven; the hag, with eyes asew,
Look'd up and mutter'd curses as she flew;
For sore she fretted, and began to grieve
At the success which she herself must give;
Then takes her staff, hung round with wreaths of thorn,
And falls along, in a black whirlwind borne
O'er fields and flow'ry meadows: where she steers
Her baneful course a mighty blast appears,
Mildews and blights: the meadows are defac'd,
The fields, the flow'rs, and the whole year laid waste:
On mortals next, and peopled towns, she falls,
And breathes a burning plague among their walls.
When Athens she beheld, for arts renown'd
With peace made happy, and with plenty crown'd,
Scarce could the hideous fiend [illegible] forbear,
To [illegible] out nothing that [illegible].
Th' apartment [illegible] the entry [illegible] rest
Aglauros lay, with gentle sleep [illegible].
To execute Minerva's dire command,
She [illegible] the virgin with her canker'd hand,
Then [illegible] thorns into her breast convey'd,
That stung to madness, the devoted maid:
Her subtle venom still improves the smart,
Frets in the blood, and festers in the heart.
To make the work more sure, a scene she drew,
And plac'd before the dreaming virgin's view
Her sister's marriage, and her glorious fate:
Th' imaginary bride appears in state,
The bridegroom with unwonted beauty glows,
For Envy magnifies whate'er she shows.
Full of the dream, Aglauros pin'd away
In tears all night, in darkness all the day:
Consum'd like ice, that just begins to run,
When feebly smitten by the distant sun;

ADDISON.

BRITISH MUSEUM
APR

Or like unwholeſome weeds that, ſet on fire,
Are ſlowly waſted, and in ſmoke expire.
Given up to Envy (for in ev'ry thought
The thorns, the venom, and the viſion, wrought)
Oft did ſhe call on Death, as oft decreed,
Rather than ſee her ſiſter's wiſh ſucceed,
To tell her awful father what had paſt;
At length before the door herſelf ſhe caſt,
And, ſitting on the ground with ſullen pride,
A paſſage to the love-ſick god deny'd.
The god careſs'd, and for admiſſion pray'd,
And ſooth'd in ſofteſt words th' envenom'd maid:
In vain he ſooth'd: "Begone!" the maid replies,
"Or here I keep my ſeat, and never riſe,"
"Then keep thy ſeat for ever," cries the god,
And touch'd the door wide opening to his rod.
Fain would ſhe riſe, and ſtop him, but ſhe found
Her trunk too heavy to forſake the ground;
Her joints are all benumb'd, her hands are pale,
And marble now appears in every nail.
As when a cancer in the body feeds,
And gradual death from limb to limb proceeds;
So does the chillneſs to each vital part
Spread by degrees, and creeps into her heart;
Till hard'ning ev'ry where, and ſpeechleſs grown,
She ſits unmov'd, and freezes to a ſtone;
But ſtill her envious hue and ſullen mien
Are in the ſedentary figure ſeen,

Europa's Rape.

WHEN now the god his fury had allay'd,
And taken vengeance of the ſtubborn maid,
From where the bright Athenian turrets riſe
He mounts aloft, and re-aſcends the ſkies.
Jove ſaw him enter the ſublime abodes,
And, as he mix'd among the crowd of gods,
Beckon'd him out, and drew him from the reſt,
And in ſoft whiſpers thus his will expreſt.
"My truſty Hermes, by whoſe ready aid
"Thy ſire's commands are thro' the world convey'd

" Reſume thy wings, exert their utmoſt force,
" And to the walls of Sidon ſpeed thy courſe,
" There find a herd of heifers wand'ring o'er
" The neighbouring hill, and drive them to the ſhore."
Thus ſpoke the god, concealing his intent,
The truſty Hermes on his meſſage went,
And found the herd of heifers wandering o'er
A neighbouring hill, and drove them to the ſhore,
Where the king's daughter, with a lovely train
Of fellow-nymphs, was ſporting on the plain.
The dignity of empire laid aſide,
(For love but ill agrees with kingly pride)
The ruler of the ſkies, the thund'ring god,
Who ſhakes the world's foundations with a nod,
Among a herd of lowing heifers ran,
Friſk'd in a bull, and bellow'd o'er the plain.
Large rolls of fat about his ſhoulders clung,
And from his neck the double dewlap hung:
His ſkin was whiter than the ſnow that lies
Unſully'd by the breath of ſouthern ſkies;
Small ſhining horns on his curl'd forehead ſtand,
As turn'd and poliſh'd by the workman's hand;
His eyeballs roll'd, not formidably bright,
But gaz'd and languiſh'd with a gentle light;
His ev'ry look was peaceful, and expreſt
The ſoftneſs of the lover in the beaſt.
Agenor's royal daughter, as ſhe play'd
Among the fields, the milk-white bull ſurvey'd,
And view'd his ſpotleſs body with delight,
And at a diſtance kept him in her ſight:
At length ſhe pluck'd the riſing flowers, and fed
The gentle beaſt, and fondly ſtrok'd his head.
He ſtood well pleas'd to touch the charming fair,
But hardly could confine his pleaſure there.
And now he wantons o'er the neighb'ring ſtrand,
Now rolls his body on the yellow ſand;
And now perceiving all her fears decay'd,
Comes toſſing forward to the royal maid;
Gives her his breaſt to ſtroke, and downward turns
His griſly brow, and gently ſtoops his horns.

In flow'ry wreaths the royal virgin dreſt
His bending horns, and kindly clapp'd his breaſt,
Till now grown wanton, and devoid of fear,
Not knowing that ſhe preſs'd the thunderer,
She plac'd herſelf upon his back, and rode
O'er fields and meadows, ſeated on the god.
He gently march'd along, and by degrees
Left the dry meadow, and approach'd the ſeas;
Where now he dips his hoofs, and wets his thighs,
Now plunges in, and carries off the prize.
The frighted nymph looks backward on the ſhore,
And hears the tumbling billows round her roar;
But ſtill ſhe holds him faſt: one hand is borne
Upon his back, the other graſps a horn;
Her train of ruffling garments flies behind,
Swells in the air, and hovers in the wind.
Thro' ſtorms and tempeſts he the virgin bore,
And lands her ſafe on the Dictæan ſhore,
Where now, in his divineſt form array'd,
In his true ſhape he captivates the maid,
Who gazes on him, and with wondering eyes
Beholds the new majeſtic figure riſe,
His glowing features and celeſtial light,
And all the god diſcover'd to her ſight.

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

BOOK III.

The Story of Cadmus.

WHEN now Agenor had his daughter loſt,
He ſent his ſon to ſearch on ev'ry coaſt,
And ſternly bid him to his arms reſtore
The darling maid, or ſee his face no more;
But live an exile in a foreign clime.
Thus was the father pious to a crime.
The reſtleſs youth ſearch'd all the world around;
But how can Jove in his amours be found?
When tir'd, at length, with unſucceſsful toil,
To ſhun his angry ſire and native ſoil,

He goes a ſuppliant to the Delphic dome,
There aſks the god what new-appointed home
Should end his wand'rings and his toils relieve?
The Delphic oracles this anſwer give.
" Behold among the fields a lonely cow,
" Unworn with yokes, unbroken to the plow;
" Mark well the place where firſt ſhe lays her down,
" There meaſure out thy walls, and build thy town,
" And from thy guide Bœotia call the land,
" In which the deſtin'd walls and towns ſhall ſtand."
No ſooner had he left the dark abode,
Big with the promiſe of the Delphic god,
When in the fields the fatal cow he view'd,
Nor gall'd with yokes, nor worn with ſervitude;
Her gently at a diſtance he purſu'd;
And as he walk'd aloof, in ſilence pray'd
To the great pow'r whoſe counſels he obey'd.
Her way thro' flow'ry Panopè ſhe took,
And now, Cephiſus, croſs'd thy ſilver brook,
When to the heav'ns her ſpacious front ſhe rais'd,
And bellow'd thrice, then backward turning, gaz'd
On thoſe behind, till on the deſtin'd place
She ſtoop'd, and couch'd amid the riſing graſs.
Cadmus ſalutes the ſoil, and gladly hails
The new-found mountains and the nameleſs vales,
And thanks the gods, and turns about his eye
To ſee his new dominions round him lie:
Then ſends his ſervants to a neighb'ring grove,
For living ſtreams, a ſacrifice to Jove.
O'er the wide plain there roſe a ſhady wood
Of aged trees; in its dark boſom ſtood
A buſhy thicket, pathleſs and unworn,
O'er-run with brambles, and perplex'd with thorn:
Amidſt the brake a hollow den was found,
With rocks and ſhelving arches vaulted round.
Deep in the dreary den, conceal'd from day,
Sacred to Mars, a mighty dragon lay,
Bloated with poiſon to a monſtrous ſize;
Fire broke in flaſhes when he glanc'd his eyes;

His tow'ring creſt was glorious to behold;
His ſhoulders and his ſides were ſcal'd with gold;
Three tongues he brandiſh'd when he charg'd his foes;
His teeth ſtood jaggy in three dreadful rows.
The Tyrians in the den for water ſought,
And with their urns explor'd the hollow vault;
From ſide to ſide their empty urns rebound,
And rouſe the ſleepy ſerpent with the ſound.
Straight he beſtirs him, and is ſeen to riſe;
And now with dreadful hiſſings fills the ſkies,
And darts his forky tongues, and rolls his glaring eyes.
The Tyrians drop their veſſels in the fright,
All pale and trembling at the hideous ſight.
Spire above ſpire uprear'd in air he ſtood,
And gazing round him overlook'd the wood;
Then floating on the ground in circles roll'd,
Then leap'd upon them in a mighty fold.
Of ſuch a bulk, and ſuch a monſtrous ſize
The Serpent in the Polar Circle lies,
That ſtretches over half the northern ſkies.
In vain the Tyrians on their arms rely,
In vain attempt to fight, in vain to fly;
All their endeavours and their hopes are vain;
Some die entangled in the winding train;
Some are devour'd, or feel a loathſome death,
Swoln up with blaſts of peſtilential breath.

And now the ſcorching ſun was mounted high,
In all its luſtre, to the noon-day ſky,
When, anxious for his friends, and fill'd with cares,
To ſearch the woods th' impatient chief prepares.
A lion's hide around his loins he wore,
The well-pois'd javelin to the field he bore,
Inur'd to blood, the far-deſtroying dart,
And, the beſt weapon, an undaunted heart.

Soon as the youth approach'd the fatal place,
He ſaw his ſervants breathleſs on the graſs;
The ſcaly foe amidſt their corpſe he view'd,
Baſking at eaſe, and feaſting in their blood.
"Such friends," he cries, "deſerv'd a longer date;
"But Cadmus will revenge, or ſhare their fate:"

Then heav'd a ſtone, and riſing to the throw,
He ſent it in a whirlwind at the foe:
A tower, aſſaulted by ſo rude a ſtroke,
With all its lofty battlements had ſhook;
But nothing here th' unwieldy rock avails,
Rebounding harmleſs from the plaited ſcales,
That, firmly join'd, preſerv'd him from a wound,
With native armour cruſted all around:
With more ſucceſs the dart unerring flew,
Which at his back the raging warrior threw;
Amid the plaited ſcales it took its courſe,
And in the ſpinal marrow ſpent its force:
The monſter hiſs'd aloud, and rag'd in vain,
And writh'd his body to and fro with pain,
And bit the ſpear, and wrench'd the wood away;
The point ſtill buried in the marrow lay.
And now his rage, increaſing with his pain,
Reddens his eyes, and beats in ev'ry vein;
Churn'd in his teeth the foamy venom roſe,
Whilſt from his mouth a blaſt of vapours flows,
Such as the infernal Stygian waters caſt;
The plants around him wither in the blaſt.
Now in a maze of rings he lies enroll'd,
Now all unravell'd, and without a fold;
Now, like a torrent, with a mighty force
Bears down the foreſt in his boiſt'rous courſe.
Cadmus gave back, and on the lion's ſpoil
Suſtain'd the ſhock, then forc'd him to recoil;
The pointed jav'lin warded off his rage:
Mad with his pains, and furious to engage,
The Serpent champs the ſteel, and bites the ſpear,
Till blood and venom all the point beſmear;
But ſtill the hurt he yet receiv'd was ſlight;
For whilſt the champion with redoubled might
Strikes home the jav'lin, his retiring foe
Shrinks from the wound, and diſappoints the blow,
The dauntleſs hero ſtill purſues his ſtroke,
And preſſes forward, till a knotty oak
Retards his foe, and ſtops him in the rear;
Full in his throat he plung'd the fatal ſpear,

That in th' extended neck a paſſage found,
And pierc'd the ſolid timber thro' the wound.
Fix'd to the reeling trunk, with many a ſtroke
Of his huge tail he laſh'd the ſturdy oak,
Till ſpent with toil, and lab'ring hard for breath,
He now lay twiſting in the pangs of death.
  Cadmus beheld him wallow in a flood
Of ſwimming poiſon, intermix'd with blood;
When ſuddenly a ſpeech was heard from high,
(The ſpeech was heard, nor was the ſpeaker nigh)
" Why doſt thou thus with ſecret pleaſure ſee,
" Inſulting man! what thou thyſelf ſhalt be?"
Aſtoniſh'd at his voice, he ſtood amaz'd,
And all around with inward horror gaz'd;
When Pallas, ſwift deſcending from the ſkies,
Pallas, the guardian of the bold and wiſe,
Bids him plough up the field, and ſcatter round
The dragon's teeth o'er all the furrow'd ground,
Then tells the youth how to his wond'ring eyes
Embattled armies from the field ſhould riſe.
  He ſows the teeth at Pallas's command,
And flings the future people from his hand.
The clods grow warm, and crumble where he ſows;
And now the pointed ſpears advance in rows;
Now nodding plumes appear, and ſhining creſts,
Now the broad ſhoulders, and the riſing breaſts;
O'er all the field the breathing harveſt ſwarms,
A growing hoſt, a crop of men and arms!
  So thro' the parting ſtage a figure rears
Its body up, and limb by limb appears
By juſt degrees, till all the man ariſe,
And in his full proportion ſtrikes the eyes.
  Cadmus, ſurpris'd and ſtartled at the ſight
Of his new foes, prepar'd himſelf for fight;
When one cry'd out, " Forbear, fond man! forbear
" To mingle in a blind promiſcuous war."
This ſaid, he ſtruck his brother to the ground,
Himſelf expiring by another's wound;
Nor did the third his conqueſt long ſurvive,
Dying ere ſcarce he had begun to live.

The dire example ran thro' all the field,
Till heaps of brothers were by brothers kill'd;
The furrows ſwam in blood; and only five
Of all the vaſt increaſe were left alive.
Echion one, at Pallas's command,
Let fall the guiltleſs weapon from his hand,
And with the reſt a peaceful treaty makes,
Whom Cadmus as his friends and partners takes;
So founds a city on the promis'd earth,
And gives his new Bœotian empire birth.
Here Cadmus reign'd; and now one would have [gueſs'd
The royal founder in his exile bleſs'd:
Long did he live within his new abodes,
Ally'd by marriage to the deathleſs gods,
And, in a fruitful wife's embraces old,
A long increaſe of children's children told:
But no frail man, however great or high,
Can be concluded bleſs'd before he die.
Actæon was the firſt of all his race,
Who griev'd his grandſire in his borrow'd face;
Condemn'd by ſtern Diana to bemoan
The branching horns, and viſage not his own;
To ſhun his once-lov'd dogs, to bound away,
And from their huntſman to become their prey.
And yet conſider why the change was wrought,
You'll find it his misfortune, not his fault;
Or if a fault, it was the fault of chance:
For how can guilt proceed from ignorance?

The Transformation of Actæon into a Stag.

IN a fair chaſe a ſhady mountain ſtood, [blood:
Well ſtor'd with game, and mark'd with trails of
Here did the huntſmen, till the heat of day,
Purſue the ſtag, and load themſelves with prey;
When thus Actæon calling to the reſt:
"My friends," ſays he, "our ſport is at the beſt:
"The ſun is high advanc'd, and downward ſheds
"His burning beams directly on our heads;
"Then by conſent abſtain from further ſpoils,
"Call off the dogs, and gather up the toils,

" And ere to-morrow's ſun begins his race,
" Take the cool morning to renew the chaſe."
They all conſent, and in a cheerful train
The jolly huntſmen, loaden with the ſlain,
Return in triumph from the ſultry plain.
Down in a vale, with pine and cypreſs clad,
Refreſh'd with gentle winds, and brown with ſhade,
The chaſte Diana's private haunt, there ſtood
Full in the centre of the darkſome wood,
A ſpacious grotto, all around o'ergrown
With hoary moſs, and arch'd with pumice-ſtone;
From out its rocky clefts the waters flow,
And, trickling, ſwell into a lake below.
Nature had ev'ry where ſo play'd her part,
That every where ſhe ſeem'd to vie with Art:
Here the bright goddeſs, toil'd and chaf'd with heat,
Was wont to bathe her in the cool retreat.
Here did ſhe now with all her train reſort,
Panting with heat, and breathleſs from the ſport;
Her armour-bearer laid her bow aſide,
Some loos'd her ſandals, ſome her veil unty'd;
Each buſy nymph her proper part undreſs'd,
While Crocalê, more handy than the reſt,
Gather'd her flowing hair, and in a nooſe
Bound it together, whilſt her own hung looſe:
Five of the more ignoble ſort, by turns,
Fetch up the water, and unlade their urns.
Now all undreſs'd the ſhining goddeſs ſtood,
When young Actæon, wilder'd in the wood,
To the cool grot by his hard fate betray'd,
The fountains fill'd with naked nymphs ſurvey'd.
The frighted virgins ſhriek'd at the ſurpriſe,
(The foreſt echo'd with their piercing cries)
Then in a huddle round their goddeſs preſs'd;
She, proudly eminent above the reſt,
With bluſhes glow'd, ſuch bluſhes as adorn
The ruddy welkin or the purple morn;
And tho' the crowding nymphs her body hide,
Half backward ſhrunk, and view'd him from aſide.

Surpris'd, at firſt ſhe would have ſnatch'd her bow,
But ſees the circling waters round her flow;
Theſe in the hollow of her hand ſhe took,
And daſh'd them in his face, while thus ſhe ſpoke:
"Tell, if thou canſt, the wondrous ſight diſclos'd.
"A goddeſs naked to thy view expos'd."
This ſaid, the man began to diſappear
By ſlow degrees, and ended in a deer.
A riſing horn on either brow he wears,
And ſtretches out his neck, and pricks his ears;
Rough is his ſkin, with ſudden hairs o'ergrown,
His boſom pants with fears before unknown.
Transform'd at length, he flies away in haſte,
And wonders why he flies away ſo faſt:
But as by chance, within a neighb'ring brook,
He ſaw his branching horns and alter'd look,
Wretched Actæon! in a doleful tone
He try'd to ſpeak, but only gave a groan;
And as he wept, within the wat'ry glaſs
He ſaw the big round drops, with ſilent pace,
Run trickling down a ſavage hairy face.
What ſhould he do? or ſeek his old abodes,
Or herd among the deer, and ſculk in woods?
Here ſhame diſſuades him, there his fear prevails,
And each by turns his aching heart aſſails.
As thus he ponders, he behind him ſpies
His op'ning hounds, and now he hears their cries;
A gen'rous pack, or to maintain the chaſe,
Or ſnuff the vapour from the ſcented graſs.
He bounded off with fear, and ſwiftly ran
O'er craggy mountains and the flow'ry plain;
Thro' brakes and thickets forc'd his way, and flew
Thro' many a ring, where once he did purſue.
In vain he oft' endeavour'd to proclaim
His new misfortune, and to tell his name;
Nor voice nor words the brutal tongue ſupplies;
From ſhouting men, and horns, and dogs, he flies,
Deafen'd and ſtunn'd with their promiſcuous cries.
When now the fleeteſt of the pack, that preſs'd
Cloſe at his heels, and ſprung before the reſt,

Had faſten'd on him, ſtraight another pair
Hung on his wounded haunch, and held him there,
Till all the pack came up, and ev'ry hound
Tore the ſad huntſman grov'lling to the ground,
Who now appear'd but one continu'd wound.
With dropping tears his bitter fate he moans,
And fills the mountain with his dying groans.
His ſervants, with a piteous look he ſpies,
And turns about his ſupplicating eyes.
His ſervants, ignorant of what had chanc'd,
With eager haſte and joyful ſhouts advanc'd,
And call'd their lord Actæon to the game;
He ſhook his head in anſwer to the name:
He heard, but wiſh'd he had indeed been gone,
Or only to have ſtood a looker-on:
But, to his grief, he finds himſelf too near,
And feels his rav'nous dogs with fury tear
Their wretched maſter panting in a deer.

The Birth of Bacchus.

ACTÆON'S ſuff'rings and Diana's rage
Did all the thoughts of God and men engage:
Some call'd the evils which Diana wrought
Too great, and diſproportion'd to the fault;
Others, again, eſteem'd Actæon's woes
Fit for a virgin goddeſs to impoſe:
The hearers into different parts divide,
And reaſons are produced on either ſide.
Juno alone, of all that heard the news,
Nor would condemn the goddeſs, nor excuſe:
She heeded not the juſtice of the deed,
But joy'd to ſee the race of Cadmus bleed;
For ſtill ſhe kept Europa in her mind,
And for her ſake deteſted all her kind.
Beſides to aggravate her hate, ſhe heard
How Semele, to Jove's embrace preferr'd,
Was now grown big with an immortal load,
And carried in her womb a future god.
Thus terribly incens'd, the goddeſs broke
To ſudden fury, and abruptly ſpoke.

" Are my reproaches of ſo ſmall a force?
" 'Tis time I then purſue another courſe:
" It is decreed the guilty wretch ſhall die,
" If I'm indeed the miſtreſs of the ſky;
" If rightly ſtyl'd among the pow'rs above
" The wife and ſiſter of the thund'ring Jove,
" (And none can ſure a ſiſter's right deny)
" It is decreed the guilty wretch ſhall die.
" She boaſts an honour I can hardly claim;
" Pregnant ſhe riſes to a mother's name;
" While proud and vain ſhe triumphs in her Jove,
" And ſhows the glorious tokens of his love;
" But if I'm ſtill the miſtreſs of the ſkies,
" By her own lover the fond beauty dies."
This ſaid, deſcending in a yellow cloud,
Before the gates of Semle ſhe ſtood.
Old Beroë's decrepit ſhape ſhe wears,
Her wrinkled viſage and her hoary hairs,
Whilſt in her trembling gait ſhe totters on,
And learns to tattle in the nurſe's tone.
The goddeſs, thus diſguis'd in age, beguil'd
With pleaſing ſtories her falſe foſter-child.
Much did ſhe talk of love, and when ſhe came
To mention to the nymph her lover's name,
Fetching a ſigh, and holding down her head,
" 'Tis well," ſaid ſhe, " if all be true that's ſaid;
" But truſt me, child, I'm much inclin'd to fear
" Some counterfeit in this your Jupiter.
" Many an honeſt well-deſigning maid
" Has been by theſe pretended gods betray'd;
" But if he be indeed the thund'ring Jove,
" Bid him, when next he courts the rites of love,
" Deſcend triumphant from th' etherial ſky,
" In all the pomp of his divinity;
" Encompaſs'd round by thoſe celeſtial charms
" With which he fills th' immortal Juno's arms."
Th' unwary nymph, enſnar'd with what ſhe ſaid,
Deſir'd of Jove, when next he fought her bed,
To grant a certain gift which ſhe would chuſe;
" Fear not," reply'd the god, " that I'll refuſe

" Whate'er you aſk: may Styx confirm my voice:
" Chuſe what you will, and you ſhall have your
" choice."
" Then," ſays the nymph, " when next you ſeek my
" May you deſcend in thoſe celeſtial charms [arms,
" With which your Juno's boſom you inflame,
" And fill with tranſport heaven's immortal dame."
The god, ſurpris'd, would fain have ſtopt her voice;
But he had ſworn, and ſhe had made her choice.
To keep his promiſe he aſcends, and ſhrouds
His awful brow in whirlwinds and in clouds,
Whilſt all around, in terrible array,
His thunders rattle, and his lightnings play:
And yet, the dazzling luſtre to abate,
He ſet not out in all his pomp and ſtate,
Clad in the mildeſt lightning of the ſkies,
And arm'd with thunder of the ſmalleſt ſize;
Not thoſe huge bolts, by which the giants ſlain
Lay overthrown on the Phlegrean plain:
'Twas of a leſſer mould, and lighter weight;
They call it thunder of a ſecond rate;
For the rough Cyclops, who by Jove's command
Temper'd the bolt and turn'd it to his hand,
Work'd up leſs flame and fury in its make,
And quench'd it ſooner in the ſtanding lake,
Thus dreadfully adorn'd, with horror bright,
Th' illuſtrious god, deſcending from his height,
Came ruſhing on her in a ſtorm of light.
The mortal dame, too feeble to engage
The lightning's flaſhes and the thunder's rage,
Conſum'd amidſt the glories ſhe deſir'd,
And in the terrible embrace expir'd.
But, to preſerve his offspring from the tomb,
Jove took him ſmoking from the blaſted womb;
And, if on ancient tales we may rely,
Inclos'd th' abortive infant in his thigh:
Here when the babe had all his time fulfill'd,
Ino firſt took him for her foſter child,
Then the Nyſeans, in their dark abode,
Nurs'd ſecretly with milk the thriving god.

The Transformation of Tireſias.

'TWAS now, while theſe tranſactions paſs'd on earth,
And Bacchus thus procur'd a ſecond birth,
When Jove diſpos'd to lay aſide the weight
Of public empire and the cares of ſtate;
As to his queen in nectar bowls he quaff'd,
"In troth," ſays he, (and as he ſpoke he laugh'd)
"The ſenſe of pleaſure in the male is far
"More dull and dead than what you females ſhare."
Juno the truth of what was ſaid deny'd;
Tireſias therefore muſt the cauſe decide,
For he the pleaſure of each ſex had try'd.
It happen'd once, within a ſhady wood,
Two twiſted ſnakes he in conjunction view'd,
When with his ſtaff their ſlimy folds he broke,
And loſt his manhood at the fatal ſtroke;
But after ſeven revolving years he view'd
The ſelf-ſame ſerpent in the ſelf-ſame wood;
"And if," ſays he, "ſuch virtue in you lie,
"That he who dares your ſlimy folds untie
"Muſt change his kind, a ſecond ſtroke I'll try."
Again he ſtruck the ſnakes, and ſtood again
New ſex'd, and ſtraight recover'd into man.
Him therefore both the deities create,
The ſovereign umpire in their grand debate:
And he declar'd for Jove; when Juno, fir'd
More than ſo trivial an affair requir'd,
Depriv'd him, in her fury, of his ſight,
And left him groping round in ſudden night:
But Jove (for ſo it is in heav'n decreed,
That no one god repeal another's deed)
Irradiates all his ſoul with inward light,
And with the prophet's art relieves the want of ſight,

The Transformation of Echo.

FAM'D far and near for knowing things to come,
From him th' inquiring nations ſought their doom;
The fair Liriope his anſwers try'd,
And firſt th' unerring prophet juſtify'd:

This nymph the god Cephiſus had abus'd,
With all his winding waters circumfus'd,
And on the Nereid got a lovely boy,
Whom the ſoft maids ev'n then beheld with joy.
The tender dame, ſolicitous to know
Whether her child ſhould reach old age or no,
Conſults the ſage Tireſias, who replies,
"If ere he knows himſelf, he ſurely dies."
Long liv'd the dubious mother in ſuſpenſe,
Till time unriddled all the prophet's ſenſe.
Narciſſus now his ſixteenth year began,
Juſt turn'd of boy, and on the verge of man;
Many a friend the blooming youth careſs'd,
Many a loveſick maid her flame confeſs'd:
Such was his pride, in vain the friend careſs'd,
The loveſick maid in vain her flame confeſs'd.
Once in the woods as he purſu'd the chaſe,
The babbling Echo had deſcry'd his face;
She, who in others' words her ſilence breaks,
Nor ſpeaks herſelf but when another ſpeaks.
Echo was then a maid, of ſpeech bereft,
Of wonted ſpeech; for tho' her voice was left,
Juno a curſe did on her tongue impoſe,
To ſport with ev'ry ſentence in the cloſe.
Full often, when the goddeſs might have caught
Jove and her rivals in the very fault,
This nymph with ſubtle ſtories would delay
Her coming till the lovers ſlipp'd away.
The goddeſs found out the deceit in time,
And then ſhe cry'd, "That tongue for this thy crime,
"Which could ſo many ſubtle tales produce,
"Shall he hereafter but of little uſe."
Hence 'tis ſhe prattles in a fainter tone,
With mimic ſounds, and accents not her own.
This loveſick virgin, overjoy'd to find
The boy alone, ſtill follow'd him behind,
When glowing warmly at her near approach,
As ſulphur blazes at the taper's touch,
She long'd her hidden paſſion to reveal,
And tell her pains, but had not words to tell:

She can't begin, but waits for the rebound
To catch his voice, and to return the ſound.
The nymph, when nothing could Naciſſus move,
Still daſh'd with bluſhes for her ſlighted love,
Liv'd in the ſhady covert of the woods,
In ſolitary caves and dark abodes,
Where, pining, wander'd the rejected fair,
Till haraſs'd out, and worn away with care,
The ſounding ſkeleton, of blood bereft,
Beſides her bones and voice had nothing left:
Her bones are petrify'd, her voice is found
In vaults, where ſtill it doubles ev'ry ſound.

The Story of Narciſſus.

THUS did the nymph in vain careſs the boy,
He ſtill was lovely, but he ſtill was coy,
When one fair virgin of the ſlighted train
Thus pray'd the gods, provok'd by his diſdain,
"Oh may he love like me, and love like me in vain."
Rhamnuſia pity'd the neglected fair,
And with juſt vengeance anſwer'd to her pray'r.
There ſtands a fountain in a darkſome wood,
Nor ſtain'd with falling leaves nor riſing mud;
Untroubled by the breath of winds it reſts,
Unſully'd by the touch of men or beaſts;
High bow'rs of ſhady trees above it grow,
And riſing graſs and cheerful greens below.
Pleas'd with the form and coolneſs of the place,
And overheated by the morning chaſe,
Narciſſus on the graſſy verdure lies;
But whilſt within the cryſtal fount he tries
To quench his heat, he feels new heats ariſe;
For as his own bright image he ſurvey'd,
He fell in love with the fantaſtic ſhade,
And o'er the fair reſemblance hung unmov'd,
Nor knew, fond youth! it was himſelf he lov'd.
The well-turn'd neck and ſhoulders he deſcries,
The ſpacious forehead and the ſparkling eyes,
The hands that Bacchus might not ſcorn to ſhow,
And hair that round Apollo's head might flow,

With all the purple youthfulneſs of face,
That gently bluſhes in the wat'ry glaſs:
By his own flames conſum'd the lover lies,
And gives himſelf the wound by which he dies:
To the cold water oft he joins his lips,
Oft catching at the beauteous ſhade he dips
His arms, as often from himſelf he ſlips;
Nor knows he who it is his arms purſue
With eager claſps, but loves he knows not who.
What could, fond youth! this helpleſs paſſion move?
What kindled in thee this unpity'd love?
Thy own warm bluſh within the water glows,
With thee the colour'd ſhadow comes and goes,
Its empty being on thyſelf relies,
Step thou aſide, and the frail charmer dies.
Still o'er the fountain's wat'ry gleam he ſtood,
Mindleſs of ſleep, and negligent of food.
Still view'd his face, and languiſh'd as he view'd.
At length he rais'd his head, and thus began
To vent his griefs, and tell the woods his pain:
"You trees!" ſays he, "and thou ſurrounding grove!
"Who oft have been the kindly ſcenes of love,
"Tell me if e'er within your ſhades did lie
"A youth ſo tortur'd, ſo perplex'd, as I?
"I who before me ſee the charming fair,
"Whilſt there he ſtands, and yet he ſtands not there:
"In ſuch a maze of love my thoughts are loſt,
"And yet no bulwark'd town nor diſtant coaſt
"Preſerves the beauteous youth from being ſeen,
"No mountains riſe, nor oceans flow between,
"A ſhallow water hinders my embrace;
"And yet the lovely mimic wears a face
"That kindly ſmiles, and when I bend to join
"My lips to his, he fondly bends to mine.
"Hear, gentle youth! and pity my complaint,
"Come from thy well, thou fair inhabitant!
"My charms an eaſy conqueſt have obtain'd
"O'er other hearts, by thee alone diſdain'd.
"But why ſhould I deſpair? I'm ſure he burns
"With equal flames, and languiſhes by turns.

" Whene'er I ſtoop he offers at a kiſs,
" And when my arms I ſtretch, he ſtretches his:
" His eyes with pleaſure on my face he keeps,
" He ſmiles my ſmiles, and when I weep he weeps:
" Whene'er I ſpeak his moving lips appear
" To utter ſomething which I cannot hear.
" Ah, weretched me! I now begin too late
" To find out all the long-perplex'd deceit;
" It is myſelf I love, myſelf I ſee;
" The gay deluſion is a part of me:
" I kindle up the fires by which I burn,
" And my own beauties from the well return.
" Whom ſhould I court? how utter my complaint?
" Enjoyment but produces my reſtraint,
" And too much plenty makes me die for want.
" How gladly would I from myſelf remove,
" And at a diſtance ſet the thing I love;
" My breaſt is warm'd with ſuch unuſual fire,
" I wiſh him abſent whom I moſt deſire.
" And now I faint with grief; my fate draws nigh;
" In all the pride of blooming youth I die.
" Death will the ſorrows of my heart relieve:
" O might the viſionary youth ſurvive,
" I ſhould with joy my lateſt breath reſign,
" But, oh! I ſee his fate involv'd in mine."
This ſaid, the weeping youth again return'd
To the clear fountain, where again he burn'd;
His tears defac'd the ſurface of the well,
With circle after circle as they fell:
And now the lovely face but half appears,
O'errun with wrinkles, and deform'd with tears:
" Ah! whither," cries Narciſſus, " doſt thou fly!
" Let me ſtill feed the flame by which I die:
" Let me ſtill ſee, tho' I'm no further bleſt;"
Then rends his garment off, and beats his breaſt;
His naked boſom redden'd with the blow,
In ſuch a bluſh as purple cluſters ſhow,
Ere yet the ſun's autumnal heats refine
Their ſprightly juice, and mellow it to wine.

The glowing beauties of his breaſt he ſpies,
And with a new redoubled paſſion dies:
As wax diſſolves, as ice begins to run,
And trickle into drops before the ſun,
So melts the youth, and languiſhes away,
His beauty withers, and his limbs decay,
And none of thoſe attractive charms remain
To which the ſlighted Echo ſu'd in vain
She ſaw him in his preſent miſery,
Whom, ſpite of all her wrongs, ſhe griev'd to ſee;
She anſwer'd ſadly to the lover's moan,
Sigh'd back his ſighs, and groan'd to ev'ry groan:
"Ah! youth belov'd in vain," Narciſſus cries;
"Ah! youth belov'd in vain," the nymph replies.
"Farewel," ſays he: the parting ſound ſcarce fell
From his faint lips, but ſhe reply'd, "Farewel:"
Then on th' unwholeſome earth he gaſping lies,
Till Death ſhut up thoſe ſelf-admiring eyes;
To the cold ſhades his flitting ghoſt retires,
And in the Stygian waves itſelf admires.
For him the Naiads and the Dryads mourn,
Whom the ſad Echo anſwers in her turn:
And now the ſiſter nymphs prepare his urn,
When, looking for his corpſe, they only found
A riſing ſtalk with yellow bloſſoms crown'd.

The Story of Pentheus.

THIS ſad event gave blind Tireſias fame,
Thro' Greece eſtabliſh'd in a prophet's name.
Th' unhallow'd Pentheus only durſt deride
The cheated people and their eyeleſs guide;
To whom the prophet in his fury ſaid,
Shaking the hoary honours of his head,
"'Twere well, preſumptuous man! 'twere well for thee
"If thou wert eyeleſs too, and blind, like me;
"For the time comes, nay, 'tis already here,
"When the young god's ſolemnities appear,
"Which if thou doſt not with juſt rites adorn,
"Thy impious carcaſs, into pieces torn,
"Shall ſtrew the woods, and hang on ev'ry thorn.

" Then, then, remember what I now foretel,
" And own the blind Tireſias ſaw too well."
Still Pentheus ſcorns him and derides his ſkill,
But time did all the prophet's threats fulfil:
For now thro' proſtrate Greece young Bacchus rode,
Whilſt howling matrons celebrate the god.
All ranks and ſexes to his orgies ran,
To mingle in the pomps and fill the train.
When Pentheus thus his wicked rage expreſs'd:
" What madneſs, Thebans, has your ſouls poſſeſs'd?
" Can hollow timbrels, can a drunken ſhout,
" And the lewd clamours of a beaſtly rout,
" Thus quell your courage? can the weak alarm
" Of womens' yells thoſe ſtubborn ſouls diſarm,
" Whom nor the ſword nor trumpet e'er could fright,
" Nor the loud din and horror of the fight?
" And you, our ſires, who left your old abodes,
" And fix'd in foreign earth your country gods,
" Will you without a ſtroke your city yield,
" And poorly quit an undiſputed field?
" But you, whoſe youth and vigour ſhould inſpire
" Heroic warmth, and kindle martial fire,
" Whom burniſh'd arms and creſted helmets grace,
" Not flow'ry garlands and a painted face,
" Remember him to whom you ſtand ally'd;
" The ſerpent for his well of waters dy'd:
" He fought the ſtrong; do you his courage ſhow,
" And gain a conqueſt o'er a feeble foe.
" If Thebes muſt fall, oh might the Fates afford
" A nobler doom from famine, fire, or ſword!
" Then might the Thebans periſh with renown;
" But now a beardleſs victor ſacks the town,
" Whom nor the prancing ſteed nor pond'rous ſhield,
" Nor the hack'd helmet nor the duſty field,
" But the ſoft joys of luxury and eaſe,
" The purple veſts and flow'ry garlands pleaſe.
" Stand then aſide, I'll make the counterfeit
" Renounce his godhead, and confeſs the cheat.
" Acriſius from the Grecian walls repell'd
" This boaſted pow'r; why then ſhould Pentheus yield?

" Go quickly, drag th' audacious boy to me;
" I'll try the force of his divinity."
Thus did th' audacious wretch thoſe rites profane;
His friends diſſuade the audacious wretch in vain;
In vain his grandſire urg'd him to give o'er
His impious threats; the wretch but raves the more.
So have I ſeen a river gently glide,
In a ſmooth courſe, and inoffenſive tide,
But if with dams its current we reſtrain,
It bears down all, and foams along the plain.
But now his ſervants came beſmear'd with blood,
Sent by their haughty prince to ſeize the god;
The god they found not in the frantic throng,
But dragg'd a zealous votary along.

The Mariners transformed to Dolphins.

HIM Pentheus view'd with fury in his look,
And ſcarce withheld his hands, while thus he ſpoke:
" Vile Slave! whom ſpeedy vengeance ſhall purſue,
" And terrify thy baſe ſeditious crew,
" Thy country and thy parentage reveal,
" And why thou join'ſt in theſe mad orgies tell."
The captive views him with undaunted eyes,
And arm'd with inward innocence, replies:
" From high Meonia's rocky ſhores I came,
" Of poor deſcent, Acœtes is my name:
" My ſire was meanly born; no oxen plough'd
" His fruitful fields, nor in his paſtures low'd:
" His whole eſtate within the waters lay;
" With lines and hooks he caught the finny prey.
" His art was all his livelihood, which he
" Thus with his dying lips bequeath'd to me;
" In ſtreams, my boy, and rivers, take thy chance;
" There ſwims," ſaid he, " thy whole inheritance
" Long did I live on this poor legacy,
" Till tir'd with rocks and my own native ſky
" To arts of navigation I inclin'd,
" Obſerv'd the turns and changes of the wind,

" Learn'd the fit havens, and began to note
" The ſtormy Hyades, the rainy Goat,
" The bright Taygete, and the ſhining Bears,
" With all the ſailor's catalogue of ſtars.
" Once, as by chance for Delos I deſign'd
" My veſſel, driv'n by a ſtrong guſt of wind,
" Moor'd in a Chian creek: aſhore I went,
" And all the following night in Chios ſpent.
" When morning roſe, I ſent my mates to bring
" Supplies of water from a neighb'ring ſpring,
" Whilſt I the motion of the winds explor'd,
" Then ſummon'd in my crew, and went aboard.
" Opheltes heard my ſummons, and with joy
" Brought to the ſhore a ſoft and lovely boy,
" With more than female ſweetneſs in his look,
" Whom ſtraggling in the neighb'ring fields he took;
" With fumes of wine the little captive glows,
" And nods with ſleep, and ſtaggers as he goes.
" I view'd him nicely, and began to trace
" Each heav'nly feature, each immortal grace,
" And ſaw divinity in all his face.
" I know not who," ſaid I, " this god ſhould be,
" But that he is a god I plainly ſee;
" And thou, whoe'er thou art, excuſe the force
" Theſe men have us'd, and, oh, befriend our courſe!"
" Pray not for us;" the nimble Dictys cry'd,
" Dictys, that could the maintop-maſt beſtride,
" And down the ropes with active vigour ſlide:
" To the ſame purpoſe old Epopeus ſpoke,
" Who overlook'd the oars, and tim'd the ſtroke,
" The ſame the pilot, and the ſame the reſt;
" Such impious avarice their ſouls poſſeſt!
" Nay, Heav'n forbid that I ſhould bear away
" Within my veſſel ſo divine a prey,
" Said I, and ſtood to hinder their intent;
" When Lycabus, a wretch, for murder ſent
" From Tuſcany, to ſuffer baniſhment,
" With his clench'd fiſt had ſtruck me overboard,
" Had not my hands in falling graſp'd a cord.

" His baſe confederates the fact approve,
" When Bacchus (for 'twas he) began to move,
" Wak'd by the noiſe and clamours which they rais'd,
" And ſhook his drowſy limbs, and round him gaz'd.
" What means this noiſe?" he cries, " am I betray'd?
" Ah! whither, whither muſt I be convey'd?"
" Fear not," ſaid Proteus, " child, but tell us where
" You wiſh to land, and truſt our friendly care."
" To Naxos then direct your courſe," ſays he;
" Naxos a hoſpitable port ſhall be
" To each of you, a joyful home to me."
" By ev'ry god that rules the ſea or ſky,
" The perjur'd villains promiſe to comply,
" And bid me haſten to unmoor the ſhip.
" With eager joy I launch into the deep,
" And, heedleſs of the fraud, for Naxos ſtand:
" They whiſper oft, and beckon with the hand,
" And give me ſigns, all anxious for their prey,
" To tack about, and ſteer another way.
" Then let ſome other to my poſt ſucceed,
Said I, " I'm guiltleſs of ſo foul a deed."
" What," ſays Ethalion, " muſt the ſhip's whole crew
" Follow your humour, and depend on you?"
" And ſtraight himſelf he ſeated at the prore,
" And tack'd about, and ſought another ſhore.
" The beauteous youth now found himſelf be-
" tray'd,
" And from the deck the riſing wave ſurvey'd,
" And ſeem'd to weep, and as he wept he ſaid,
" And do you thus my eaſy faith beguile?
" Thus do you bear me to my native iſle?
" Will ſuch a multitude of men employ
" Their ſtrength againſt a weak defenceleſs boy?"
" In vain did I the god-like youth deplore,
" The more I begg'd they thwarted me the more.
" And now by all the gods in heav'n that hear
" This ſolemn oath, by Bacchus' ſelf I ſwear,
" The mighty miracle that did enſue,
" Altho' it ſeems beyond belief, is true.

" The veſſel, fix'd and rooted in the flood,
" Unmov'd by all the beating billows, ſtood:
" In vain the mariners would plough the main
" With ſails unfurl'd, and ſtrike their oars in vain;
" Around their oars a twining ivy cleaves,
" And climbs the maſt, and hides the cords in leaves;
" The ſails are cover'd with a cheerful green,
" And berries in the fruitful canvaſs ſeen;
" Amidſt the waves a ſudden foreſt rears
" Its verdant head, and a new ſpring appears.
" The god we now behold with open'd eyes;
" A herd of ſpotted panthers round him lies
" In glaring forms; the grapy cluſters ſpread
" On his fair brows, and dangle on his head;
" And whilſt he frowns, and brandiſhes his ſpear,
" My mates, ſurpris'd with madneſs or with fear,
" Leap'd overboard. Firſt perjur'd Madon found
" Rough ſcales and fins his ſtiff'ning ſides ſurround:
" Ah! what," cries one, " has thus transform'd thy
" look?"
" Straight his own mouth grew wider as he ſpoke,
" And now himſelf he views with like ſurpriſe,
" Still at his oar th' induſtrious Libys plies,
" But as he plies each buſy arm ſhrinks in,
" And by degrees is faſhion'd to a fin.
" Another, as he catches at a cord,
" Miſſes his arms, and, tumbling overboard,
" With his broad fins and forky tale he laves
" The riſing ſurge, and flounces in the waves.
" Thus all my crew, transform'd around the ſhip,
" Or dive below, or on the ſurface leap,
" And ſpout the waves, and wanton in the deep.
" Full nineteen ſailors did the ſhip convey,
" A ſhoal of nineteen dolphins round her play;
" I only in my proper ſhape appear,
" Speechleſs with wonder, and half dead with fear,
" 'Till Bacchus kindly bid me fear no more;
" With him I landed on the Chian ſhore,
" And him ſhall ever gratefully adore.

" This forging ſlave," ſays Pentheus, " would
" O'er our juſt fury by a far-fetch'd tale; [prevail
" Go, let him feel the whips, the ſwords, the fire,
" And in the tortures of the rack expire."
Th' officious ſervants hurry him away,
And the poor captive in a dungeon lay;
But whilſt the whips and tortures are prepar'd,
The gates fly open, of themſelves unbarr'd!
At liberty th' unfetter'd captive ſtands,
And flings the looſen'd ſhackles from his hands.

The Death of Pentheus.

BUT Pentheus, grown more furious than before,
Reſolv'd to ſend his meſſengers no more,
But went himſelf to the diſtracted throng,
Where high Cithæron echo'd with their ſong;
And as the fiery war-horſe paws the ground,
And ſnorts and trembles at the trumpet's ſound,
Tranſported thus he heard the frantic rout,
And rav'd and madden'd at the diſtant ſhout.
A ſpacious circuit on the hill there ſtood,
Level and wide, and ſkirted round with wood;
Here the raſh Pentheus, with unhallow'd eyes,
The howling dames and myſtic orgies ſpies:
His mother ſternly view'd him where he ſtood,
And kindled into madneſs as ſhe view'd:
Her leafy jav'lin at her ſon ſhe caſt,
And cries, " The boar that lays our country waſte!
" The boar, my ſiſters! aim the fatal dart,
" And ſtrike the brindled monſter to the heart."
Pentheus aſtoniſh'd heard the diſmal ſound,
And ſees the yelling matrons gath'ring round;
He ſees and weeps at his approaching fate,
And begs for mercy, and repents too late.
" Help! help! my aunt Autonöe," he cry'd;
" Remember how your own Actæon dy'd."
Deaf to his cries, the frantic matron crops
One ſtretch'd-out arm, the other Ino lops;
In vain does Pentheus to his mother ſue,
And the raw bleeding ſtumps preſents to view:

His mother howl'd, and, heedleſs of his pray'r,
Her trembling hand ſhe twiſted in his hair,
"And this," ſhe cry'd, "ſhall be Agave's ſhare."
When from the neck his ſtruggling head ſhe tore,
And in her hands the ghaſtly viſage bore,
With pleaſure all the hideous trunk ſurvey,
Then pull'd and tore the mangled limbs away,
As ſtarting in the pangs of death it lay.
Soon as the wood its leafy honours caſts,
Blown off and ſcatter'd by autumnal blaſts,
With ſuch a ſudden death lay Pentheus ſlain,
And in a thouſand pieces ſtrow'd the plain.
By ſo diſtinguiſhing a judgment aw'd,
The Thebans tremble, and confeſs the god.

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

BOOK IV.

The Story of Salmacis and Hermaphroditus.

HOW Salmacis, with weak enfeebling ſtreams,
Softens the body and unnerves the limbs,
And what the ſecret cauſe, ſhall here be ſhown;
The cauſe is ſecret, but th' effect is known.
The Naïds nurs'd an infant heretofore,
That Cytherea once to Hermes bore:
From both the illuſtrious authors of his race
The child was nam'd; nor was it hard to trace
Both the bright parents thro' the infant's face.
When fifteen years, in Ida's cool retreat,
The boy had told, he left his native ſeat,
And ſought freſh fountains in a foreign ſoil;
The pleaſure leſſon'd the attending toil.
With eager ſteps the Lycian fields he croſt,
And fields that border on the Lycian coaſt;
A river here he view'd ſo lovely bright,
It ſhew'd the bottom in a fairer light,
Nor kept a ſand conceal'd from human ſight:
The ſtream produc'd nor ſlimy ooze, nor weeds,
Nor miry ruſhes, nor the ſpiky reeds,

But dealt enriching moiſture all around,
The fruitful banks with cheerful verdure crown'd,
And kept the ſpring eternal on the ground.
A nymph preſides, nor practis'd in the chaſe,
Nor ſkilful at the bow, nor at the race,
Of all the blue-ey'd daughters of the Main,
The only ſtranger to Diana's train:
Her ſiſters often, as 'tis ſaid, would cry,
"Fy! Salmacis, what, always idle? fy!
"Or take thy quiver, or thy arrows ſeize,
"And mix the toils of hunting with thy eaſe."
Nor quiver ſhe nor arrows e'er would ſeize,
Nor mix the toils of hunting with her eaſe,
But oft would bathe her in the cryſtal tide,
Oft with a comb her dewy locks divide:
Now in the limpid ſtreams ſhe view'd her face,
And dreſs'd her image in the floating glaſs:
On beds of leaves ſhe now repos'd her limbs,
Now gather'd flow'rs that grew about her ſtreams,
And then by chance was gath'ring, as ſhe ſtood
To view the boy, and long'd for what ſhe view'd.
Fain would ſhe meet the youth with haſty feet,
She fain would meet him, but refus'd to meet
Before her looks were ſet with niceſt care,
And well deſerv'd to be reputed fair.
"Bright youth!" ſhe cries, "whom all thy features prove
"A god, and, if a god, the god of Love;
"But if a mortal, bleſs'd thy nurſe's breaſt,
"Bleſs'd are thy parents, and thy ſiſters bleſt;
"But, oh, how bleſs'd, how more than bleſs'd thy bride!
"Ally'd in bliſs, if any yet ally'd:
"If ſo, let mine the ſtol'n enjoyments be;
"If not, behold a willing bride in me." [ſhame,
The boy knew nought of love, and, touch'd with
He ſtrove, and bluſh'd, but ſtill the bluſh became;
In riſing bluſhes ſtill freſh beauties roſe;
The ſunny ſide of fruit ſuch bluſhes ſhows;
And ſuch the moon, when all her ſilver white
Turns in eclipſes to a ruddy light.

The nymph ſtill begs, if not a nobler bliſs,
A cold ſalute at leaſt, a ſiſter's kiſs;
And now prepares to take the lovely boy
Between her arms. He, innocently coy,
Replies, "Or leave me to myſelf alone,
"You rude uncivil nymph! or I'll begone."
"Fair Stranger! then," ſays ſhe, "it ſhall be ſo;"
And, for ſhe fear'd his threats, ſhe feign'd to go:
But hid within a covert's neighb'ring green,
She kept him ſtill in ſight, herſelf unſeen.
The boy now fancies all the danger o'er,
And innocently ſports about the ſhore;
Playful and wanton to the ſtream he trips,
And dips his feet, and ſhivers as he dips.
The coolneſs pleas'd him, and with eager haſte
His airy garments on the banks he caſt;
His godlike features and his heav'nly hue,
And all his beauties, were expos'd to view.
His naked limbs the nymph with rapture ſpies,
While hotter paſſions in her boſom riſe,
Fluſh in her cheeks, and ſparkle in her eyes,
She longs, ſhe burns, to claſp him in her arms,
And looks, and ſighs, and kindles at his charms.
Now all undreſs'd upon the banks he ſtood,
And clapp'd his ſides, and leap'd into the flood;
His lovely limbs the ſilver waves divide,
His limbs appear more lovely through the tide;
As lilies ſhut within a cryſtal caſe
Receive a gloſſy luſtre from the glaſs.
"He's mine, he's all my own!" the Naïad cries,
And flings off all, and after him ſhe flies.
And now ſhe faſtens on him as he ſwims,
And holds him cloſe, and wraps about his limbs.
The more the boy reſiſted, and was coy,
The more ſhe claſp'd and kiſs'd the ſtruggling boy.
So when the wriggling ſnake is ſnatch'd on high,
In Eagle's claws, and hiſſes in the ſky,
Around the foe his twirling tail he flings,
And twiſts her legs, and writhes about her wings.

The reſtleſs boy ſtill obſtinately ſtrove
To free himſelf, and ſtill refus'd her love.
Amidſt his limbs ſhe kept her limbs entwin'd,
"And why, coy youth!" ſhe cries, "why thus unkind?
"Oh, may the gods thus keep us ever join'd!
"Oh, may we never, never part again!"
So pray'd the nymph, nor did ſhe pray in vain;
For now ſhe finds him, as his limbs ſhe preſt,
Grow nearer ſtill, and nearer to her breaſt,
Till piercing each the other's fleſh, they run
Together, and incorporate in one:
Laſt in one face are both their faces join'd,
As when the ſtock and grafted twig combin'd
Shoot up the ſame, and wear a common rind:
Both bodies in a ſingle body mix,
A ſingle body with a double ſex.
The boy, thus loſt in woman, now ſurvey'd
The river's guilty ſtream, and thus he pray'd,
(He pray'd, but wonder'd at his ſofter tone,
Surpris'd to hear a voice but half his own)
"You parent gods, whoſe heav'nly names I bear,
"Hear your Hermaphrodite, and grant my pray'r;
"Oh! grant that whomſoe'er theſe ſtreams contain,
"If man he enter'd, he may riſe again
"Supple, unſinew'd, and but half a man!"
The heav'nly parents anſwer'd from on high
Their two-ſhap'd ſon, the double votary,
Then gave a ſecret virtue to the flood,
And ting'd its ſource to make his wiſhes good.

HORACE, BOOK III. ODE III.

AUGUSTUS had a deſign to rebuild Troy, and make it the metropolis of the Roman empire, having cloſeted ſeveral Senators, on the project, Horace is ſuppoſed to have written the following Ode on this occaſion.

THE man reſolv'd and ſteady to his truſt,
Inflexible to ill, and obſtinately juſt,
May the rude rabble's inſolence deſpiſe,
Their ſenſeleſs clamours and tumultuous cries;
The tyrant's fierceneſs he beguiles,
And the ſtern brow and the harſh voice defies,
And with ſuperior greatneſs ſmiles.

Not the rough whirlwind that deforms
Adria's black gulf, and vexes it with ſtorms,
The ſtubborn virtue of his ſoul can move,
Nor the red arm of angry Jove,
That flings the thunder from the ſky,
And gives it rage to roar, and ſtrength to fly.
Should the whole frame of Nature round him break,
In ruin and confuſion hurl'd,
He, unconcern'd, would hear the mighty crack,
And ſtand ſecure amidſt a falling world.
Such were the godlike arts that led
Bright Pollux to the bleſs'd abodes;
Such did for great Alcides plead,
And gain'd a place among the gods,
Where now Auguſtus, mix'd with heroes, lies,
And to his lips the nectar bowl applies:
His ruddy lips the purple tincture ſhow,
And with immortal ſtains divinely glow.
By arts like theſe did young Lyæus riſe,
His tigers drew him to the ſkies;
Wild from the deſert, and unbroke,
In vain they foam'd, in vain they ſtar'd,
In vain their eyes with fury glar'd;
He tam'd them to the laſh, and bent them to the yoke.
Such were the paths that Rome's great founder trod,
When in a whirlwind ſnatch'd on high
He ſhook off dull mortality,
And loſt the monarch in the god.
Bright Juno then her awful ſilence broke,
And thus th' aſſembled deities beſpoke.
"Troy," ſaid the goddeſs, "purjur'd Troy, has felt
"The dire effects of her proud tyrant's guilt;
"The tow'ring pile and ſoft abodes,
"Wall'd by the hand of ſervile gods,
"Now ſpreads its ruins all around,
"And lies inglorious on the ground;
"An umpire, partial and unjuſt,
"And a lewd woman's impious luſt,
"Lay heavy on her head, and ſunk her to the duſt.

" Since falſe Laomedon's tyrannic ſway,
" That durſt defraud th' immortals of their pay,
" Her guardian gods renounc'd their patronage,
" Nor would the fierce invading foe repel;
" To my reſentment, and Minerva's rage,
" The guilty king and the whole people fell.
" And now the long protracted wars are o'er,
" The ſoft adulterer ſhines no more;
" No more does Hector's force the Trojan's ſhield,
" That drove whole armies back, and ſingly clear'd the field.
" My vengeance ſated, I at length reſign
" To Mars his offspring of the Trojan line:
" Advanc'd to godhead let him riſe,
" And take his ſtation in the ſkies,
" There entertain his raviſh'd ſight
" With ſcenes of glory, fields of light,
" Quaff with the gods immortal wine,
" And ſee adoring nations crowd his ſhrine.
" The thin remains of Troy's afflicted hoſt
" In diſtant realms may ſeats unenvy'd find,
" And flouriſh on a foreign coaſt,
" But far be Rome from Troy disjoin'd,
" Remov'd by ſeas from the diſaſtrous ſhore,
" May endleſs billows riſe between, and ſtorms unnumber'd roar.
" Still let the curs'd deteſted place,
" Where Priam lies, and Priam's faithleſs race,
" Be cover'd o'er with weeds, and hid in graſs:
" There let the wanton flocks unguarded ſtray,
" Or, while the lonely ſhepherd ſings,
" Amidſt the mighty ruins play,
" And friſk upon the tombs of kings,
" May tigers there, and all the ſavage kind,
" Sad ſolitary haunts and ſilent deſerts find;
" In gloomy vaults and nooks of palaces,
" May th' unmoleſted lioneſs
" Her brinded whelps ſecurely lay,
" Or, couch'd, in dreadful ſlumbers waſte the day.
" While Troy in heaps of ruins lies,
" Rome and the Roman Capitol ſhall riſe;

" Th' illuſtrious exiles unconfin'd
" Shall triumph far and near, and rule mankind.
" In vain the ſea's intruding tide
" Europe from Africa ſhall divide,
" And part the ſever'd world in two:
" Thro' Afric's ſands their triumphs they ſhall ſpread,
" And the long train of victories purſue
" To Nile's yet undiſcover'd head.
" Riches the hardy ſoldiers ſhall deſpiſe,
" And look on gold with undeſiring eyes,
" Nor the diſbowel'd earth explore
" In ſearch of the forbidden ore;
" Thoſe glitt'ring ills conceal'd within the mine,
" Shall lie untouch'd, and innocently ſhine.
" To the laſt bounds that Nature ſets,
" The piercing colds and ſultry heats,
" The godlike race ſhall ſpread their arms,
" Now fill the Polar Circle with alarms,
" Till ſtorms and tempeſts their purſuits confine,
" Now ſweat for conqueſt underneath the Line.
" This only law the victor ſhall reſtrain,
" On theſe conditions ſhall he reign;
" If none his guilty hand employ
" To build again a ſecond Troy,
" If none the raſh deſign purſue,
" Nor tempt the vengeance of the gods anew.
" A curſe there cleaves to the devoted place,
" That ſhall the new foundations raze;
" Greece ſhall in mutual leagues conſpire
" To ſtorm the riſing town with fire.
" And at their army's head myſelf will ſhow
" What Juno, urg'd to all her rage, can do.
" Thrice ſhould Apollo's ſelf the city raiſe
" And line it round with walls of braſs,
" Thrice ſhould my fav'rite Greeks his works confound,
" And hew the ſhining fabric to the ground;
" Thrice ſhould her captive dames to Greece return,
" And their dead ſons and ſlaughter'd huſbands mourn."
But hold, my Muſe, forbear thy tow'ring flight,
Nor bring the ſecrets of the gods to light;

In vain would thy preſumptuous verſe
Th' immortal rhetoric rehearſe;
The mighty ſtrains, in lyric numbers bound,
Forget their majeſty, and loſe their ſound.

A TRANSLATION OF ALL
VIRGIL'S FOURTH GEORGIC,
EXCEPT THE STORY OF ARISTÆUS.

ETHEREAL ſweets ſhall next my Muſe engage,
And this, Mecænas, claims your patronage;
Of little creatures wondrous acts I treat,
The ranks and mighty leaders of their ſtate,
Their laws, employments, and their wars, relate:
A trifling theme provokes my humble lays,
Trifling the theme, not ſo the poet's praiſe,
If great Apollo and the tuneful Nine
Join in the piece, and make the work divine.
Firſt, for your bees a proper ſtation find,
That's fenc'd about, and ſhelter'd from the wind,
For winds divert them in their flight, and drive
The ſwarms, when loaden homeward, from their hive.
Nor ſheep, nor goats, muſt paſture near their ſtores,
To trample under foot the ſpringing flowers;
Nor friſking heifers bound about the place,
To ſpurn the dewdrops off, and bruiſe the riſing graſs;
Nor muſt the lizard's painted brood appear,
Nor woodpecks, nor the ſwallow, harbour near;
They waſte the ſwarms, and, as they fly along,
Convey the tender morſels to their young.
Let purling ſtreams, and fountains edg'd with moſs,
And ſhallow rills run trickling thro' the graſs;
Let branching olives o'er the fountain grow,
Or palms ſhoot up, and ſhade the ſtreams below,
That when the youth, led by their princes, ſhun
The crowded hive, and ſport it in the ſun,
Refreſhing ſprings may tempt them from the heat,
And ſhady coverts yield a cool retreat.
Whether the neighbouring water ſtands or runs,
Lay twigs acroſs, and bridge it o'er with ſtones,

That if rough ſtorms or ſudden blaſts of wind
Should dip, or ſcatter thoſe that lag behind,
Here they may ſettle on the friendly ſtone,
And dry their reeking pinions at the ſun.
Plant all the flow'ry banks with lavender,
With ſtore of ſav'ry ſcent the fragrant air,
Let running betony the field o'erſpread,
And fountains ſoak the violet's dewy bed.
Tho' barks or plaited willows make your hive,
A narrow inlet to their cells contrive,
For colds congeal and freeze the liquors up,
And melted down with heat the waxen buildings drop.
The bees, of both extremes alike afraid,
Their wax around the whiſtling crannies ſpread,
And ſuck out clammy dews from herbs and flow'rs
To ſmear the chinks, and plaſter up the pores:
For this they hoard up glew, whoſe clinging drops
Like pitch or birdlime hang in ſtringy ropes.
They oft, 'tis ſaid, in dark retirements dwell,
And work in ſubterraneous caves their cell;
At other times th' induſtrious inſects live
In hollow rocks, or make a tree their hive.
Point all their chinky lodgings round with mud,
And leaves muſt thinly on your work be ſtrow'd;
But let no baleful yew-tree flouriſh near,
Nor rotten marſhes ſend out ſteams of mire,
Nor burning crabs grow red, and crackle in the fire,
Nor neighbouring caves return the dying ſound,
Nor echoing rocks the double voice rebound.
Things thus prepar'd——
When th' under world is ſeiz'd with cold and night,
And ſummer here deſcends in ſtreams of light,
The bees thro' woods and foreſts take their flight;
They rifle ev'ry flow'r, and lightly ſkim
The cryſtal brook, and ſip the running ſtream:
And thus they feed their young with ſtrange delight;
And knead the yielding wax, and work the ſlimy ſweet.
But when on high you ſee the bees repair,
Borne on the wind thro' diſtant tracts of air,
And view the winged cloud all black'ning from afar,

While ſhady coverts and freſh ſteams they chuſe,
Milfoil and common honeyſuckles bruiſe,
And ſprinkle on their hives the fragrant juice;
On brazen veſſels beat a tinkling ſound,
And ſhake the cymbals of the goddeſs round;
Then all will haſtily retreat, and fill
The warm reſounding hollow of their cell.
If once two rival kings their right debate,
And factions and cabals embroil the ſtate,
The people's actions will their thoughts declare;
All their hearts tremble, and beat thick with war;
Hoarſe broken ſounds, like trumpets' harſh alarms,
Run thro' the hive, and call them to their arms;
All in a hurry ſpread their ſhiv'ring wings,
And fit their claws, and point their angry ſtings;
In crowds before the king's pavilion meet,
And boldly challenge out the foe to fight!
At laſt, when all the heavens are warm and fair,
They ruſh together out, and join; the air
Swarms thick, and echoes with the humming war.
All in a firm round cluſtre mix, and ſtrow
With heaps of little corps the earth below
As thick as hailſtones from the floor rebound,
Or ſhaken acorns rattle on the ground.
No ſenſe of danger can their kings control,
Their little bodies lodge a mighty ſoul;
Each obſtinate in arms purſues his blow,
Till ſhameful flight ſecures the routed foe:
This hot diſpute, and all this mighty fray,
A little duſt flung upward will allay.
But when both kings are ſettled in their hive,
Mark him who looks the worſt, and leſt he live
Idle at home in eaſe and luxury,
The lazy monarch muſt be doom'd to die;
So let the royal inſect rule alone,
And reign without a rival in his throne.
The kings are diff'rent; one of better note,
All ſpeck'd with gold, and many a ſhining ſpot,
Looks gay, and gliſtens in a gilded coat;

But love of eaſe and ſloth in one prevails,
That ſcarce his hanging paunch behind him trails.
The people's looks are diff'rent as their kings;
Some ſparkle bright, and glitter in their wings;
Others look loathſome and diſeas'd with ſloth,
Like a faint traveller, whoſe duſty mouth
Grows dry with heat, and ſpits a mankiſh froth.
The firſt are beſt——
From their o'erflowing combs you'll often preſs
Pure luſcious ſweets that, mingling in the glaſs,
Correct the harſhneſs of the racy juice,
And a rich flavour thro' the wine diffuſe:
But when they ſport abroad and rove from home,
And leave the cooling hive, and quit th' unfiniſh'd comb,
Their airy ramblings are with eaſe confin'd;
Clip their king's wings, and if they ſtay behind
No bold uſurper dares invade their right,
Nor ſound a march, nor give the ſign for flight.
Let flow'ry banks entice them to their cells,
And gardens all perfum'd with native ſmells,
Where carv'd Priapus has his fix'd abode,
The robber's terror, and the ſcarecrow god.
Wild thyme and pine-trees from their barren hill
Tranſplant, and nurſe them in the neighbouring ſoil;
Set fruit-trees round, nor e'er indulge thy ſloth,
But water them, and urge their ſhady growth.
And here, perhaps, were not I giving o'er,
And ſtriking ſail, and making to the ſhore,
I'd ſhew what art the gard'ner's toils require,
Why roſy pæſtum bluſhes twice a-year,
What ſtreams the verdant ſuccory ſupply,
And how the thirſty plant drinks rivers dry;
What with a cheerful green does parſley grace,
And writhes the bellying cucumber along the twiſted graſs;
Nor would I paſs the ſoft acanthus o'er,
Ivy nor myrtle-trees, that love the ſhore;
Nor daffodils, that late from earth's ſlow womb
Unrumple their ſwoln buds, and ſhow their yellow bloom.
For once I ſaw in the Tarentine vale,
Where ſlow Galeſus drencht the waſhy ſoil,

An old Corycian yeoman, who had got
A few neglected acres to his lot,
Where neither corn nor paſture grac'd the field,
Nor would the vine her purple harveſt yield,
But ſav'ry herbs among the thorns were found,
Vervain and poppy flowers his garden crown'd,
And drooping lilies whiten'd all the ground.
Bleſs'd with theſe riches he could empires ſlight,
And when he reſted from his toils at nigh,
The earth unpurchas'd dainties would afford;
And his own garden furniſh out his board.
The Spring did firſt his opening roſes blow,
Firſt rip'ning Autumn bent his fruitful bough:
When piercing colds had burſt the brittle ſtone,
And freezing rivers ſtiffen'd as they run,
He then would prune the tendereſt of his trees,
Chide the late ſpring and ling'ring weſtern breeze;
His bees firſt ſwarm'd, and made his veſſels foam
With the rich ſqueezing of the juicy comb.
Here lindons and the ſappy pine increas'd;
Here, when gay flowers his ſmiling orchard dreſs'd,
As many bloſſoms as the ſpring could ſhow,
So many dangling apples mellow'd on the bough.
In rows his elms and knotted pear-trees bloom,
And thorns ennobled now to bear a plum,
And ſpreading plane trees, where, ſupinely laid,
He now enjoys the cool, and quaffs beneath the ſhade:
But theſe for want of room I muſt omit,
And leave for future poets to recite.
Now I'll proceed their natures to declare,
Which Jove himſelf did on the bees confer:
Becauſe, invited by the timbrel's ſound,
Lodg'd in a cave th' almighty babe they found,
And the young god nurs'd kindly under ground.
Of all the wing'd inhabitants of air
Theſe only make their young the public care;
In well-diſpos'd ſocieties they live,
And laws and ſtatutes regulate their hive,
Nor ſtray, like others, unconfin'd abroad,
But know ſet ſtations, and a fix'd abode:

But love of eaſe and ſloth in one prevails,
That ſcarce his hanging paunch behind him trails.
The people's looks are diff'rent as their kings;
Some ſparkle bright, and glitter in their wings;
Others look loathſome and diſeas'd with ſloth,
Like a faint traveller, whoſe duſty mouth
Grows dry with heat, and ſpits a mankiſh froth.
The firſt are beſt——
From their o'erflowing combs you'll often preſs
Pure luſcious ſweets that, mingling in the glaſs,
Correct the harſhneſs of the racy juice,
And a rich flavour thro' the wine diffuſe:
But when they ſport abroad and rove from home,
And leave the cooling hive, and quit th' unfiniſh'd comb,
Their airy ramblings are with eaſe confin'd;
Clip their king's wings, and if they ſtay behind
No bold uſurper dares invade their right,
Nor ſound a march, nor give the ſign for flight.
Let flow'ry banks entice them to their cells,
And gardens all perfum'd with native ſmells,
Where carv'd Priapus has his fix'd abode,
The robber's terror, and the ſcarecrow god.
Wild thyme and pine-trees from their barren hill
Tranſplant, and nurſe them in the neighbouring ſoil;
Set fruit-trees round, nor e'er indulge thy ſloth,
But water them, and urge their ſhady growth.
And here, perhaps, were not I giving o'er,
And ſtriking ſail, and making to the ſhore,
I'd ſhew what art the gard'ner's toils require,
Why roſy pæſtum bluſhes twice a-year,
What ſtreams the verdant ſuccory ſupply,
And how the thirſty plant drinks rivers dry;
What with a cheerful green does parſley grace,
And writhes the bellying cucumber along the twiſted [graſs;
Nor would I paſs the ſoft acanthus o'er,
Ivy nor myrtle-trees, that love the ſhore;
Nor daffodils, that late from earth's ſlow womb
Unrumple their ſwoln buds, and ſhow their yellow [bloom.
For once I ſaw in the Tarentine vale,
Where ſlow Galeſus drencht the waſhy ſoil,

An old Corycian yeoman, who had got
A few neglected acres to his lot,
Where neither corn nor paſture grac'd the field,
Nor would the vine her purple harveſt yield,
But ſav'ry herbs among the thorns were found,
Vervain and poppy flowers his garden crown'd,
And drooping lilies whiten'd all the ground.
Bleſs'd with theſe riches he could empires ſlight,
And when he reſted from his toils at nigh,
The earth unpurchas'd dainties would afford;
And his own garden furniſh out his board.
The Spring did firſt his opening roſes blow,
Firſt rip'ning Autumn bent his fruitful bough:
When piercing colds had burſt the brittle ſtone,
And freezing rivers ſtiffen'd as they run,
He then would prune the tendereſt of his trees,
Chide the late ſpring and ling'ring weſtern breeze;
His bees firſt ſwarm'd, and made his veſſels foam
With the rich ſqueezing of the juicy comb.
Here lindons and the ſappy pine increas'd;
Here, when gay flowers his ſmiling orchard dreſs'd,
As many bloſſoms as the ſpring could ſhow,
So many dangling apples mellow'd on the bough.
In rows his elms and knotted pear-trees bloom,
And thorns ennobled now to bear a plum,
And ſpreading plane trees, where, ſupinely laid,
He now enjoys the cool, and quaffs beneath the ſhade:
But theſe for want of room I muſt omit,
And leave for future poets to recite.
  Now I'll proceed their natures to declare,
Which Jove himſelf did on the bees confer:
Becauſe, invited by the timbrel's ſound,
Lodg'd in a cave th' almighty babe they found,
And the young god nurs'd kindly under ground.
  Of all the wing'd inhabitants of air
Theſe only make their young the public care;
In well-diſpos'd ſocieties they live,
And laws and ſtatutes regulate their hive,
Nor ſtray, like others, unconfin'd abroad,
But know ſet ſtations, and a fix'd abode:

Each, provident of cold, in ſummer flies
Thro' fields and woods, to ſeek for new ſupplies,
And in the common ſtock unlades his thighs.
Some watch the food, ſome in the meadows ply,
Taſte ev'ry bud, and ſuck each bloſſom dry;
Whilſt others, lab'ring in their cells at home,
Temper Narciſſus' clammy tears with gum,
For the firſt groundwork of the golden comb;
On this they found their waxen works, and raiſe
The yellow fabric on its glewy baſe.
Some educate the young, or hatch the ſeed
With vital warmth, and future nations breed;
Whilſt others thicken all the ſlimy dews,
And into pureſt honey work the juice,
Then fill the hollows of the comb, and ſwell
With luſcious nectar ev'ry flowing cell.
By turns they watch, by turns with curious eyes
Survey the heav'ns, and ſearch the clouded ſkies,
To find out breeding ſtorms, and tell what tempeſts riſe!
By turns they eaſe the loaded ſwarms, or drive
The drone, a lazy inſect, from their hive;
The work is warmly ply'd thro' all the cells,
And ſtrong with thyme the new-made honey ſmells.
So in their caves the brawny Cyclops ſweat,
When with huge ſtrokes the ſtubborn wedge they beat,
And all th' unſhapen thunder bolt complete:
Alternately their hammers riſe and fall,
Whilſt griping tongs turn round the glowing ball;
With puffing bellows ſome the flames increaſe,
And ſome in waters dip the hiſſing maſs;
Their beaten anvils dreadfully reſound,
And Ætna ſhakes all o'er and thunders under ground.
Thus, if great things we may with ſmall compare,
The buſy ſwarms their different labours ſhare;
Deſire of profit urges all degrees;
The aged inſects, by experience wiſe,
Attend the comb, and faſhion ev'ry part,
And ſhape the waxen fret-work out with art:

The young at night, returning from their toils,
Bring home their thighs clogg'd with the meadows' ſpoils:
On lavender and ſaffron buds they feed,
On bending oſiers and the balmy reed;
From purple violets and the teile they bring
Their gather'd ſweets, and rifle all the ſpring.
All work together, all together reſt:
The morning ſtill renews their labours paſt;
Then all ruſh out, their diff'rent taſks purſue,
Sit on the bloom, and ſuck the rip'ning dew.
Again, when ev'ning warns them to their home,
With weary wings and heavy thighs they come,
And crowd about the chink, and mix a drowſy hum:
Into their cells at length they gently creep,
There all the night their peaceful ſtation keep,
Wrapt up in ſilence, and diſſolv'd in ſleep.
None range abroad when winds and ſtorms are nigh,
Nor truſt their bodies to a faithleſs ſky,
But make ſmall journies with a careful wing,
And fly to water at a neighbouring ſpring;
And, leſt their airy bodies ſhould be caſt
In reſtleſs whirls, the ſport of ev'ry blaſt,
They carry ſtones to poiſe them in their flight,
As ballaſt keeps the unſteady veſſel right.
But of all cuſtoms that the bees can boaſt,
'Tis this may challenge admiration moſt,
That none will Hymen's ſofter joys approve,
Nor waſte their ſpirits in luxurious love,
But all along virginity maintain,
And bring forth young without a mother's pain:
From herbs and flow'rs they pick each tender bee,
And cull from plants a buzzing progeny;
From theſe they chuſe out ſubjects, and create
A little monarch of the riſing ſtate,
Then build wax-kingdoms for the infant prince,
And form a palace for his reſidence.
But often in their journies, as they fly,
On flints they tear their ſilken wings, or lie
Grov'ling beneath their flow'ry load, and die.

Thus love of honey can an inſect fire,
And in a fly ſuch gen'rous thoughts inſpire.
Yet by re-peopling their decaying ſtate,
Tho' ſeven ſhort ſprings conclude their vital date,
Their ancient ſtocks eternally remain,
And in an endleſs race their children's children reign.
No proſtrate vaſſal of the eaſt can more
With ſlaviſh fear his mighty prince adore;
His life unites them all; but when he dies,
All in loud tumults and diſtractions riſe;
They waſte their honey, and their combs deface,
And wild confuſion reigns in ev'ry place.
Him all admire, all the great guardian own,
And crowd about his courts, and buz about his throne.
Oft on their backs their weary prince they bear,
Oft in his cauſe embattled in the air,
Purſue a glorious death in wounds and war.
Some from ſuch inſtances as theſe have taught
" The bees' extract is heavenly; for they thought
" The univerſe alive; and that a ſoul
" Diffus'd throughout the matter of the whole,
" To all the vaſt unbounded frame was given,
" And ran thro' earth, and air, and ſea, and all the deep of heaven;
" That this firſt kindled life in men and beaſt,
" Life that again flows into this at laſt;
" That no compounded animal could die,
" But when diſſolv'd the ſpirit mounted high,
" Dwelt in a ſtar, and ſettled in the ſky."
Whene'er their balmy ſweets you mean to ſeize,
And take the liquid labours of the bees,
Spurt draughts of water from your mouth, and drive
A loathſome cloud of ſmoke amidſt their hive.
Twice in the year their flow'ry toils begin,
And twice they fetch their dewy harveſt in;
Once when the lovely Pleiades ariſe,
And add freſh luſtre to the ſummer ſkies,
And once when, haſt'ning from the wat'ry ſign,
They quit their ſtation, and forbear to ſhine.

The bees are prone to rage, and often found
To periſh for revenge, and die upon the wound:
Their venom'd ſting produces aching pains,
And ſwells the fleſh, and ſhoots among the veins.
When firſt a cold hard winter's ſtorms arrive,
And threaten death or famine to their hive,
If now their ſinking ſtate and low affairs
Can move your pity and provoke your cares,
Freſh burning thyme before their cells convey,
And cut their dry and huſky wax away;
For often lizards ſeize the luſcious ſpoils,
Or drones, that riot on another's toils;
Oft broods of moths infeſt the hungry ſwarms,
And oft the furious waſp their hive alarms
With louder hums, and with unequal arms;
Or elſe the ſpider at the entrance ſets
Her ſnares, and ſpins her bowels into nets.
When ſickneſs reigns (for they as well as we
Feel all th' effects of frail mortality)
By certain marks the new diſeaſe is ſeen,
Their colour changes, and their looks are thin;
Their fun'ral rites are form'd, and ev'ry bee
With grief attends the ſad ſolemnity;
The few diſeas'd ſurvivors hang before
Their ſickly cells, and droop about the door,
Or ſlowly in their hives their limbs unfold,
Shrunk up with hunger, and benumb'd with cold;
In drawling hums the feeble inſects grieve,
And doleful buzzes echo thro' the hive,
Like winds that ſoftly murmur thro' the trees,
Like flames pent up, or like retiring ſeas.
Now lay freſh honey near their empty rooms,
In troughs of hollow reeds, whilſt frying gums
Caſt round a fragrant miſt of ſpicy fumes.
Thus kindly tempt the famiſh'd ſwarm to eat,
And gently reconcile them to their meat.
Mix juice of galls and wine, that grow in time
Condens'd by fire, and thicken to a ſlime:
To theſe dry'd roſes, thyme, and centaury, join,
And raiſins ripen'd on the Pſythian vine.

Beſides, there grows a flower in marſhy ground,
Its name Amellus, eaſy to be found;
A mighty ſpring works in its root, and cleaves
The ſprouting ſtalk, and ſhews itſelf in leaves;
The flow'r itſelf is of a golden hue,
The leaves inclining to a darker blue;
The leaves ſhoot thick about the flow'r, and grow
Into a buſh, and ſhade the turf below;
The plant in holy garlands often twines
The altar's poſts, and beautifies the ſhrines;
Its taſte is ſharp; in vales new-ſhorn it grows,
Where Mella's ſtream in wat'ry mazes flows;
Take plenty of its roots, and boil them well
In wine, and heap them up before the cell.
But if the whole ſtock fail, and none ſurvive,
To raiſe new people and recruit the hive,
I'll here the great experiment declare
That ſpread th' Arcadian ſhepherd's name ſo far,
How bees from blood of ſlaughter'd bulls have fled,
And ſwarms amidſt the red corruption bred.
For where th' Egyptians yearly ſee their bounds
Refreſh'd with floods, and ſail about their grounds,
Where Perſia borders, and the rolling Nile
Drives ſwiftly down the ſwarthy Indian's ſoil,
Till into ſeven it multiplies its ſtream,
And fattens Egypt with a fruitful ſlime,
In this laſt practice all their hope remains,
And long experience juſtifies their pains.
Firſt, then, a cloſe contracted ſpace of ground,
With ſtraiten'd walls and low-built roof they found:
A narrow ſhelving light is next aſſign'd
To all the quarters, one to ev'ry wind;
Thro' theſe the glancing rays obliquely pierce;
Hither they lead a bull that's young and fierce,
When two year's growth of horn he proudly ſhows,
And ſhakes the comely terrors of his brows:
His noſe and mouth, the avenues of breath,
They muzzle up, and beat his limbs to death.
With violence to life and ſtifling pain
He flings and ſpurns, and tries to ſnort in vain;

Loud heavy blows fall thick on every ſide,
Till his bruis'd bowels burſt within the hide.
When dead, they leave him rotting on the ground,
With branches, thyme, and caſſia, ſtrow'd around.
All this is done when firſt the weſtern breeze
Becalms the year, and ſmooths the troubled ſeas,
Before the chatt'ring ſwallow builds her neſt,
Or fields in Spring's embroidery are dreſt.
Meanwhile the tainted juice ferments within,
And quickens as it works: and now are ſeen
A wondrous ſwarm, that o'er the carcaſe crawls,
Of ſhapeleſs, rude, unfiniſh'd animals.
No legs at firſt the inſect's weight ſuſtain,
At length it moves its new-made limbs with pain;
Now ſtrikes the air with quiv'ring wings, and tries
To lift its body up, and learns to riſe;
Now bending thighs and gilded wings it wears
Full grown, and all the bee at length appears:
From every ſide the fruitful carcaſe pours
Its ſwarming brood as thick as ſummer-ſhowers,
Or flights of arrows from the Parthian bows,
When twanging ſtrings firſt ſhoot them on the foes.
  Thus have I ſung the nature of the bee,
While Cæſar, tow'ring to divinity,
The frighted Indians with his thunder aw'd,
And claim'd their homage, and commenc'd a god:
I flouriſh'd all the while in arts of peace,
Retir'd and ſhelter'd in inglorious eaſe:
I, who before the ſongs of ſhepherds made,
When gay and young my rural lays I play'd,
And ſet my Tityrus beneath his ſhade.

MILTON'S STYLE IMITATED,

IN A TRANSLATION OF A STORY OUT OF THE THIRD ÆNEID.

LONG in the gloomy horrors of the night
We ſtruck upon the coaſt where Ætna lies,
Horrid and waſte, its entrails fraught with fire,
That now caſts out dark fumes and pitchy clouds,

Vaſt ſhow'rs of aſhes hov'ring in the ſmoke;
Now belches molten ſtones and ruddy flame
Incens'd, or tears up mountains by the roots,
Or flings a broken rock aloft in air:
The bottom works with ſmother'd fire, involv'd
In peſtilential vapours, ſtench, and ſmoke.
'Tis ſaid that thunderſtruck Enceladus,
Grovelling beneath th' incumbent mountain's weight,
Lies ſtretch'd ſupine, eternal prey of flames,
And when he heaves againſt the burning load,
Reluctant, to invert his broiling limbs,
A ſudden earthquake ſhoots thro' all the iſle,
And Ætna thunders dreadful under ground,
Then pours out ſmoke in wreathing curls convolv'd,
And ſhades the ſun's bright orb, and blots out day.
Here in the ſhelter of the woods we lodg'd,
And frighted, heard ſtrange howls and dismal yells,
Nor ſaw from whence they came; for all the night
A murky ſtorm deep louring o'er our heads
Hung imminent, that with impervious gloom
Oppos'd itſelf to Cynthia's ſilver ray,
And ſhaded all beneath. But now the ſun
With orient beams had chas'd the dewy night
From earth and heav'n; all Nature ſtood diſclos'd;
When looking on the neighbouring woods we ſaw
The ghaſtly viſage of a man unknown,
An uncouth feature, meagre, pale, and wild;
Affliction's foul and terrible diſmay
Sat in his looks, his face impair'd and worn
With marks of famine, ſpeaking ſore diſtreſs;
His locks were tangled, and his ſhaggy beard
Matted with filth; in all things elſe a Greek.
He firſt advanc'd in haſte; but when he ſaw
Trojans and Trojan arms, in mid career
Stopt ſhort, he back recoil'd as one ſurpris'd;
But ſoon recov'ring ſpeed, he ran, he flew
Precipitant, and thus with piteous cries
Our ears aſſail'd: "By Heaven's eternal fires,
"By ev'ry god that ſits enthron'd on high,
"By this good light, relieve a wretch forlorn,

" And bear me hence to any diſtant ſhore,
" So I may ſhun this ſavage race accurſt.
" 'Tis true I fought among the Greeks that late
" With ſword and fire o'erturn'd Neptunian Troy,
" And laid the labour of the gods in duſt;
" For which, if ſo the ſad offence deſerves,
" Plung'd in the deep for ever let me lie
" Whelm'd under ſeas; if death muſt be my doom,
" Let man inflict it, and I die well pleas'd."
He ended here, and now, profuſe of tears,
In ſuppliant mood fell proſtrate at our feet:
We bade him ſpeak from whence, and what he was,
And how by ſtreſs of Fortune ſunk thus low.
Anchiſes, too, with friendly aſpect mild,
Gave him his hand, ſure pledge of amity;
When, thus encourag'd, he began his tale.
" I'm one," ſays he, " of poor deſcent, my name
" Is Achæmenides, my country Greece,
" Ulyſſes' ſad compeer, who, whilſt he fled
" The raging Cyclops, left me here behind
" Diſconſolate, forlorn; within the cave
" He left me, Giant Polypheme's dark cave;
" A dungeon wide and horrible, the walls
" On all ſides furr'd with mouldy damps, and hung
" With clots of ropy gore, and human limbs,
" His dire repaſt; himſelf of mighty ſize,
" Hoarſe in his voice, and in his viſage grim,
" Intractable, that riots on the fleſh
" Of mortal men, and ſwills the vital blood.
" Him did I ſee ſnatch up with horrid graſp
" Two ſprawling Greeks, in either hand a man;
" I ſaw him when with huge tempeſtuous ſway
" He daſh'd and broke them on the grundſil edge;
" The pavement ſwam in blood, the walls around
" Were ſpatter'd o'er with brains: he lapp'd the blood,
" And chew'd the tender fleſh ſtill warm with life,
" That ſwell'd and heav'd itſelf amidſt his teeth
" As ſenſible of pain. Not leſs, mean-while,
" Our chief incens'd and ſtudious of revenge,
" Plots his deſtruction, which he thus effects:

" The giant, gorg'd with fleſh, and wine, and blood,
" Lay ſtretch'd at length and ſnoring in his den,
" Belching raw gobbets from his maw, o'ercharg'd
" With purple wine and cruddled gore confus'd:
" We gather'd round, and to his ſingle eye,
" The ſingle eye that in his forehead glar'd
" Like a full moon, or a broad burniſh'd ſhield,
" A forky ſtaff we dext'rouſly apply'd,
" Which in the ſpacious ſocket turning round,
" Scoop'd out the big round gelly from its orb.
" But let me not thus interpoſe delays:
" Fly, mortals! fly this curs'd deteſted race;
" A hundred of the ſame ſtupendous ſize,
" A hundred Cyclops live among the hills,
" Gigantic brotherhood, that ſtalk along
" With horrid ſtrides o'er the high mountains' tops,
" Enormous in their gait; I oft have heard
" Their voice and tread, oft ſeen them as they paſt,
" Sculking and ſcow'ring down, half dead with fear.
" Thrice has the moon waſh'd all her orb in light,
" Thrice travell'd o'er, in her obſcure ſojourn,
" The realms of Night inglorious, ſince I've liv'd
" Amidſt theſe woods, gleaning from thorns and ſhrubs
" A wretched ſuſtenance." As thus he ſpoke,
We ſaw deſcending from a neighbouring hill
Blind Polypheme: by weary ſteps and ſlow
The groping giant with a trunk of pine
Explor'd his way; around his woolly flocks
Attended grazing; to the well-known ſhore
He bent his courſe, and on the margin ſtood,
A hideous monſter, terrible, deform'd;
Full in the midſt of his high front there gap'd
The ſpacious hollow where his eye-ball roll'd,
A ghaſtly orifice? he rins'd the wound,
And waſh'd away the ſtrings and clotted blood
That cak'd within; then ſtalking thro' the deep,
He fords the ocean, while the topmaſt wave
Scarce reaches up his middle ſide: we ſtood
Amaz'd be ſure; a ſudden horror chill
Ran thro' each nerve, and thrill'd in ev'ry vein,

Till uſing all the force of winds and oars
We ſped away: he heard us in our courſe,
And with his outſtretch'd arms around him grop'd;
But finding nought within his reach, he rais'd
Such hideous ſhouts, that all the ocean ſhook;
E'en Italy, tho' many a league remote,
In diſtant echoes anſwer'd: Ætna roar'd,
Thro' all its inmoſt winding caverns roar'd.
  Rous'd with the ſound, the mighty family
Of one-ey'd brothers haſten to the ſhore.
And gather round the bellowing Polypheme,
A dire aſſembly! we with eager haſte
Work ev'ry one, and from afar behold
A hoſt of giants covering all the ſhore.
  So ſtands a foreſt tall of mountain oaks
Advanc'd to mighty growth; the traveller
Hears from the humble valley where he rides
The hollow murmurs of the winds that blow
Amidſt the boughs, and at the diſtance ſees
The ſhady tops of trees unnumber'd riſe,
A ſtately proſpect waving in the clouds.

ODES.

ODE FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

SET TO MUSIC BY DANIEL PURCELL.

Performed at Oxford, 1699.

I.

PREPARE the hallow'd ſtrain, my muſe,
Thy ſofteſt ſounds and ſweeteſt numbers chooſe,
The bright Cecilia's praiſe rehearſe,
In warbling words, and gliding verſe,
That ſmoothly run into a ſong,
And gently die away, and melt upon the tongue.

II.

Firſt let the ſprightly violin
The joyful melody begin,
And none of all her ſtrings be mute,
While the ſharp ſound and ſhriller lay
In ſweet harmonious notes decay,
Soften'd and mellow'd by the flute.
* " The flute that ſweetly can complain,
" Diſſolve the frozen nymph's diſdain;
" Panting ſympathy impart,
" Till ſhe partake her lover's ſmart."

CHORUS.

III.

Next, let the ſolemn organ join
Religious airs, and ſtrains divine,
Such as may lift us to the ſkies,
And ſet all heav'n before our eyes:
" Such as may lift us to the ſkies;
" So far at leaſt till they
" Deſcend with kind ſurpriſe,
" And meet our pious harmony half-way."

IV.

Let then the trumpet's piercing ſound
Our raviſh'd ears with pleaſure wound:
The ſoul o'erpowering with delight,
As, with a quick uncommon ray,

* The four laſt lines of the ſecond and third ſtanzas were added by Mr. Tate.

A ſtreak of lightning clears the day,
And flaſhes on the ſight.
Let echo too perform her part,
Prolonging every note with art,
And in a low expiring ſtrain
Play all th' concert o'er again.

V.

Such were the tuneful notes that hung
On bright Cecilia's charming tongue:
Notes that ſacred heats inſpir'd,
And with religious ardour fir'd:
The love-ſick youth, that long ſuppreſs'd
His ſmother'd paſſion in his breaſt,
No ſooner heard the warbling dame,
But, by the ſecret influence turn'd,
He felt a new diviner flame,
And with devotion burn'd.
With raviſh'd ſoul, and looks amaz'd,
Upon her beauteous face he gaz'd;
Nor made his amorous complaint:
In vain her eyes his heart had charm'd,
Her heavenly voice her eyes diſarm'd,
And chang'd the lover to a ſaint.

GRAND CHORUS.

VI.

And now the choir complete rejoices,
With trembling ſtrings and melting voices,
The tuneful ferments riſes high,
And works with mingled melody:
Quick diviſions run their rounds,
A thouſand trills and quivering ſounds
In airy circles o'er us fly,
Till, wafted by a gentle breeze,
They faint and languiſh by degrees,
And at a diſtance die.

AN ODE.

I.

THE ſpacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal ſky,

And ſpangled heavens, a ſhining frame,
Their great original proclaim.
Th' unweary'd ſun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power diſplay;
And publiſhes, to every land,
The work of an Almighty hand.

II.

Soon as the evening ſhades prevail,
The moon takes up the wonderous tale;
And nightly, to the liſtening earth,
Repeats the ſtory of her birth:
Whilſt all the ſtars that round her burn,
And all the planets, in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And ſpread the truth from pole to pole.

III.

What though, in ſolemn ſilence, all
Move round the dark terreſtrial ball;
What though, no real voice, nor ſound,
Amidſt their radiant orbs be found,
In reaſon's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever ſinging as they ſhine,
The hand that made us is divine.

AN ODE.

I.

HOW are thy ſervants bleſt, O Lord!
How ſure is their defence!
Eternal wiſdom is their guide,
Their help Omnipotence.

II.

In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes I paſs'd unhurt,
And breath'd in tainted air.

III.

Thy mercy ſweeten'd every ſoil,
Made every region pleaſe;

The hoary Alpine hills it warm'd,
And ſmooth'd the Tyrrhene ſeas.

IV.

Think, O my ſoul, devoutly think,
How, with affrighted eyes,
Thou ſaw'ſt the wide-extended deep,
In all its horrors riſe.

V.

Confuſion dwelt on every face,
And fear in every heart;
When waves on waves, and gulfs on gulfs,
O'ercame the pilot's art.

VI.

Yet then from all my griefs, O Lord!
Thy mercy ſet me free;
Whilſt in the confidence of prayer,
My ſoul took hold on thee.

VII.

For though in dreadful whirls we hung
High on the broken wave,
I knew thou wert not ſlow to hear,
Nor impotent to ſave.

VIII.

The ſtorm was laid, the winds retir'd,
Obedient to thy will;
The ſea, that roar'd at thy command,
At thy command was ſtill.

IX.

In midſt of dangers, fears, and death,
Thy goodneſs I'll adore;
And praiſe thee for thy mercies paſt,
And humbly hope for more.

X.

My life, if thou preſerv'ſt my life,
Thy ſacrifice ſhall be;
And death, if death muſt be my doom,
Shall join my ſoul to thee.

HYMNS.

AN HYMN.

I.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My riſing ſoul ſurveys,
Tranſported with the view, I'm loſt
In wonder, love, and praiſe.

II.

O how ſhall words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare
That glows within my raviſh'd heart!
But thou canſt read it there.

III.

Thy providence my life ſuſtain'd,
And all my wants redreſt;
When in the ſilent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breaſt.

IV.

To all my weak complaints and cries,
Thy mercy lent an ear.
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
To form themſelves in prayer.

V.

Unnumber'd comforts to my ſoul
Thy tender care beſtow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whence theſe comforts flow'd.

VI.

When in the ſlippery paths of youth
With heedleſs ſteps I ran,
Thine arm unſeen convey'd me ſafe,
And led me up to man.

VII.

Thro' hidden dangers, toils, and death,
It greatly clear'd my way;
And through the pleaſing ſnares of vice,
More to be fear'd than they.

VIII.

When worn with ſickneſs, oft haſt thou
With health renew'd my face;
And when in ſins and ſorrows ſunk,
Reviv'd my ſoul with grace.

IX.

Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliſs
Has made my cup run o'er,
And in a kind and faithful friend
Has doubled all my ſtore.

X.

Ten thouſand thouſand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the leaſt a cheerful heart,
That taſtes thoſe gifts with joy.

XI.

Thro' every period of my life
Thy goodneſs I'll purſue;
And after death, in diſtant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

XII,

When nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more,
My ever-grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy ſhall adore.

XIII.

Through all eternity to thee,
A joyful ſong I'll raiſe,
For, Oh! eternity's too ſhort,
To utter all thy praiſe.

AN HYMN.

I.

WHEN riſing from the bed of death,
O'erwhelmed with guilt and fear,
I ſee my Maker face to face;
O how ſhall I appear.

II.

If yet, while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be ſought,

My heart with inward horror ſhrinks,
And trembles at the thought:

III.

When thou, O Lord! ſhalt ſtand diſclos'd
In majeſty ſevere,
And ſit in judgment on my ſoul;
O how ſhall I appear!

IV.

But thou haſt told the troubled ſoul,
Who does her ſins lament,
The timely tribute of her tears
Shall endleſs woe prevent.

V.

Then ſee the ſorrows of my heart,
Ere yet it be too late;
And add my Saviour's dying groans,
To give thoſe ſorrows weight.

VI.

For never ſhall my ſoul deſpair
Her pardon to procure.
Who knows thy only Son has dy'd
To make that pardon ſure.

PARAPHRASE ON PSALM XXIII.

I.

THE Lord my paſture ſhall prepare,
And feed me with a ſhepherd's care;
His preſence ſhall my wants ſupply,
And guard me with a watchful eye:
My noon-day walks he ſhall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

II.

When in the ſultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirſty mountain pant;
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary wandering ſteps he leads:
Where peaceful rivers, ſoft and ſlow,
Amid the verdant landſcape flow.

III.

Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overſpread,
My ſtedfaſt heart ſhall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me ſtill;
Thy friendly crook ſhall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful ſhade.

IV.

Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious lonely wilds I ſtray,
Thy bounty ſhall my wants beguile,
The barren wilderneſs ſhall ſmile,
With ſudden greens and harbage crown'd,
And ſtreams ſhall murmur all around,

THE PLAY-HOUSE.*

WHERE gentle Thames through ſtately channels glides,
And England's proud metropolis divides;
A lofty fabric does the ſight invade,
And ſtretches o'er the waves a pompous ſhade;
Whence ſudden ſhouts the neighbourhood ſurpriſe,
And thundering claps and dreadful hiſſings riſe.
Here thrifty R— hires monarchs by the day,
And keeps his mercenary kings in pay;
With deep-mouth'd actors fills the vacant ſcenes,
And rakes the ſtews for goddeſſes and queens:
Here the lewd punk, with crowns and ſceptres grac'd,
Teaches her eyes a more majeſtic caſt;
And hungry monarchs, with a numerous train
Of ſuppliant ſlaves, like Sancho, ſtarve and reign.
But enter in, my muſe, the ſtage ſurvey,
And all its pomp and pageantry diſplay:
Trap-doors and pit-falls, from th' unfaithful ground,
And magic walls encompaſs it around:
On either ſide maim'd temples fill our eyes,
And intermixt with brothel houſes riſe;

* See Sedley's Miſcellanies, 8vo. p. 202.

Disjointed palaces in order ſtand,
And groves, obedient to the mover's hand,
O'erſhade the ſtage, and flouriſh at command.
A ſtamp makes broken towns and trees entire:
So when Amphion ſtruck the vocal lyre,
He ſaw the ſpacious circuit all around,
With crowding woods and riſing cities crown'd.
But next the tiring room ſurvey, and ſee
Falſe titles, and promiſcuous quality,
Confus'dly ſwarms, from heroes and from queens,
To thoſe that ſwing in clouds and fill machines.
Their various characters they chooſe with art,
The frowning bully fits the tyrant's part:
Swoln cheeks and ſwaggering belly makes an hoſt,
Pale meagre looks and hollow voice a ghoſt;
From careful brows and heavy downcaſt eyes,
Dull cits and thick ſcull'd aldermen ariſe;
The comic tone, inſpir'd by Congreve, draws
At every word, loud laughter and applauſe:
The whining dame continues as before,
Her character unchang'd, and acts a whore.
Above the reſt, the prince with haughty ſtalks
Magnificent in purple buſkins walks:
The royal robes his awful ſhoulders grace,
Profuſe of ſpangles and of copper lace:
Officious raſcals to his mighty thigh,
Guiltleſs of blood the unpointed weapon tie:
Then the gay glittering diadem put on,
Ponderous with braſs, and ſtarr'd with Briſtol ſtone.
His royal conſort next conſults her glaſs,
And out of twenty boxes culls a face;
The whitening firſt her ghaſtly looks beſmears,
All pale and wan the unfiniſh'd form appears;
Till on her cheeks the bluſhing purple glows,
And a falſe virgin-modeſty beſtows.
Her ruddy lips the deep vermilion dyes;
Length to her brows the pencil's art ſupplies,
And with black bending arches ſhades her eyes.
Well pleas'd at length the picture ſhe beholds,
And ſpots it o'er with artificial molds;

Her countenance complete, the beaux ſhe warms
With looks not her's; and ſpite of nature, charms.
Thus artfully their perſons they diſguiſe,
Till the laſt flouriſh bids the curtain riſe.
The prince then enters on the ſtage in ſtate:
Behind a guard of candle-ſnuffers wait:
There, ſwoln with empire, terrible and fierce,
He ſhakes the dome, and tears his lungs with verſe:
His ſubjects tremble; the ſubmiſſive pit,
Wrapt up in ſilence and attention, ſit;
Till, freed at length, he lays aſide the weight
Of public buſineſs and affairs of ſtate:
Forgets his pomp, dead to ambitious fires,
And to ſome peaceful brandy-ſhop retires;
Where in full gills his anxious thoughts he drowns,
And quaffs away the care that waits on crowns.
The princeſs next her painted charms diſplays,
Where every look the pencil's art betrays:
The callow ſquire at diſtance feeds his eyes,
And ſilently for paint and waſhes dies.
But if the youth behind the ſcenes retreat,
He ſees the blended colours melt with heat,
And all the trickling beauty run in ſweat.
The borrow'd viſage he admires no more,
And nauſeates every charm he lov'd before:
So the fam'd ſpear for double force renown'd,
Apply'd the remedy that gave the wound.
In tedious liſts 'twere endleſs to engage,
And draw at length the rabble of the ſtage,
Where one for twenty years has given alarms,
And call'd contending monarchs to their arms;
Another fills a more important poſt,
And riſes every other night a ghoſt;
Through the cleft ſtage, his mealy face he rears,
Then ſtalks along, groans thrice, and diſappears;
Others, with ſwords and ſhields, the ſoldier's pride,
More than a thouſand times have chang'd their ſide,
And in a thouſand fatal battles dy'd.
Thus ſeveral perſons ſeveral parts perform;
Soft lovers whine, and bluſtering heroes ſtorm.

The ſtern exaſperated tyrants rage,
Till the kind bowl of poiſon clears the ſtage.
Then honours vaniſh and diſtinctions ceaſe;
Then with reluctance haughty queens undreſs,
Heroes no more their fading laurels boaſt,
And mighty kings in private men are loſt.
He, whom ſuch titles ſwell'd, ſuch power made proud,
To whom whole realms and vanquiſh'd nations bow'd,
Throws off the gaudy plume, the purple train,
And in his own vile tatters ſtinks again.

ON THE
LADY MANCHESTER,

Written on the Toaſting-Glaſſes of the Kit-Kat Club.

WHILE haughty Gallia's dames, that ſpread
O'er their pale cheeks an artful red,
Beheld this beauteous ſtranger there
In native charms, divinely fair;
Confuſion in their looks they ſhow'd;
And with unborrow'd bluſhes glow'd.

BRITISH MUSEUM 27 APR 33

CONTENTS.

Page

THE Life of the Author, v
To the Right Hon. the Earl of Warwick, 1

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

To Mr. Dryden 4
An account of the greateſt Engliſh Poets. To Mr. Henry Sacheverell, 5
To the Right Hon. Sir John Somers, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal, 9
To the King, 10
To Sir Godfrey Kneller, on his picture of the King, 15
To her Royal Highneſs the Princeſs of Wales, with the Tragedy of Cato, Nov. 1714, 17
A Song for St. Cecilia's Day at Oxford, 19
The Campaign, a poem. To his Grace the Duke of Marlborough, 21
Letter from Italy, to the Right Hon. Charles Lord Halifax, 34
Prologue to Phædra and Hippolitus, 38
Prologue to The Tender Huſband, 39
Epilogue to The Britiſh Enchanters, 40

POEMATA.

Honoratiſſimo viro Carolo Montagu, Armigero, Scaccharii Cancellario, &c. 41
Pax Gulielmi auſpiciis Europæ reddita, 1697, 42
Barometri Deſcriptio, 46
Πυγμαιο-Γερανομαχια: ſive, Prælium inter Pygmæos et Grues commiſſum, 48
Reſurrectio Delineata ad Altare Coll. Magd. Oxon. 52
Sphæriſterium, 55
Ad D. D. Hannes, inſigniſſimum Medicum et Poetam, 57
Machinæ Geſticulantes, 58
Ad inſigniſſimum virum D. Tho. Burnettum Sacræ Theoriæ Telluris Auctorem, 61

TRANSLATIONS.

From Ovid's Metamorphoſes, Book II.

The ſtory of Phaeton, 63
Phaeton's ſiſters transformed into Trees, 72

CONTENTS.

The transformation of Cycnus into a Swan, 74
The ſtory of Caliſto, 75
The ſtory of Coronis, and birth of Eſculapius, 80
Ocyrrhöe transformed to a Mare, 83
The transformation of Battus to a Touchſtone, 84
The ſtory of Aglauros transformed into a Statue, 85
Europa's Rape, 89

Ovid's Metamorphoſes, Book III.

The ſtory of Cadmus, 91
The transformation of Actæon into a Stag, 96
The birth of Bacchus, 99
The transformation of Tireſias, 102
The tranformation of Echo, ib.
The ſtory of Narciſſus, 104
The ſtory of Pentheus, 107
The Mariners tranformed to Dolphins, 109
The death of Pentheus, 113

Ovid's Metamorphoſes, Book IV.

The ſtory of Salmacis and Hermaphroditus, 114
Horace, Book III. Ode III. 117
A tranſlation of all Virgil's Fourth Georgic, except the ſtory of Ariſtæus, 121
Milton's ſtyle imitated, in a tranſlation of a ſtory out of the Third Æneid, 131

ODES.

Ode for St. Cecilia's Day, 36
An Ode, 137
An Ode, 138

HYMNS.

An Hymn, 140
An Hymn, 141
Paraphraſe on Pſalm XXIII. 142
The Play-houſe, 143
On the Lady Mancher, written on the Toaſting-Glaſſes of the Kit-Kat Club, 146

BRITISH MUSEUM 27 APR 32